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WALT AND VULT,

OR

THE TWINS:

WALT AND VULT,

OR

THE TWINS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FLEGELJAHRE

OF

JEAN PAUL.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF JEAN PAUL."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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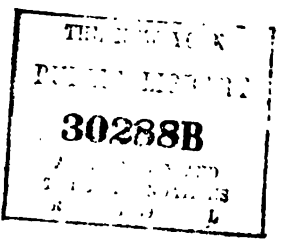

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WALT AND VULT,

OR

THE TWINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BROTHERS. — WINA.

Sacred, holy day, that which follows the reconciliation of men! Love is again timid and virgin; the beloved new-born and glorified; the heart celebrates anew its May time, and the survivors from the field of contest forget or cannot understand the cause of the war.

Battles, like storms, clear up the sky. The brothers, after theirs, stood in the fairest weather, and looked at each other and at everything else in the light of sunshine. Walt, who was all love and generosity, knew not, indeed, how he could be either warmer or tenderer towards his brother; he labored always for the highest expression of benevolence. The little scars left by the stings of conscience still burnt and smarted, and the tears of the once arid Vult were collected and preserved in his heart. Vult himself felt like a man furnished with new melodies

from the *canon* of love, but whether he would manifest them through deeds, more than in words, was yet to appear; his frequent visits, his mildness and compliance, his offers of service (although he frequently departed abruptly) and sometimes the brotherly embrace betrayed his inward emotion. "No one," said Walt to him once, "can look more expressively tender than you, when your piercing eyes are softened by a mild expression; thus the Spartans always came before me, as they went into battle with their flutes." "I am then," said Vult, "like the sea-dog when he says *mama*.* Yes, I may even then call myself a piano hurricane. But to speak seriously, I am now, in consequence of the proceeds of the concert, a very lamb, a pious lamb, my life is a book of leaf gold; but, my child, the leaves are as tender and thin as the gold-beaters' foil itself."

Walt was never displeased with such speeches, and Vult trusted so much in his love that he began to look upon himself as the next heir to the throne, that the count had abandoned, and in this, he should, as he remarked, only repay his brother who had preceded him, at least, one day in love.

Vult had also heard from his little bell wires — it was thus he called a whole boarding-school of young ladies, to whom he gave music lessons — of Walt's

* The sea-dog, according to Beckstein, learns to murmur mama and papa.

warm defence of himself at Newpeter's dinner; exactly at the moment also, when from extreme jealousy his own love had suffered a pause. Walt had never mentioned this defence, not so much from delicacy to Vult, as from forbearance to the whole world; and from reluctance to speak of the Van der Kable testament, whose conditions had so offended his brother. Vult, as he now entered, pressed in the warmth of his love both shoulders of Walt, and jokingly made known to him that he had heard the Newpeter anecdote. But it was an unlucky time. Walt was writing the romance, and embracing with his writing arm all the five parts of the world, and was just then describing the festival of meeting with kindred souls; his thoughts dwelling upon the lost Klothar. With a melancholy delight he now described the grief for a lost friend, as he had formerly described the desire for the possession of one, and wondered at the difference of his feelings. That delightfully exciting dinner at Newpeter's, to which his thoughts had been led back by Vult, placed the count again near his heart, and he confessed to his brother, that the banished count, his life, desolated by the loss of Wina, was always in his memory, and heavy upon his conscience; that he always saw him a captive in that closed carriage, like an eagle driven from the freedom of heaven and confined in a cage; and that there was no martyrdom upon earth more bitter, than the consciousness of having pained or injured a noble spirit. "Oh, Vult, if there be any

consolation, give it me," he cried in strong emotion; "innocent intentions console one little. If with the most innocent intentions, an ill directed spark had set fire to a hospital, a humble Swiss village, or a prison, and you saw only the flames and the whitened bones? Ach Gott! what could help you?"

"Cold reason would help me, and I will console you," answered Vult calmly. "At the young ladies' boarding-school near by, where I give lessons, I learnt all the preceding circumstances. While I was blind I sat every evening with the young ladies. Theirs is the quickest Vienna-post that I ever met with, for they report many events while they are yet happening. The count is not excused, as you were, by inadvertence in his mean misrepresentations about the reading and restoring his letter. He acts after the manner of the French tragedians, who if anything is to be explained, would rather take upon themselves a great sin than a small; an incest rather than an unchastity." Walt acknowledged that Klothar's transgression lightened the burthen of his own, but he remained melancholy. In society it is easier to put a man down than to elevate him; with Walt it was the contrary. Vult departed and promised to come soon again.

One afternoon, Flitt, whose dancing-hall was the whole city, sprang into Walt's apartment. It was his habit to number as many old acquaintances as there were inhabitants in the place, and without

ceremony he reckoned Walt one of the friends, among the friendly multitude. The latter readily believed that he came from regard to him, and was somewhat embarrassed by his joy, and his anxiety to entertain such a distinguished man of the world. He hunted diligently above in the four chambers of the brain, and then beneath in both chambers of the heart, hoping to start a little savory corn of an idea, and, like a mouse, catch and lay it before the Alsatian to breakfast upon. He found little that he could relish, for the Alsatian was without hunger, and without teeth. Learned people sitting whole weeks, day in, and day out, in their studies, surfeiting upon rich banquets, and tit-bits from all ages and all parts of the world, think people of business are displeased and famished if they are not regaled with the warm and rich ideas that drop, as conversation turns upon the spit. But it is a mistake. The man of business is satisfied if he sit, and the man of the world if he only stand by the window, and learn that the *countess* yesterday at dinner was uncommonly gay, and that the *baron*, whose name he never heard, merely passed through the city this morning without stopping. To the learned this can hardly be too often repeated, else they draw after them a provision-waggon loaded with more or less thought, and little wit, to furnish conversation. Flitt, who was as ignorant of all that was *real*, as Walt of all that was *personal*, was unable to begin any conversation, although he sang, danced, and spoke well. He went from the

bookshelf to the window, and from the window to the bookshelf, taking from each something to say, for he wished to be *au fait* with every one, upon every subject of interest. Some men are harpsichords, to be played by only one person; others, are instruments that belong only to concerts. Flitt could speak only with a multitude; in a duett he was wholly stupid.

At length Walt began to feel the *ennui* which he thought he imparted. In conversation, as in faro, it has been shown, that the *winnings* in satisfaction, as in gold, are never greater than the stakes in either. "Well," he thought, "I will study in him, the French character; Alsatia is certainly sufficiently French, and afterwards I can make a cast of him as he now appears, for my hall of casts in my romance."

While Walt was thus employed, he shut the window suddenly, and bowed through the glass; as Raphaela, who was walking with Wina towards the setting sun, turned back her head and greeted him slightly. Flitt caught the glance and bowed also. Raphaela turned again quickly and acknowledged the bow. Wina slowly continued her walk, as though under heavy sorrow, looking sometimes towards the declining sun, with her handkerchief at her eyes. Walt forgot himself so entirely that he sighed audibly and said, "the general's daughter is weeping." "*There*, beneath?" asked Flitt, coldly, "it is her despair at the loss of the count, for she cannot survive his loss

—— till another time; *a revoir, ami!*" and he flew down to the garden.

Walt placed himself at the widow, supported his head with the hand that covered his eyes, and had a long severe pain. He was unable to look at the lovely face of the beautiful Wina, or to listen to her sorrow, even with glances, when she turned and came towards him. He was alarmed at the thought of meeting her when he should first write, at her father's. At length the setting sun, with motherly smiles, warmed him from the wintry sleep of this sad hour. The garden was now empty, and he went down. He knew not what led him but he followed the same path Wina had taken. In the bushes fluttered a half-torn sheet of letter paper. He took it and saw that it was in a female hand, and contained, as he saw by the marks of quotation, a passage copied from another letter. A half sheet torn in two, containing a copy from a second letter (the first he never could have read) he thought, he might, indeed, with honor look at and read.

"——— flowers rent asunder — believe me. Oh, how easy it is to bear one's own pains! But tell me, why it is so hard to bear the sorrows that we have been constrained to cause others? How can a being with a human heart, cause whole nations to weep, when we suffer so much when we make one person unhappy. Conceal, and be silent upon my conscientious scruples, that my father, who is so soon to be

informed of everything, may not be tormented. Yet you would be secret without my prayer. In the mean time my resolution is as firm as ever. I can now do nothing but suffer and be better, reward *him* by what it costs me! I go frequently to church, and write often to my mother. I am more tender towards my father, and to every human soul; should not I, who find happiness in the bosom of the church, bring it to others, and increase it wherever I can? For myself, it had long ceased, even before I parted from him! Oh, be then happy, my Raphaela!"

"From this extract, you can see, dearest, how this wound of my Wina's must oppress my too tender heart. Farewell! The golden heart, if you have not yet ordered it at the goldsmith's, must weigh full three half ounces. My mother has received the *Hasen-brecher* and the bracelet.

THY RAPHAELA."

While reading, Walt was called in the gayest tone from his own window by Vult, and as he went up to him, he finished the letter.

"You know," began Vult, "my trumpet of fame? my Delphian sybil of the *past*? that is, my hired torches? Heavens! do you not understand? I mean my historical octavo; my eight parts of speech; for there are eight young ladies. The devil! The boarding-school! From thence, as the purest source,

I learnt what follows; for the general, who visits there often, like all curious people, tells as much as he learns.

"It is understood by the Dogaressa or director of the young ladies, that for a couple of pieces of news, or even for civilities, he would sacrifice as many daughters' souls, as there are girls in the pension. The day before yesterday, the general celebrated his birth-day, and, according to his usual custom, partook of the sacrament, and before dinner heard a long sermon, full of medicine for the soul. His daughter must always go to the confessional with him. On his birth and confession days, he has an especial love for her; for she is a sort of baptismal water to him. He has indeed this only merit, that he sincerely wishes the happiness of his daughter, and, therefore, suffers her constant intercourse with her Protestant mother in Leipsic, whom he cordially hates; and he is so liberal to the daughter, that the mother depends wholly on her. As he remained the whole day together with Wina and the confessional, he had wept and drank a great deal. He now demanded a confession from her, and asked, why she was yet so melancholy? and told her, she appeared to hold the count dearer than her God, the church, or her father. She answered warmly, that she valued him less than either. That the church-rath Glanze, had often spoken to her of her Catholic faith, but she had merely listened to him from politeness; and that the count was no more valued by her than any other

good man. Zablocki asked, much astonished, why then, with complete freedom of choice, she would marry him?

"'I hoped,' she said, with some hesitation, 'that by a disinterested sacrifice, I might bring him back to our holy religion!' Walt! convert a philosopher! — sooner baptize and tonsure a peruke!

"The general laughed and wept at the same time; but he continued to press roughly upon the tender, delicate being before him, forced himself into her open heart, and brought out the second secret; namely, that she hoped she might be able, from this rich marriage, to offer to her divorced Protestant mother, and to her father, so involved in debt, some little solace; in short, to throw them a pillow, upon which they might repose for the remainder of their lives. The inebriated father could not forbear swearing, that he would sooner send a grape-shot through his heart, or give up his Warsaw law-suit, than urge or oppress such a true and precious soul as hers —— And so forth! Art thou consoled?" Walt was silent. Vult took the torn letter from his hand, read, and found in it the confirmation of his news. He made his satirical remarks upon Raphaela's female epistolary style; mixing hearts and cosmetics, great and little, together. Walt answered, that this manner of narration only proved, that women were more epic; men, on the contrary, more lyrical.

A lackey of Zablocki's came in, and informed

him, that to-morrow, at four o'clock, he was expected at the general's, for the well-known business of copying. Walt concealed from his brother, the whole evening, the violence of his emotions at the prospect before him.

No. 33. *Stralglimmer.* (*Mica.*)

CHAPTER II.

THE COPYING-HOUR.

At four o'clock, Walt appeared in the presence of the general, who, as usual, met the blue-eyes with a smile. His fears of the recollection of the fatal letter, or the appearance of the writer, had been vain. Zablocki gave him the anonymous, or rather the letters, with their baptismal names, placed upon a finely veined and polished secretary, together with his writing orders, and left him.

With as many exquisite final letters, and artificial flourishes, as could be sent from Paris only, Walt copied, and, at length, ventured to look about him.

The beautiful cabinet, by the aid of painted tapestry, was made to represent a flowery arbor, but filled with perfumes that came from real flowers, and veiled by a green twilight, produced by drawing down the blinds, and softening the day-light to evening. Even in winter these leafy imitations had been to Walt a source of enchantment. "In that wardrobe, I think," he said to himself, "is the celestial blue dress." He wrote, as though reclining upon a gently moving cloud. When an expression in the letters suited his own situation, he soothed himself with the

thought, that he was under the same roof, perhaps within the same apartment, bearing the same badge of mourning as herself; who, after the sun of friendship had set, gleamed forth as the quiet Hesperus of love.

He copied with open ears; for, not without fear, the hope possessed him, that Wina might enter the cabinet and approach one of the secretaries, the wooden or the living. Nothing came. He was considering, whether he might venture to open the wardrobe and touch with his hand the celestial dress, like the blue ether, in which the sun lightly rests, or approach it with his lips, when the general entered, looked at, and praised the copy, and dismissed the secretary.

Thus happily went over the writing hour, and the danger of seeing Wina; and he wavered home, with a head that had drunk a little too much from the over-full heart. Upon the towers of the city and the summits of the park, there yet lingered a sweet, red sun-light, that awakened, at the same moment, both within and without Haslau, the longings and the hopes of men.

Walt wrote, the second day, with the same trembling fear, that Wina might open the door. The third passed, and no one came. He was now like the soldier, that time makes so courageous, he longed intensely for the danger. At this time, whole nights, the pious and lovely maiden stood before his soul; he enjoyed, in this manner, an eternal spring, merely

as he formed and dismissed one plan after another, by which he could repair the consequences of the open letter, and effect something favorable for the count. But no very good idea ever occurred to him.

The fourth day he heard, while writing, a female voice singing; that, although from the third chamber, was as good for him as though it came from the third heaven. He copied on, much excited, while one city of the sun, after another, was built within him by these Orpheus' tones, and all the rocks of life danced after them. He well remembered what Vult had written him of Wina's singing. As he went home, he heard the same voice before him, proceeding from a young girl with a box under her arm, who was descending the steps; and he had the mortification to hear the voice say to another in the street, that the Fraülein (for it was Wina's dressing-maid) would not return from Elterlein till next Friday. Walt was immediately seized with a violent longing to be out of the city, and again in the place of his birth. He was infinitely curious to look in the face of this reflection of the sacred neighborhood of Wina, and more especially of a person whose divine tones he adored, as he followed them. He had long believed that a *first* singer could not be the *least* of the saints; and he never would believe, that any but a modest woman could *keep* a divine voice; an opinion that good-humored people of the world will ascribe more to his ignorance of the stage, and of the world, than

to stupidity. He had scarcely made three hasty steps, in order to pass her, than he heard three curses, and a word of double meaning from her lips. He turned quickly back, with the order chain in his hand, with which he had adorned her as one of the sisters of the order of slaves of virtue, but had torn it immediately away; and in a dark lane of the city, he concealed his regret, that a soul so coarse possessed the voice of an angel, and dwelt so near a saint.

High above him, in the shining clouds of heaven, hovered the form of Wina; and it seemed as though death only could bring him to her, as it would to God.

No. 34. *Petrified thistles.*

CHAPTER III.

DREAMING. — SINGING. — PRAYING.

THE Friday after, the day that Wina should come home, Walt sprang, without thinking of her, as delightedly from his bed, as if it had been his bridal morning. He knew no reason, but that the whole night he had had a constantly returning, blessed dream, of which he could retain neither word nor form, but only an undefined bliss. Like flowers of heaven, dreams often pass through the whole nights of men, leaving only a strange summer perfume, the traces of their vanishing.

The sun shone brighter and nearer to him. All whom he met were more beautiful and worthier than before. The unknown fountains of the night overflowed his breast with so much love, that he knew not where he should conduct the streams. He sought, at first, to pour them upon paper, but he could write neither prose nor poetry. This morning was like that after a night of dancing, when one can do nothing but dream; when all must be gentle, even joy itself. Evening songs only, can be listened to in such a morning; and a veil, but transparent and bright-colored, is drawn over, and softens all the sounds and sights of earth.

Walt could do nothing — "God grant," he said, "I may have no deed to draw to-day," but walk in the Van der Kable wood, where he had seen the count for the first time, and which he would one day inherit. All around him flew, and hovered, and rested, dreams from long past centuries; from flowers, and flowery lands; from his home and his childhood. A little dream sat and sang in the span-long garden of his childhood's Christmas night, that the man had drawn after him, with a thread upon four small wheels through life. Behold, there moved from heaven itself, an enchanter's wand over the whole landscape, and it was filled with castles, and country-houses, and woods, and changed into a flower-covered Provence of the middle ages. In the distance, he saw approaching the Provencials from olive-groves. They sang cheerful songs in the free air. The gay youths, full of joy and love, gathered, with stringed instruments, in the valleys, and before the high castles, on distant mountain-sides. Beautiful maidens looked from the narrow windows down upon the knightly youth. They were allured to the pavilions, placed on the green meadows, to exchange some words with the Provencials; for in that age and country, the earth was a paradise for the art of poetry; and troubadours and conteurs dared to love ladies of the highest rank; and there was an eternal spring upon earth and in heaven; and life, a long dance through flowers.

"Sweet valleys of joy behind the mountains," sang Walt; "oh might I pass over into that blushing morning of life, where love desires nothing but a virgin and a poet; and there, wandering in the spring air, with only a lute in my hand, could I sing of secret love around thy pavilions, Wina, and cease when thou passed by."

Walt came back to his little chamber, but with his geographical and historical Provence in his head, he found so little room there, that he had the boldness (poetry had made him equal and free) to go down into Newpeter's park, where, after a few steps, he met Flora loaded like Pomona, with fruit, and gave her his hand. To the poet, the whole world is bright; but a ducal, or royal crown, is, in his eyes, dimmer than a beautiful female head, under any covering, or only with the free heaven above it. The poet is modest when he gives his hand to a princess, sincere when he offers it to a shepherd's daughter, but to the father of either he will not often bend.

* * * * *

Walt brought much of his morning's joy to the dinner-table. There, to his astonishment, he heard, although he had long since known it, that on the Jews' vigil, that is, on Friday evening, the Catholics also fast; he laid his knife and fork down. No morsel, had it been cut from the government ox, roasted in Frankfort for the emperor's coronation, would he touch. "I will not feast luxuriously," (it

was old cow's beef that was placed before him,) he thought, "in the hour when a generous soul like Wina must fast."

With the utmost indifference to his own necessities of appetite, he had always the greatest pity for those who could not eat. He thought it was cruel in the church to allow nuns, as well as monks, to fast. It was, perhaps, enough, he thought, if villains, gamblers, murderers, were required to fast.

At the copying hour Walt went to the general's, not only with the warmest wish to see her, who on this day had been a martyr, but also with the certainty, that she had returned from Elterlein and would appear. While, with inexpressible satisfaction, he was writing out fairly, an extremely bold letter of a certain *Libetté* that could have come only from that sty of Epicurus, Paris; for he, in his unconsciousness, tasted only in this joy-cup the holy water of spiritual love, there came no sound through the half-open door of the cabinet, that did not tremblingly announce an approaching apparition. As in thick, extensive forests, distant continued tones echo here and there, exciting romantic hopes, thus came to his ear a simple accord upon the piano. The general called. Wina answered. At last he really heard Wina herself in the adjoining room, speaking of music to her father. The crimson rushed to his brow, and he bent his head till it touched the feather of his pen. She had that deep, heart-touching voice, coming more from the soul than the throat, that in

women, and in the Swiss peasants, is more frequent than in others.

The general entered the cabinet, but the excited Walt continued to write with the utmost eagerness; and, although Wina entered to seek some musical notes, from delicacy and embarrassment he could not raise his eyes, and saw only her white dress as she left the room. Soon after, her voice was again heard in the next room. "Oh no, not that," cried the general, "I meant, the last wish of Reichard."*

She ceased, and immediately began the song desired by her father. "Sing," he again interrupted, "only the first and the last, without the tiresome verses."

She held in, with her fingers hovering over the keys, and answered, "Yes, father." Again she began; her sweet speaking voice melting into sweeter singing tones, as though it had changed into the notes of nightingales, or softly repeated echoes; as though she wished to pour her love-warm heart, like a musical sigh, into every key.

Oh! destiny, at last
My latest wish accord;
A little field, a lowly cot,
A small, but my own herd.
A friend, well tried and wise,
Freedom from noise and strife;
And thou! I softly sigh
Companion of my life.

---

* A celebrated composer of music.

Oft have I wished in vain,
Deny not thou the last,
The evening of my life
In peaceful joy to pass.
Sweet leisure in my home,
With honor, faith, and love.
The sole reward of truth,
A violet on my grave!

These long-dreamed sounds from the soul, dreamed, but never heard before with such splendor, came over Walt, billowing like the waves of the sea, which he had seen from a distance, but now overtook and overwhelmed him with a flood of music.

The general, during the singing, looked at the copy of the last piquant letter of *Libetté*, and, with a peculiar expression in his countenance, said, "How then pleases you *that* — the wild *Libetté?*" "Oh, so true! so heartful! so deeply felt!" said Walt, thinking only of the song. "I think so, also," said the general, with an ironical sort of enthusiasm, which Walt took for a commentary upon the music.

"What has been your most important notary-business hitherto?" asked the general. Walt answered, rather shortly, and with a little displeasure, that he had divided his attention, as his hours, between poetry and prose! He made use of as little intellectual power and as few words as possible in his answer, not knowing that to please Zablocki, a man, whether from Witzlau or Ratisbon, or from any

other region of ennui, could never be too diffuse or too long in his answers; but only too abrupt.

"I believe," continued Zablocki, "you have done some business for the Count Klothar."

"Not a line," answered Walt, too hastily; for he was entranced by the beautiful tones, and could not understand how the general, who had demanded these heavenly sounds, could prefer his own. The general said he was so accustomed to this music, that it passed over him without impression.

"Oh God," thought Walt, "how can it be, that a man is not wholly overwhelmed in this stream of harmony? And is it possible! a widowed and almost childless father!" Walt believed, indeed, that a man who had parted with his wife and his youth, would listen to such lines, as to the echo of his own experience, the complaint of his own soul. *For him* it was a deeper and purer emotion to listen to the language of music upon the wishes and sorrows of others, than when it drew his thoughts to himself; and, therefore, the insensibility of Zablocki displeased him so much the more.

"Not a line," Walt had answered, rather hastily, to the question of the general. "How so?" asked Zablocki; "my man of business told me just the contrary. At this moment Walt's tears started forth. He could not help it. The last line of the song, with uncontrollable emotion, had wholly overpowered him; and shame, at the involuntary deception, had nothing to do with it. "Indeed," he said, "I meant even

so; for the *donation* act was interrupted. I wrote the first line of course — "

The general, ascribing his confusion and his agitated countenance, not to the beautiful voice of the singer, but to his own, interrupted him good humoredly with words of dismissal — that he would suspend the copying for some weeks, as in the morning he should journey to Leipsic with his daughter, for the approaching fair.

At this moment the singing ceased, and with it Walt's brief enchantment.

No. 35. *Chrysopras, a finer stone than the Chrysalis.*

CHAPTER IV.

DREAMS FROM DREAMS.

When Walt found himself in the open street, after leaving the Zablocki cabinet, it was as if he had lost something, or a whole Christmas tree had suddenly become dark, or that he had fallen to the earth from a ladder leading to the sun. Suddenly he saw the *Soubrette* of the general's family, and before her Wina, just entering the Catholic church. Without farther consideration, he made it his own, and entered immediately after the nun, to hear her sing again the line which had been singing in his inward ear all through the street.

In the temple, he found her kneeling and bent low before the high altar, her unadorned head sunk in inward prayer, and her white dress flowing upon the steps of the altar. The officiating priests in a strange dress, made, during the service, to him, mysterious motions — the lights upon the altar emulated the sacrificial fire — a cloud of incense hung around the arches of the windows, and the setting sun, glowing through the rich-colored upper panes, was reflected in various lights upon the cloud of incense. Beneath, in the temple, it was night. Walt, the Lutheran, to

whom a maiden, praying at an altar, was a new and heavenly sight, was, as he stood behind her, rapt in devotion and love. Had the Holy Virgin herself, as she stood above the altar, ready to ascend to heaven, come down to pray once more upon the steps of that altar, she could not have been to him so sacredly beautiful, as the maiden kneeling there. He felt it would be a sin to go five steps farther, so that he could look in the innocent face of the praying saint, although those five steps had brought him five golden rounds higher on the ladder to heaven. At length his conscience urged him, Protestant although in his convictions he was, standing thus, behind this silent intercessor, to think of praying himself. His hands had long been folded, although not in devotion, before he could think of anything for which he should pray.

It may be believed, in the world behind the stars, where they must certainly have their own peculiar notions upon devotion, that even the involuntary folding of the hands may be valued as a prayer; and many warm hand-pressures and lip-pressures, yes, many curses even, may be there received as ejaculatory prayers; while, at the same time, the great church-illuminating prayers, that are prepared for the press, without self-reference, merely for occasions foreign to the heart, or worked out in manuscript with a purpose to preserve a manly pulpit eloquence, may be *there* received as mere curses!

Walt remained until Wina arose, and passed near,

so that he might look at her. He could not afterwards understand, that when she was nearest to him, why he involuntarily and almost convulsively closed his eyes; "and what did it help me," he said, "that I followed after her through three streets?"

He hastened out of the city. It seemed to him, that two opposite moving storms held a rose in the midst, wavering between them. A long reflection of the evening glow upon the mountains, like an aurora borealis in the sky, made it light upon the earth. Walt endeavored, according to his old custom, when under great excitement, that is, when he had seen a great author or artist, and was thrown upon the tight-rope of his imagination, to draw near to them, and to calm himself, by dreaming out an extreme exaggeration of the circumstances, infinitely beyond the reality. He therefore ventured to indulge the most splendid and exaggerated dream about himself and Wina. The dream follows.

"Wina is the daughter of a pastor in Elterlein. I accidentally journey through the village with my suite. I am, of course, a Marquis or a Grand Duke. The heir-apparent; young — as young as I am myself — and splendidly formed! Very tall, with heavenly eyes! I am, perhaps, the most beautiful youth in my country; indeed, like Count Klothar. She sees me from the parsonage, riding quickly past upon my Arab. A God from heaven kindled in her poor but tender heart, as she saw the prince arrive, the deep and inextinguishable flame of love.

I ascend the neighboring Himmelsberg, where I am assured there is the most beautiful prospect of the surrounding villages. The sun has not yet gone down. Upon the burnished mountains of the earth rest the golden clouds of heaven. Ah, only the happy sun may venture behind the blessed mountains that enclose the old, ever desired, rose-colored paradise; the love-valley of the heart. But I long, bitterly, to pass over into it, for as a prince I have not dared to love; and now I dream, that I may love as a man. I hear the notes of a nightingale as love-warm as if it drew its tones from my own breast. It sits upon the shoulder of the pastor's daughter, who, without knowing I was there, had come up to look at the evening sun-set. She weeps, she knows not why, but ascribes her emotion to the tones of her nightingale. I see a being such as I have never seen, except at the concert — even Wina — a human flower that has expanded, unconscious of its beauty; and whose petals are opened and closed by heaven alone. The evening glow, the sun, the purple clouds hover towards her, for she is love itself, and draws all of life and love around her. The turtle-dove approaches her feet, and its wings tremble with joy; the nightingales flutter from their coverts, in the hedges, and fly around the singing one. Now she turns her blue eyes from the sun, and they fall upon me. She trembles. I also tremble, but with joy, and go towards her. We are equal in nothing, except beauty, for my love is far warmer than hers.

She bows her head and weeps. Ah, no! It cannot be my high rank alone that so agitates her! What to me are the possession of the throne or the crowns of princes? I cast them all away for love alone! 'Although you may not know me, maiden,' I say, 'yet love me!'

"She does not answer, but the nightingale that had rested upon her shoulder flies from her's to mine, and sings. Behold! I say, and am reverently silent before this indication of destiny. At last I take her hand, and with both my own press it upon my heart. She tries to withdraw her hand, but I whisper, 'how art thou called beautiful, maiden?' Softly, so that I can scarcely hear, she answers, *Wina*. The word trembles through my whole frame, as a sound remembered from my infancy. Wina, signifies conqueror, I answer, and I imagine I feel a gentle pressure of her hand. Love has raised her above the pastor's or the prince's rank. Meantime the nightingales surround us; the blushing evening clouds go down; the smiling evening star goes down. The star-gemmed sky draws its silver veil around us; we have the stars in our hands, upon our hearts; we are silent, and love! We hear a distant flute behind the Himmelsberg, that expresses what we feel, but cannot say. — It is my brother's flute, I answer, and in the village — my parents dwell ——"

Here Walt came to himself. He looked around, he was standing by the side of a river, into which his prince's throne sank down, and the wind took away

the light crown from his head. "It would have been too much for a human dream," he said, "to have kissed her," and went home. On his way home he considered the morality of such a dream, and held it piece by piece on the touchstone of truth, so that he had it over again, in a different manner. Thus the innocent soul, swimming with fear and anxiety, holds fast by every twig that swims also with him; and first-love, the most unintelligible and unreasonable, is yet the purest and holiest. Its bandage is indeed thick and broad, for it goes over eyes, ears, and mouth at the same time; but its pinions are longer and whiter than those of any other love.

At Newpeter's house, and under his own window, his cell appeared to him strangely unknown; he was scarcely himself; and, as he looked up, it seemed to him, that the notary above must every minute look down upon him. Suddenly he heard from his window the sound of a flute, and he immediately knew his brother was waiting above for him. The fire in his heart, upon which Wina had poured a pure and mild oil, was instantly smothered.

Vult was entirely amiable and friendly. In Walt's absence, he had seen and read in the double-romance the new piece of garden-ground that Walt had there laid out and walled around; and had there found that the green hanging-bridge, that led away from the Hercules temple of friendship, was beautifully and artistically built; but the moss and bark covered hermitage of first-love, thinking itself unknown, was

overgrown with the timid, humble plants, that flourish only in darkness and solitude; so that now nothing was wanting but the little singing bird-house. The satyrs and other garden divinities, Vult, from his position, could designate and place in view. He praised the passage most warmly, although Walt was to-day made more melancholy, than happy, by his praises.

"Brother," Vult said, "did I not know you and the power of art so well, I should swear that you had been standing upon the isolated, electrical pedestal of first love, and had received the shock, so beautifully and true do the sparks tell upon thee." For Vult had hitherto, notwithstanding, or rather on account of the open-heartedness of his brother, not remarked the *forget-me-not* of love among the other exquisite flowers with which that heart was sown; and because Vult himself, at this period, thought little of the influence of women. His sullen spirit, he said, repelled him from women. He also maintained, that the varnished staff that was often placed in the earth to support feeble female plants, should be a Roman column, whose capital the flowers themselves should crown.

Walt was much astonished, for in writing his romance he had been merely the poet — namely, the tranquil sea, in which all the tumult of earthly strife, and the harmonies of heaven, had been merely reflected; — astonished that Vult should suspect, from the look, that, perhaps, he loved! He believed the travelled flutist, but said not a word of himself, and was secretly glad that he *could* feel as he wrote.

When the brothers, according to their usual custom, were mutually to confide the history of their day to each other, Walt's dropped with great difficulty and hesitation from his tongue. He dwelt more upon the general and his *mémoires érotiques*, he even praised the pure spiritual flowers in these letters. Vult laughed aloud, and said, "You are a damned good soul, brother!" Love, that opens the whole heart when he gives it away, yet closes, and holds fast a little corner where he nestles himself, and dictates to the most conscientious youth his first lie, as to the purest maiden, her first, and her last!

Walt, full of the inward emotion that made him inexpressibly happy, followed his brother home. Vult, happy also, returned with him. Walt went back again that he might return by the heavenly path that led under Wina's window. This they passed and repassed, till Walt was left master of the field.

Alone, under the broad star-lighted heaven, his soul could expand and cool its fever. "Can I then indeed," he said, "*live* truly, and in reality, the romantic life I have so often loved? Ah, yes! I will break the frozen chrysalis of the winter butterfly, and expand in joyous upward spirals. I will love as never man loved before, even to agony and death, for I know well she can never love me, and I cannot throw a shade of injury upon her; *that* her rank forbids. She is also now absent for a month. Yes, this unknown heart! it is to her wholly, solely, devoted! Like to the subterranean Gods, I will

secretly and silently sacrifice, to her alone. Ah, could I pluck these stars from their spheres to form a jewelled crown for her brow, I would bind it with the tender lilies of earth, and in her blissful sleep I would place it on her pillow, and should no mortal ask who had laid it there, I were blest enough!"

He went again down the street to Zablocki's house. All the lights were extinguished. A dark cloud hung over the roof — he would have torn it down. All was so still, that he heard the ticking of the clock. The moon sent a strange and unusual day into the windows of the third story. "Oh! were I a star," he sang within his heart, "I would shine upon thee; were I a rose, I would bloom for thee; were I a sound, I would press into thy ear and thy heart; were I love, the happiest love, I would dwell therein. Ah! were I only a dream, I would visit thee in slumber, and be the star and the rose, and love itself, and vanish only when you awoke."

He went home to his first sleep, and hoped he might dream that this dream was not a dream, but a reality.

No. 36. *A Bivalve shell.*

CHAPTER V.

A NEW WILL.

THE month of September, into which Wina, that exquisite rose, had been transplanted, was so beautiful, that to Walt, coat, chamber and city had become too narrow. He must go out into the wide world. Travelling was always to him an inexpressible satisfaction, especially if he journeyed in unknown places; for upon the way he always flattered himself that it was possible he might meet with one of those delightfully romantic adventures, of which he yet sometimes read. The high road, that as a river ornamented the landscape, and in its infinite windings, now here, now there, took his imagination with it, was it not an infinite delight to him, for it reflected the whole of life? And upon that road, he thought, passes at this moment the silent Wina, and looks at the blue heavens and at her father, and thinks of many things.

Walt hesitated long in great uncertainty, whether it would not be wrong to take the little money he had gained in his notary business, from his parents, merely for his own satisfaction in travelling; while his brother Vult also, according to his usual custom,

was beginning to suffer from a light purse. He was obliged to go over again all his conscientious rules upon pure intentions, to decide whether he could admit this sweet-toned variation, or these five advancing steps of praise, in the music of his church anthem. But Flitt decided all by sending from the city tower, where he dwelt, a summons, to tell him he was lying on his death-bed, and wished, through the agency of the notary, to make his will that very evening.

If the reader would ascend the tower, behind the notary, where the Alsatian lay on his death-bed, I must go before to place the necessary steps that brought him to this situation. It was thus. Fortune is as inconstant to its friends, as they are to their favorites. Nature gives the philosopher, on life's journey, too little money. Flitt was such a philosopher, and although he had long practised the rule that the end of money, like the limits of a park, should be carefully concealed, yet the common *nervus rerum gerendarum* failed him for this cunning. When he merely passed through a city, he managed it easily, for he dressed himself richly and came as a servant, only to announce his Lord; then, after a while, he would come without the servant.

In Haslau it did him good service for a whole month, that at his own expense, he would let them drain a pond, and dig and grub therein to find a valuable diamond that he said he had lost! But hunger, that he, as well as Philip II., called the noon-day

devil, and yet more, the tailor's imps had drawn upon him by degrees an ever increasing train of lackeys, or *valets de fantaisie*, who always followed in his service, under the well known name of creditors. These true Moors of the palace, came without being summoned; for like Mephistopheles, when not called, they will come of themselves. On this account he withdrew to the clock tower, his trûe *Schuldthurm*,* where, through its numberless steps, he could elude some visitors, or prepare for others, as he saw them approaching. In the city he swore he had gone there to enjoy a *free* prospect.

Among his creditors was a young physician, named Hut, who magnified himself, but had few patients.† The gallant Flitt made the following proposal to this creditor: the city, he said, was full of prejudices; he himself was involved in light debts; he would pretend to be sick unto death, and make his will, if the doctor would undertake publicly to reëstablish his health, and thus, by an innocent deception, heal the city of its self-deception. Secondly, by willing his estate to the court agent, Newpeter, he should win the father's consent to his marriage, with the already long-won daughter, and could he marry, he would easily pay the doctor. After some little delay the doctor consented to the project.

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* A prison for debtors.

† Here follow some satirical remarks upon local medical practice, which I have omitted. — *Tr.*

At the end of a few days, the Alsatian was deadly sick; ate and drank no more, except in rare solitary moments; took the sacrament, which he thought he and others should do in healthy days, and finally sent for the notary in the night to draw and establish his last will.

Walt was shocked. He had loved Flitt's gay and blooming youth, and pitied its defeat. Heavily and sadly he mounted the long, dark steps that led to him. The clock struck eleven, and it sounded to him as though the death angel had moved the pendulum. Faint, and silent, and painted (although white) lay the Alsatian, in the midst of the seven witnesses to the will, among whom was the morning preacher, Flachs, who, in spite of his long pale face, had never become vesper preacher.

Walt, full of pity, took silently with his right hand the hand of the patient, and with his left drew his seal from his pocket, while with his eye, he numbered the witnesses present. He asked for three lights, as the *promptuarium juris* demanded that number for a night testament, but was obliged to be satisfied with one only — miserable enough.* As upon the whole tower no second was to be found, much less a third, and Walt, having too much compassion to send a man to the bottom of the tower, in the middle of the night,

* It must be recollected, that for the smallest deviation, from established customs, as well as for the slightest errors in his notary office, Walt forfeited a part of the inheritance.

to demand a light, he was obliged to proceed without the requisite number.

The sick man began to dictate the first legacy; according to which, the merchant, Newpeter, should receive the whole of Flitt's dividend upon the long-expected West India ship, also a jewel casket sealed with the initials O. U. F., that was deposited with the brothers Heiligenbeil in Bremen. It was apparent that Flitt, although half dead, could yet dictate in the most exact and accurate manner. But Walt was obliged to pause and ask for a spoonful of water, to make some liquid ink from the dry ink powder, in which he dipped his pen. When it was prepared, he found, very unwillingly, that the new was of a wholly different color from the old, and that if he would go on, he must violate the notary ordinance, which forbids an instrument to be written with *two* kinds of ink. He could not persuade himself, in his deep compassion for Flitt, to tear the leaf and begin anew.

Secondly. Flitt willed to the needy Flachs, the morning preacher, his silver spurs, his silver-handled riding-whip, and his (empty) coffer covered with seal-skin. To Dr. Hut he made over all that was owing to him in the city. He was obliged to pause to gain strength, then with a weak voice he began again. I desire to leave, for the satisfaction of having become acquainted with him, all that may be found after my death, in ready money or in bills of exchange, to the Herr Notary Harnish, and as I fear it

may not amount to more than twenty *louis d'ors*, I pray him, out of love to me, to add thereto my golden finger-ring. Walt laid down the pen. He blushed to receive such a present from a dying man, who owed him nothing. He arose immediately, pressed silently, with compassion, the hand of the dying man, said firmly and decidedly, *no!* and then asked him to call another physician. "To the keeper of the city tower ——" Flitt would have said, but sank exhausted back upon his pillow. Heering sprang forward, arranged the pillows and placed the patient a little upright. "To Herr Heering," continued Flitt, "I present, together with my fine white linen, all my clothes, all, except my riding-boots that I promised to the maid." It struck twelve, and Heering should have struck the quarter, but he would not interrupt such solemn business, he said, by hammering on the bell, and the testator continued —— "and all that remains from the sale of a richly jewelled snuff box, which will be found in my coffer, after the expenses of my funeral are paid."

After these legacies, came the formalities of the last will of a man, which are heavier than all the heavy formalities that have gone before. The visibly failing Flitt insisted that Walt should immediately place his notary-seal upon all his effects. He did it promptly.

It was sad and bitter to Walt to bid farewell to the poor pleasure-loving bird, who would have left him both feathers and golden eggs. Heering lighted both

him and the witnesses down the stairs. "I will swear," he said, "he does not survive the night; there are many curious indications; but if he really gets over the night, I will hang out my handkerchief from the tower early in the morning."

Shuddering with cold, they descended the long ladder through the empty, dark descent in which there was nothing but steps. The slow iron pendulum of the clock, that carried on the decrees of destiny, swung here and there, like the mowing of the scythe of time. The winds that came in gusts against the tower; the solitary and careful steps of the nine men, as they descended; the strange light of the lantern that struggled in the upper darkness and shed a sepulchral light upon the living, and the expectation that Flitt, at any moment, might depart, and like a pale ghost, pass through the church; all these haunted Walt, like a dream, in the land of shadows and terrors, so that he stepped from the tower, like one risen from the dead, and meeting eye to eye, and life with life, in the outward living world. Flachs, the preacher, living rather than understanding the things belonging to death, said to him as they descended, "you are lucky with testaments!" This drew Walt from his reverie, in which he was thinking of that foolish carnival of life, where the all too earnest death, at last draws off the mask and alters the countenance.

In bed he prayed with deep emotion for the dying youth, that some evening beams of love and mercy

might penetrate and gild the night, whose clouds were falling upon him, as at last they must fall on every mortal; and, while he prayed, he pressed his eyes together, that no accidentally intrusive spectre might make him shudder.

No. 37. *A selected cabinet crystal.*

CHAPTER VI.

RAPHAELA.

When Gottwalt awoke he had at first forgotten all. But when, from his bedroom window, he saw the reflection of the rising sun, so red upon the western hills, his wish to journey returned with new warmth. Then came the objection of his poverty, and at last, the memory of the twenty *louis d'ors* bequeathed to him the evening before. This made him turn his eyes to the city tower, upon which, as upon a *castrum doloris*, the dead Flitt might now repose.

Compassionately, as he raised his eyes, his countenance was cheerful. This romantic journey, so suddenly made possible, appeared to invite him to a passage through the transparent sun of fortune, where the dust would be sparkles of light that would cover him with diamonds. Displeased with himself, that he could not be melancholy, he left his bed without prayer, and examined his heart again. But he might quarrel with himself as long as he pleased, and his fancy might represent the pale young corpse lying in the church tower, whose closed eyes would never again open with the morning sun —— It was of no use. The journey and the travelling money retained

in his eyes all its splendor, and his heart looked willingly only at that. At length he asked himself whether he was indeed the living devil that he *seemed*, to be willing to take advantage of Flitt's generosity, and that if he were even now living, something could not be done immediately to save him? And he remembered the promise of the warden, that if the young man died in the night, a white handkerchief should be hung out as a mourning flag. He looked and found none there, and as he could trace some little joy in himself on this account, he absolved his poor heart from utter selfishness, and was almost angry for having so severely questioned, and without any necessity, that honorable villain.

He saw now, indeed, a white handkerchief, not on the tower, but borne by Raphaela, who wandered with apparent melancholy in the park below, and to whom the fashionable absence of pockets afforded the good fortune to display this alluring sign of feeling, this flag for the imagination, in her hand. She looked often at the tower, occasionally up at his window, and seemed to give him a melancholy greeting. It seemed also, though he could scarcely believe it, that she signed to him to come down; for he had read in *English* romances only, the extent of female tenderness. While he deliberated, Flora came and asked him to descend. "I can easily imagine," he said upon the steps, "how she must feel when she looks at that city tower, and thinks that perhaps very soon her lover may be placed on his bier; the only man

that through a disinterested, heart-felt love, like that of a mother for a deformed child, could so beautifully overcome the impression of her repugnant features."

"Pardon the step I have taken," she said with embarrassment, as she drew the handkerchief, that veil of a dry heart, from her eyes, "if it seems to you incompatible with the delicacy, which my sex should maintain towards yours."

Fortunate it was, that she had not made this speech to Quod Deus Vult, for it would be difficult to find in Europe, even in Paris or Berlin, a man, who in the same degree cursed, or suspected, when a woman entrenched herself within her sex, and the necessary reserve of sex, to protect herself against the imagined tenderness of the other; when, at one moment, a pressure of the hand, at another, an unguarded glance betrayed an impure soul. He would not have hesitated to assert, that an open courtezan was an honest saint, compared with such concealed and cowardly sensuality. . . . "Truly," he said of such, "they enter the material or spiritual dissection-room, merely to see the naked body, innocent only, if like children, they are ignorant and childlike —— their consciousness is their death."

But the unsuspicious Walt gave her merely the simple and honest answer, that he knew not how any one of his sex, to say nothing of a holier, could consider such a step as prompted by anything but the heart.

She had, however, nothing to say, but that as the dying man was a friend of her father's, and one whom every one liked, and she herself also regretted, she wished to ask whether, the night when he made his will, of which she had learned by the seven witnesses as through seven different avenues, whether he had mentioned her, for she knew the word of a dying man was more powerful than that of a living.

Walt answered conscientiously that he had been summoned as a notary, but from not seeing the white flag, he hoped Flitt was still living. She informed him that doctor Hut, who had been called, spoke of him but as a lost man; and she told Walt that the sorrows even of strangers, and the loss of the most distant of her relations, took so powerful hold of her, that it cost her many tears.

Walt looked with all the signs of a sympathising heart into her tearful eyes, and almost wished that the delicacy of the said English romances, had permitted him to take her soft white hand in his, which was glistening before him in the morning dew of the shrubs, and afterwards in her dark hair, in order, after the prescription of the English, to strengthen it as with a wash.

They now found themselves upon the island, opposite the stone statue of the grandfather, and near an urn and weeping plants. Upon one of the trees Raphaela had placed a tablet, with the inscription, "Friendship endures even to the last." She wound her arms around the urn, for in this position they

were snow-white, like the arms of angels, and told Walt that here she thought of her distant friend Wina von Zablocki, who alas, was twice a year separated from her, when, according to their agreement, her father took her to Leipsic to see her deserted mother. Unconsciously, through her description of sorrow, Raphaela's tone had again become lively. Walt commended her friendship, and, still more the friend! She raised the friend still higher than herself, and with his swelling heart he could remain no longer. Resuming her tone of complaint, with a melancholy glance at the tower, she parted from the young man.

His thoughts were like a flock of twilight birds, that for thirty-six hours had been fluttering about his head, and he knew not how to get rid of them but by a journey, and on foot. Wina's living image, the September sun that burnt in the clear blue ether, the *possible* travelling money, and all the warm wishes of his heart pressed him on one side; on the other, Dr. Hut's regrets and receipts, Flitt's extremity, Heering's white bier-flag, that might at any moment flutter — his own delayed poetic hours (for what could he compose in such a crisis of uncertainty), and last, the thirty-six hours of inward contest. At length unable to endure it any longer, he decided upon two courses; first, to go to the executors of the will, and announce this pause in his notary business; and then to the flute-player to acquaint him with, and give him the hundred inducements for his journey.

The brothers were now accustomed to rejoice if, in the week, anything occurred which they could impart to each other at their weekly meeting. Walt was now the imparter, and Vult had to wonder at much. The juristic theory was to him very bitter, that the *word* of a dying man, like that of a Quaker, had the force of an oath; meanwhile the point, upon which the whole deception turned, remained concealed from him. "It seems to me," he said, "he sent for you merely to make a fool of you, but I know not why. In God's name, if you wish it, young man, be a coach (travel the road), but take the advice of an older traveller, have behind a little window, that no thief may cut from you your purse nor your honor."

Vult had nothing to relate, but Walt fortunately could continue. He related Raphaela's conversation, but with the utmost caution, for he knew Vult's immeasurable severity towards women. It was of little use. Vult hated the Newpeters, especially the women. "Raphaela," he said "is an unmixed lie and deception." "But in one so unfortunately ugly," said Walt, "I could forgive a deception, although not in myself nor in one I loved." "I mean to say," continued Vult, "that she would fortify herself by her assumed sorrow, and if one lover is extinguished, fish up a successor in the dark stream of her tears."

"I have always foreseen the *possibility* of such deceptions, but to believe in the *reality*, is in any case difficult, and should make us pause. Is not

Raphaela's joy, at my praise of her friend, a lovely sign?" "No," said the inexorable Vult, "the acknowledged beauty only, who is accustomed to every homage, hates mediocrity, and the division of any sentiment of empire; but beauty of a lower order, is obliged to acquiesce in mediocrity, and to praise all that is above her own standard."

Walt had nothing further to say. He made known his plan of journeying for some days, to breathe the pure heavenly air, and he was only undecided what path he should follow. Vult approved his plan, and Walt would have taken leave, but the flute-player accustomed to impromptu journeys, made not much account of this, but said gaily, "Farewell! good night! a happy journey."

The fairest indication of this appeared in the irradiated sky. The sickle of the new moon cut the blooming flowers of the horizon. The fresh morning breeze moved upon the already crimsoned islands of clouds, and the stars as, one after another, they went down, left the promise of a beautiful day.

No. 38. *Marienglas. A sort of clayey stone that is used in Russia for glass.*

CHAPTER VII.

ENTRANCE ON A JOURNEY.

In the morning Walt stood upon the threshold ready for his journey, and looked round upon his dark western apartment. He could not help casting a glance of love and leave-taking, and another full of compassion upon the tower where no flag waved for the dead, as he flew joyfully across the threshold and upon the empty place beneath. He looked around under the four-armed wooden sign post, to determine within himself whether he should take the west, north, or east, for he came out from the southern gate of the city.

His main object was not to know the name of any town, nor even of the villages. He hoped thus, without any decided aim, and a sort of imaginary uncertainty, to wind about among the pleasure-grounds and flower-beds of journeying, and see only what should arise before him at every new step; to pray in every green, gold-waving grove; in every little hamlet to ask its name, and secretly to exult in his knowledge. With such measures, he hoped that even in a small compass of country he might, perhaps, find country houses, irregular gardens, a diminutive Switzerland;

and that his imagination might fill it with mountain castles, and beautiful eyes within them looking down upon him; chapels with pilgrims, and eyes raised in prayer; accidents, and romantic adventures were sown in numbers over his journey, such as he could never, in sober reality, expect. "Infinite good! in thy clear blue heaven," he prayed in his exquisite delight, "this once let not my excessive joy be the omen of disappointment!"

He now blamed himself, that he had not taken counsel of the sign-post, that, like a monkey, pointed with its four limbs; fortunately no name was visible, time, especially the humid time of winter, with its wet fingers, had rubbed out all the names of the post cities. To the north was Elterlein; in the east stood the Pestitz, or Linden mount, through which ran the road to Leipsic, itself a city of Linden trees. Between these two, Walt now directed his steps, so that the height behind which the lovely Wina rolled or rested might never be lost from his eyes, whether they drank from the petals of a flower, or from the clouds that rested upon the mountain tops.

It is a happiness for the present writer in describing his journey, that Walt, for the satisfaction of his brother, left so circumstantial a day, or rather minute book of his travels; so that one need but open the covers, and all will be found ready dipped in the ink; for the sufferer a refreshment, and he who rejoices in the reality of life; may find truth in poetry, and

double his enjoyment if he find his own experiences renewed in those of Walt.

"I would, indeed, hope," thus Walt began the minute and second book of his journey, written for Vult alone, "that my brother will not laugh at me if I divide my insignificant journey, not into German leagues, but rather into Russian *wersts*, which, like mere quarters of hours, are very short, but not too short for men upon this earth. How would it have been with this fleeting life, if instead of minute and hour clocks, our time had been measured upon week or century clocks — a short thread upon a monstrous wheel. Eternity is as vast as infinity. We, fugitives in both, have but one little word for both — *time*."

As he began his first werst towards the north-east, with Wina's mountain and the early sun upon the right, the dewy meadows and an expanding rainbow upon the left, he struck his hands together, merely from joy, like the cymbals of eastern music, and was borne on so lightly that he scarcely touched the ground. His face was like the morning breeze, a whole oriental life was painted in his countenance. His collected cabinet of medals, or students' fortune, was placed carefully, to serve as a surplus, or experimental swimming girdle, ready for all floods, whether of hell or paradise. He moved through the opposing air as freely as the butterfly above his head, needing nothing in life but a flower and a second butterfly. Turning from the turnpike (where he saw a gang of criminals, undergoing reformation by the process of

roadmaking, because he would not plague them to give him a morning greeting, or say to them hypocritically, "good morning," when he knew there was none in store for them) he strayed rather in the wet grass valley, where he alternately lost and saw the city. While he yet saw it he could not imagine himself on his travels, he must, therefore, go back two long wersts before it disappeared beyond the western hills. As yet he had met nothing more remarkable than the road itself, when he greeted a man who passed quickly with his face bound in a handkerchief. He passed on, and, when far enough not to seem impertinent, looked round, the man also had turned. When again he looked, the man had turned his back, and seemed angry at being so watched. Walt suffered him to pass without further observation.

He soon after met (for thus his adventures increased) three old women and a very young girl, who came out of a wood with baskets heaped high with dead-wood. They stood in a line, one behind the other, resting their heavy baskets upon the sticks placed crosswise, that all bear, like Alpine travellers. Walt's heart would have made it out that, like Catholics or Protestants, in Wetzlar, they employed their fasts and festivals in this manner, that they might meet and talk together; for never could the smallest alleviation, the handful of hay or feathers, escape his eye, which the poor could lay upon the hard wooden bedstead of life, upon which to sleep more tenderly, or to stuff out the martyrs' seat, upon

which he must rest. A loving spirit, in order to feel a joy himself, readily discerns the little joys of the poor; a malignant heart spies out their miseries, not to lessen their amount, but that he may grumble at the rich, whose number perhaps, he augments. Walt would fain have given these poor basket-bearers some groschen, but he was ashamed to bestow charity before so many witnesses.

Immediately after, there came along a man with a wheelbarrow of rattling tin ware, and his little daughter harnessed before to drag it on. Both coughed as though spent. Walt was constrained to place himself at the opposite end and help the little girl to push it forward. He could not help reflecting how much happier was his lot than that of the pedlar, to say nothing of the old wood-women. The cells of his life were all filled with honey, and when he measured his free unrestrained motions, travelling like the great of the earth, with the burthen-bearers and wheel-turners of life, he blushed at his riches and his rank. As he looked round and saw the four wood-carriers leaning, as before, upon the sticks, he ran back with a gift for each, and then hastened on.

"Ach Gott," he wrote in his journal to justify to himself this extravagance, "the poor, passing pleasure of tickling the palate, with the little better food that a few groschen would afford, cannot be compared with the enjoyment of giving, although that enjoyment should not be the motive with which we give: — but the thought that accompanies one the whole day, that

he has solaced a heart spent with hunger, or warmed the withered, cold, and empty veins of age, by the loss of a few groschen, is only to purchase therewith a pleasure for one's self." Here he fell, unrestrained, into his old dreams of a travelling lord, who, with a full hand, could give a whole village beer and roast meat, and enjoy the long elysium that such an act would afford.

With three heavens in his guileless face, although he had left one on the faces behind him, Walt stepped from dew-drop to dew-drop; he had thrown out the ballast of his money, and his heart was elevated like an air-balloon thereby. In the mean time he reached, apparently quite late, the Härmlesberg inn, only four wersts from the city; for everywhere by the way he had sat down and wrote, or stopped to read the inscriptions on the stone benches, upon the road side; not the smallest thing was omitted. He inquired the names of the inhabitants, the food for their cattle, the growth upon the meadows, the number of feudal or bond-peasants.

"In this village," he said, "like a travelling gentleman, I will take my *déjéuner d'inatoiré*" —and he entered the littte ale-house of Härmlesberg.

No. 39. *The paper Nautilus.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WIRTHSHAUS.

WALT was one of those men, who for whole years would content himself at home, or in solitude, with spare food and the smallest amount of indulgence, but not in travelling (others are exactly the contrary), he, therefore, boldly demanded his mug of beer. He sat refreshing himself, and observed with great satisfaction the room, the table, the benches and the people. As some travelling mechanics paid for their coffee, he remarked that the milk-pots in Franconia had their spouts or noses opposite the handle, while in Saxony, if they had spouts, they were on the left of the handle.* His soul went with these Burschen on their way. Can there be anything, he said to himself, more delightful than such a *Wanderjahr* in the most beautiful time of the year, in the sweetest season, the spring of life, and with the entertainment which every master is bound to give them on their wanderings. To travel without cost, through all the cities of Germany, and as soon as the wet and the

* It would almost seem that Jean Paul anticipated the ridicule of certain travels in America.

cold comes on, to nestle themselves in some snug domestic corner, and brood upon the work-bench, like the cross-bill upon her nest in winter. "Why," he wrote in his journal to Vult, "why cannot the poor scholar have a *Wanderjahr*? the travelling and the money are certainly as necessary to him as to the mechanic?"

"Without — in the Empire," Walt's father who had been a travelling mechanic, always said, when in winter snow-storms, he related his own *Wanderjahr*, and this *empire* had ever since, in the memory of his son, glistened in morning dew, like a square mile of oriental land. Whenever he met the travelling apprentices, his father was again young, and one of them.

A carter of salt now stopped with his horse. He came in, washed his hands in the common room, and dried them upon a roller hanging from the horns of a deer. Walt admired the boldness of this man of the world, for he felt that he could not have been able to wash his own hands under any eyes but his own. Yet as he had called for something and paid also, he might enjoy, in a small degree, the freedom of an inn, and he began, well pleased, to walk up and down the little room. He did not feel at liberty, indeed, under the ceiling of a room, to keep on his hat, but he observed, with satisfaction, that others were covered,* and seemed to enjoy the academic freedom and

* On the continent at this time, no one kept his hat upon his head, either in a public or private apartment.

independence of a Wirths-apartment, that allowed every one to lie, or to sit, to talk, or to be silent.

It has been mentioned that Walt walked up and down, he even went further, he wrote before all eyes many beautiful texts in his tablets, from which he promised himself when he was alone, within his own quarters, to compose many a sermon. The courage of men grows easily; it is only necessary that it should *begin* to sprout. The arriving guests greeted him softly, the departing loudly. Walt was able to thank them both aloud. It was so pleasant to find a cup of joy, that, unlike Saxon native wine, contained no water. He loved every dog, and wished to be loved again. For this reason he formed a close union with the Wirth's cur, merely to have something for his heart, if it were only as narrow a band of friendship as could be formed with such a being by a small piece of sausage-skin. With warm-hearted novices, the dog is always, indeed, the dog-star, through whose introduction they seek to attain to the warmth of other men's hearts; they are, so to say, the terriers and truffle-hunters of deep-buried hearts. "Spitz, give the paw," cried the host of Härmlesberg. Spitz, or *the* Spitz (for the name of the *species* in Germany and in Haslau, is rarely given as the personal name, except in Thuringia, where they are called Fixe). Spitz, pressed the hand of the notary as well as he knew how.

"Give the gentleman also a pat," cried the host, as three little arm-long, prettily dressed girls, of the

same size and physiognomy, led by the hand of a young, beautiful, but snow-white mother, entered from the sleeping-room. "They are *drillings*, and are going to visit their godmother," said the host.

Gottwalt swore in his journal, that there was nothing in the world more lovely, more heart-touching, than the sight of three such pretty, delicate creatures, all of the same height; with their little caps and aprons and little round faces, and nothing to regret, but that they were *only* drillings, and not fifthlings, sixthlings, or even hundredlings. He kissed them before the whole room, and blushed deeply; it was as though he had touched with his lips the tender, pale young mother. But children are always the truest Jacob's ladder to the mother's heart. Such very little girls are also an electrical preserver for youths, who have not courage to stand before grown-up maidens; a beautiful conductor and non-conductor, presented unconsciously for the moment of danger, they secretly and gladly wonder how they can caress a little thing so like a young maiden.

The little girls were soon at home with Walt. As a twin himself, he was, he thought, more nearly related to the drillings, than the other guests in the room. To the great joy of the mother he gave them some money, for which she bade them give him three kisses. But Walt held back; he would not allow them, so early in life, to anticipate the time when such precious things would be made the subject of barter.

"Ah, good Herr Harnish!" said the Wirth. Walt was surprised, but not without pleasure, that the host knew his name, for with such a beginning might he not anticipate yet stranger adventures. He therefore asked no questions, lest the truth should rob the future of hope.

He looked on silent and pleased, while the father bartered the money from the children with apples; and one threw the bread, the mother had given it, timidly at the goat under the window, who snapped it in all haste, and another devoured the apples, and the third offered hers to him, till at last perfect familiarity was established among them all. "Ah, were I only for a little time almighty, or powerful," thought Walt, "I would create a world especially for myself, and suspend it under the mildest sun; a little world where I would have nohting but little lovely children; and these little things I would never suffer to grow up, but only to play, eternally. If a seraph were weary of heaven, or his golden pinions drooped, I would send him to dwell a month upon my happy infant world; and no angel, as long as he saw their innocence, could lose his own." The children at length, holding each other by the hand, and by the mother's, departed to visit their god-mother.

A tall Tyrolese, with a green hat, upon which many colored ribbons fluttered, came singing into the apartment. Walt finished his beer and went forth. It was beautiful without, even within the limits of Härmlesberg. In the village, timber was hewed with

heavy blows, and measured by the carpenter's red line, and cut into exact forms. All the scenes of Walt's childhood, among the building-wood of his father's industry, came back from the roses of childhood, laden with the rose-honey of memory. *Blanchéresses*, with great hats, went, slightly bent, carefully over the bleaching fields to water the whitening linen. By the long ribbons of a hat, that a young girl carried, hanging on her arm, he was transported to the blue and yellow blossoms of the garden, and rocked in imagination in all the cups of flowers.

He came now to that long street bounded on both sides with hills, like rows of palaces, which enclosed the valley of Rosana. The key of the garden of Eden was in his hand, and Walt entered.

"The perfect spring is here," he wrote, "the Orpheus of nature. The buttercups are so thick that the whole meadows bloom with flowers. Above, from the groves upon the hills, the wood-lark and the thrush call to each other. Sweet spring-breezes draw through the valley. Butterflies and little insects celebrate their child-like ball, while the little fieldfares and golden birds sit quietly upon their low nests. The foliage of the cherry-trees glows like its fruit, and instead of pale blossoms, beautifully painted leaves fall to the ground. The sun in the autumn, as in the spring, draws from the revolving earth-wheel his flying gossamer webs. Truly, a spring like this autumn have I never seen!"

In the upper ether there were thin stripes of silver

floating, while beneath, one mountain of cloud after another moved slowly on, between these lighter cliffs in the clear blue vault. Walt flew in thought upon this celestial path, yet he looked down into the secluded valley, and saw the quiet smooth stream wandering there. The groves from the mountain sides bowed themselves lovingly towards it. On other hills shone vineyards, houses, and ripened gardens. He descended lower in the valley, as upon the lap of a mother.

"How beautiful it is," he wrote, "in these pillared halls of nature, the living green above and beneath, an eternal succession of infinite life."

"Move on ye beautiful butterflies, enjoy the honey-week of your short being. Without hunger, without thirst, your very existence is an existence of love; the only chamber of your hearts* is the bridal chamber of love. The flowers bend to you and suffer you to woo them, and to flutter gently with the blossoms of their life."

He looked at a flock of silent nightingales preparing for their nightly annual flight.

"Where fly you with your sweet spring complaint? Seek you the myrtle for love? Seek you the laurel for song? Desire you to meet eternal spring and ever golden stars? Ah! fly where there are no storms beneath the clouds, and sing in the fairest

* Butterflies have only one ventricle in the heart, and most of them have no stomach.—*Author.*

lands; but return again in *our* spring, and sing to the thirsting heart the longing strain of *Heimweh*, for its own celestial country. Trees and flowers! ye bow yourselves hither and thither as though you were living, and would speak to our hearts. I love you as though I were myself a flower with its blossoms. Ah! once I lived a higher life!"

Suddenly he heard, afar off, the sound of a flute, as if it came floating towards him from the stream beneath. Distance increases, in a wonderful degree, the power of the flute; and to Walt, who understood the sounds better than their succession, it would not have been half so agreeable if it had been nearer. The tones appeared to come nearer, but softer and weaker. Upon the road there was a stone bench. He looked at it as an instance of the care of men for others, and to express his gratitude, sat down upon it. But he soon threw himself into the high grass of the river's bank: he would be nearer the mother earth, which is at the same time the table and the bed of man; but he moved gently, not to frighten the little fishes of a day, that were playing in the warm quiet bend of the shore. He loved not one or another living being, but *all* life itself, not merely the prospect, the grass, the woods, the clouds and the golden insect, he bent low to observe the smallest earth-worms, their bread-trees and their pleasure-gardens. He would pause in the midst of writing his poems, if a weak and spotted insect was working its way over the smooth surface of the paper, lest he should crush

or disturb him. "Ach Gott!" he said, "how can any one destroy life, if he only look upon it rightly, for a single moment."

He listened again for the flute, which seemed to speak from the breast of the silent nightingales, when two large clear drops fell, as from a warm passing cloud, upon his hand; he looked at them long, as he used formerly to do when, in his childhood, he believed the rain came from a high, far off, holy place. The sun darted upon the white skin, as though it would kiss the drops away. Walt kissed them off with his own lips, and looked with inexpressible love up to the warm sky, as a child to its mother. He sang no longer, but listened and wept.

At length Walt rose and continued on his heavenly way. He had advanced some steps, when he picked up a toll-bill, that had fallen from the hat-band of a waggoner: with the hope that he might overtake and restore it to the driver, he hastened his steps. Nothing that belonged to others ever appeared to him trifling, while nothing concerning himself could ever take much hold upon his disinterested mind. It would have been easier to him, in the midst of his poetic fervor, to have bowed a mountain, than to have bent a flower. If the glow of passion rises, confused and rapid, like a burning ship, the poet's warmth rises from the heart, like the dove in the evening twilight, or like the christian, who, as he ascends towards heaven, does not forget the earth. The flute, whose sounds pursued him through the valley, without

coming nearer when he paused, or retreating when he ran, was silent, when the road turning suddenly up towards the hills, opened wide and broad upon a plain filled with villages and castles, and water-courses from the mountain; all girdled round with bending woods. He went along the summit of the hill as upon a long arched bridge, on each side of which he could see a sea of living green.

As he was entirely alone, and secure from all ears, he whistled freely chorals, phantasies, and at length the old national melodies, and left off not even when he paused for breath. Differing from all other wind-instruments, this mouth harmonica is romantic and sweet in proportion as it is near, or only a few inches from the ear; and as with music in dreams, the performer is at the same time the maker of the instrument, the composer, and the player, without in the least needing any other master than himself, the pupil of his own teaching.

Walt became constantly happier, and more excited as he continued to blow upon this first shepherd's pipe, upon this original Alp-horn, against the western wind, that blew back the tones to his own breast, till at last it appeared to him that they were sounds woven from the distant air. As soon as he began to descend on the left, the brow of the hill, towards the shepherd's pastures and the meadows, he saw the old gray church-towers of Altengrün, of Joditz, of Thalhausen, of Wilhelmslust, of Kirchenfelda, and discovered the hunting and pleasure castles, either of

whose names had been in his childhood, enchanting, romantic words, ancient paradises for his childish imagination. Then he looked back again upon the plain at his right, where he saw the stream of his valley, the Rosana, become free and spread out upon a flowery dancing plain, where it could wander at its own sweet will, and always bear and reflect the silver shield of sun or moon. Then he raised his eyes to the Lindenstall hill, where, among the graceful linden trees, the dark pine woods stood like broad shadows; and then towards heaven, where the clouds sailed silent and gentle, like the doves; and in the low valley, where the harvest birds sheltered under the stone bridges in storms; he became silent from reverence, and thought what he *ought* to sing in the presence of God, as though the Infinite had not read his thoughts. At length he repeated in a low voice the *Streckvers*, that he had long since composed.

" Oh how is heaven; how is earth so full of joyful voices! How much more beautiful than where the choruses once loudly complained, and Niobe only stood immovable beneath her veil, with infinite woe in her heart. *Here* the choirs of heaven and earth now praise and rejoice. The *Infinite* * alone is silent, above the ether that veils his bliss!"

After this he looked towards heaven, called God twice *Du*, (Thou) and was silent a long time. Then

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* *Allseeliger*, cannot be translated.

he thought he might be permitted to think of Wina. Suddenly there came to his ears an old, confidential but wonderfully familiar sound from the distance; a sound, as out of the starry twilight morning of childhood. Many miles at the left, behind unnumbered villages, he saw Elterlein lying, and he believed he knew the old village bell, and that he could discover Wina's white mountain castle and the parental house. He thought with longing heart of his distant parents, of the tranquil life of childhood, and of the gentle Wina, who had also come to him in the secluded life of her childhood, and laid the auriculas in his hand. His eye rested and dwelt on that eastern mountain, behind which, as behind a cloistered wall, he saw Wina, like a nun, wandering, earnest and silent among the flowers of the convent garden. The clocks and bells from many villages sounded out together. The morning wind blew stronger, the sky was brighter and more blue, and the variegated tapestry, upon which this *earthly* life is pictured, spread itself over the whole region.

Now he sang again, filled with blissful thoughts, but named not *her* name.

"Through the beautiful nights move numberless stars, and the northern aurora appears, and the nightingales sing, but man sleeps and remarks it not. At last he opens his eye, and the sun looks at him. Oh! Lina, Lina! thou went past me like the stars, like Aurora, with thy flowers, with thy sweet tones, and

thy love; but my eye was blind! now it is open — but the flowers have faded, the tones have passed away, and thou art to me nothing more, but the resplendent sun."

He turned from the blowing wind. All the world was wonderfully still around him; the sound of his voice was low and soft like the tones of childhood, and he became much agitated. He went and sang again ——

"Tearful eyes! desolate heart! Seest thou not the sky and the spring and the lovely life around thee? Wherefore dost thou weep? What hast thou lost? Who is dead for thee? Ah! I have lost nothing. For me no one is dead! Oh, suffer me to weep, for I have never yet loved!"

At last, he sang nothing but lines and single words, and came hastily through cultivated fields, over clear brooks, through the mid-day silence of the village. He passed by the resting tools of labor, while the hands that used them were taking their short, mid-day repose. Upon the magic circle rested the magical haziness of ether. The storm-wind had passed, and upon the sky remained only the pure infinite blue. The past and the future of life seemed to meet in this transparent atmosphere, kindled by the present. The flower petals of life opened, and drew him into her enchanted calyx, and rocked him in her honey cup, while the hour of Pan went on!

"Now I understand," he wrote in his journal, "as I always do upon a journey, what the ancients meant

by the magic influence of the hour of Pan. It lasts, I think, from eleven and twelve to one o'clock. Therefore the Grecians believed in the hour of Pan; and people at the present time in a noon-day ghost, and the Russians in a mid-day demon, that rules this hour. While it lasts the birds are silent. Men sleep near their tools of labor. Throughout nature there is something secret; yes, something mysterious, as though the dreams of these mid-day sleepers were floating around. Near us all is soft and low, while in the verge, where heaven and earth meet, sounds seem to hover. We do not in this magic hour remember the past, but it unconsciously penetrates and fills us with yearning and melancholy. Towards the vesper hour life becomes again fresh and powerful."

No. 40. *Cedo nulli.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEGGAR'S STAFF.

WALT turned in at Grünbrunn. He held his wax-wings before the kitchen fire of the Wirthshaus and melted them down a little. In fact, a man with the best wings for the ether, needs also a pair of boots for the paving-stones. As the dining-room was full of dogs and gentlemen, he took a seat rather under a sort of pent roof, where a table was spread the whole length of the place. From thence he could look out into the strange fields, and when he had reckoned and found that he was nineteen wersts from his home, he felt like a light troubadour of ancient times. He entered in his journal the economical practice which he saw before him, of enclosing the meadows with rows of cabbages, or with rows of other kinds of vegetables, as in some other places with a ridge of unploughed waste land; and he remarked to a peasant who sat near him, eating, how very neat it was.

They suffered him to sit a long time in his epic mood of mind, with the echoes of his morning melodies in his ears, looking at the coming and vanishing guests, while he waited for his table-cloth and his

plate. It is, perhaps, worth the trouble to remark, that Walt was one of those men who never ate all that was placed before him, partly from delicacy towards the host, lest he should think he had not been liberal enough. Men like him belong to those royal animals, the eagle and the lion, who never, like children or meaner animals, wholly devour all that is placed before them. Walt could not understand how the peasant, and the other guests, could so clean their plates, and after trepanning every polished bone, bore it through, as if it had been a cannon or a pearl.

After dinner he placed himself at the open door of the eating-room, with the toll-bill he had found in the enchanted valley in his hand, to wait till the dining wagoners, whom he was too timid to address *in corpore*, came out, singly. There stood a young thirteen yeared little wagoner, in a blue frock and thick white night-cap, secretly turning the hour-glass of the host, which was only a third run out, as though he would drive on the hours. Walt was angry, and turned the glass back again. It was impossible for him to suffer such an injustice, which indeed he would have endured if directed against himself, but not against another. This excitement gave him courage to raise the toll-bill before the whole *table d'hôte*, and to call out "if any one had lost it?" "I, sir," said a voice, and out stretched a long arm, seized it, and nodded slightly, without, as Walt had expected, any expression of thanks.

Walt would now have taken wings, instead of

horse, to go forth ; and while paying, he was rejoiced that a poor old beggar, who would gather his alms in natural products rather than in money, asked him for a glass of beer, probably a secret disciple of the physiocratic system. The man, while taking this little solace of nature, placed his beggar's staff in the corner. This gave Walt an opportunity to take the heavy thorny stick in his hand. He raised and swung it with the strange feeling that he had now actually in his hand that beggar's staff, of which he had heard and read so much.

At length, after having represented to himself with increasing warmth, that this was the last thin and frail fragment of a dismasted life ; a dry branch cut from no brilliant Christmas tree, but from a weeping oak ; a spoke from Ixion's wheel, he determined to possess it, by purchasing this only luxury of the beggar, who could only be convinced that he was in earnest, by the money Walt offered in exchange.

" This staff," said Walt to himself, " shall transform me like an enchanted rod, and better than a *Lorenzo snuff-box*, make me always pitiful and merciful, when with coldness and indifference I would pass by the great sorrows of my fellow-men ; it shall make me recollect how brown, and withered, and weary was the hand that bore it." This he said severely to himself, for the tender-hearted man, unlike the hard-hearted, reproaches himself, unjustly, that he is not merciful enough ; while the hard-hearted thinks himself too merciful. *He* needed not this

staff to support his fruit-bearing blossoms; but where the beggar's lightning-conductor itself grows, upon the battle-fields, and around the pleasure castles of kings who came into the world with teeth;* *there*, where the secret steps and scaffolding of thrones are built of such martyr wood; in countries where the beggar's staff is the common or general staff, perhaps through the army itself; *there* it would be a desirable legacy, if every beggar in the land would leave his staff to make out a state cabinet of curious woods. At least, if near every sceptre and every sword such a balancing rod were placed, it might serve, like the rod of Moses, to draw sweet water from the hard rock of the throne.

Walt left his inn exulting as much in his purchase as the beggar himself, who remained in astonishment and joyful tears at the exchange. He rejoiced especially at the golden harvest of adventures he had gathered in half a day. "Truly," he said, "it is strange! In Härmlesberg they knew my name; in Grünbrunn I find it written; an enchanted flute goes with me, and pauses when I pause; a strange travelling staff has fallen into my hands. Heavens! after such a beginning what may happen in a long summer's afternoon? A hundred wonders! for it strikes but just two o'clock." Walt looked into the blue vault of heaven, and went gayly on.

No. 41. *Trödelschnecke.*

* Lewis XIV. was born with teeth.—*Author.*

CHAPTER X.

LIFE.

In the next stream Walt washed his hands, and the beggar's staff, for out of delicacy towards the beggar, he had taken it as it was. The first act of benevolence that he performed after the purchase of his stick, was upon the floating wood itself in the river. He could not bear to see that, while much of the timber, dancing joyfully, swam down the stream, much, also, that was not insignificant, was caught in the windings of the stream, and miserably imprisoned in corners. With his beggar's stick he helped to set as many afloat again as he could reach, to follow the course of the others; for "all boards," he said, "as well as all men, have not the impelling motive to join the procession of their fellows."

He now met a little ragged boy, barefooted, in a pair of red plush breeches, infinitely too large, and inexpressibly polished, — the castaway breeches of some poor man, which had become to him at the same time breeches and stockings. The boy possessed nothing but a little glass containing salve, with which he constantly stroked his inflamed eyes. Walt

asked him gently the cause of his pain and distress. It consisted in this; that he was running away from his step-mother, as his father had done before him, and that he hoped to enlist in the French army. "Do you think the Hessian groschen would be of any use to you?" asked Walt, who found to his surprise, that he had given away all his small money. The boy looked at him stupidly, and laughed, as if it were a good joke, but said nothing. Walt showed him one—"Oh!" said he, "I know *that* well; my father has often given it to me to exchange." Walt learned at length that the boy was a Hessian, and gave him all that remained of his native currency.

Gradually the beggar's staff seemed to manifest its malignant power, and, like a lightning-rod, to draw the thunder upon him. Walt tried in vain, but he could not bring back the morning spring, he was compelled to see the evening autumn before him, which was indeed as epic as the spring had been lyric and romantic. He dared to lay the guilt on the stick, that although he looked at the Leipsic hills, and would have looked beyond them on the other side to find on the Leipsic plains Wina's garden-door, it was all in vain; the staff would stop and turn on the descending mountain side.

He saw now only the flight and the rapid course of life; its haste upon the earth, like the flight of the shadow of the clouds, while in the sky the clouds themselves moved slowly on; and the sun, like a God, stood firm and silent. "Ah!" he said,

" in every autumn fall also human leaves; but alas, not all!"

He looked at a closely eaten meadow; violet colored with the full-blown poisonous harvest flowers,* and listened to the noisy birds, who seemed to be consulting with each other about their nocturnal journey. Upon the high road a heavy wagon rolled, under whose hind wheels a dog was barking violently. Then came Walt to a little village with five or six washing and sweeping houses, and some others, smoking with baking-ovens. The young men were raising with poles, at the risk of half their lives, a May-tree, ornamented on the top with gay colored ribbons, (a May-tree in a village is as important as a bird-pole † in a middling town.) The young girls who sent up the ribbons, heated and red with the excitement, had nothing in their blessed heads and hearts but the Sunday dance around the May-pole, with all the most respectable Burschen in the place. Not far from these he saw a pretty little girl of eleven years old, walking with a crutch, whom he inexpressibly pitied, because she could not join the to-morrow's dance.

Some criminals came along, chained together, and between their prison leaders, singing, as they went,

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* Colchicum Autumnale.

† The diversion of shooting at a mark in the form of a bird suspended from the top of a high pole, is common in the small towns in Germany.

the praises of the beer they had drunk in the last village they passed through.

Walt came now to the considerable village, of which the first named was only a parish. The door of the mother church stood wide open, and from the short thick tower something was blown, which was answered again by the blowing of the shepherd's horn. He went in for a moment, for among all public buildings, he preferred to visit churches; they were ice palaces, upon whose empty walls the altar fire of his own pious thoughts kindled and played in wandering lights and in beautiful colors. A christening was going on. The baptized and the baptizer were both crying before the baptismal angel.* Four or five men were adorned after their custom, in their Sunday clothes, the hurried work of the tailor. From the principal pew, that of the noble family, the servant girls looked on, wrapped in blue aprons, instead of shawls, the *demi-négligée* of their working days. The God-father, who was also the great-grandfather of the little child at the fount, from years and weakness could scarcely support the little frail neck; and his winterly form, spare and denuded of all grace, with the few white hairs carefully gathered behind to form a cue, made a painful impression on the heart of Walt. The old man standing so near the young; the child of the grave close to the child of the cradle; the yellow stubble supporting the may-blossom, dwelt

* The angel that supports the fount.

upon and touched his fancy for an hour after he left the village.

"Play rather," he said to some children who carried a cross, and were playing a burial procession, "play rather, dear children, at baptizing an infant."

"Rejoice now in your plays, blooming children! When you again become children through age, you will bend beneath infirmities and gray hairs; and in that melancholy play, the days of infancy will be remembered. The western sky may indeed shut down the aurora, and the eastern glow may be reflected in the west, but the clouds become darker, and no second sun arises in life. O! rejoice, then, children, in the rose color of the morning of life, that gilds you like painted flowers, fluttering to meet the sun."

The magic lantern of life threw a succession of moving figures upon his way, enlightened as they were behind the glass by the setting sun, they passed before him in a continual stream. A boat, with merchandise for the fair; adjoining the road side an humble village church-yard, over whose turf wall a lap-dog could spring; an extra post, with four horses and four servants; the shadows of the clouds, and following them, the shadow of a flight of ravens; the ruins of castles gray with age. Now he passed a clattering mill, then a village accoucher springing in haste to his horse; the hard, dry, village barber, his razor-bag dangling behind him; a thickly coated country minister, with his written harvest sermon, to thank

God for the universal harvest, and his hearers for his own; a wheelbarrow loaded with wares, and a beggar with his staff, both going to the kirmes dinner.*

He passed another village of three houses, and a man upon a ladder to number the houses and streets with red; a fellow bearing a white plaster bust upon his head, either the head of an old emperor, or philosopher, or any other whatever; a pupil of the gymnasium spitted upon a milestone, with a romance before his eyes, to enable him to poetize youth and life; and at length, upon a distant height, yet between him and the green mountain, a conspicuous town, which he would reach to-night, upon whose steeples and gables the clear evening sun was reflected in golden light, as they stood against the blue ether.

As he ascended a little eminence, and looked backwards and forwards to knit together the chain of objects hastening on, or departing from each other, there came to meet him a picture-dealer, with his print and picture gallery bound upon a cylinder, and suspended from his neck, and asked him if he would purchase. "I know I shall not purchase anything," said Walt, and gave him twelve kreuzers, "but let me, for these, turn them over a little."

"With all my heart," the other answered, and bent back his thorax that he might draw them out.

Here Walt found again the standing and the moving pictures of life, drawn out with color upon paper;

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* A church consecration dinner.

half the world, and the world's history; pictures of potentates and of pots from Herculaneum; merry andrews and military uniforms; flowers and fashions; all overlaid the breast of the man.

"What is the name of that little town above there?" asked Walt.

"Altfladungen, my dear Sir, and the mountain beyond is an excellent lightning conductor, otherwise, the day before yesterday, the lightning would have burnt it up," said the picture-dealer; "but I have more beautiful pictures than you have yet seen," and he turned over the hanging cabinet with both hands. Walt's eye fell upon a *Quodlibet* * sketch, where, with a traveller's lead pencil, all the objects of his day's journey, as it seemed, had been hastily thrown. Since his youth he had considered a so-called *quodlibet* an anagram or epigram of life, and had looked at it with more sadness than cheerfulness; but especially as upon this one, which was so drawn as to represent a Janus-head, with two faces, that differed little from his own and Vult's. An angel hovered over both. Beneath, under one face, was written in German, *What God wills, is well done* — under the other in Latin, *Quod Deus Vult est bene factus.* Walt purchased the picture for his brother, and the picture-dealer left the hill with many thanks.

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* A disconnected sketch that tells the story of any given time, thrown together upon one sheet.

Walt again raised his soul from the daily painted course of life, passing beneath his eyes, to the protecting mountain, whose painted rocks, and sheep feeding beneath them, had become, in the parting sun, altogether rose color, and his thoughts took this form —

"Thus it stands, as it has stood from eternity. Before the birth of man, it divided, as now, the heavy thunder-clouds, and brake the thunderbolt ; and although there were none to rejoice, made all clear and beautiful in the valleys beneath. How many thousand times may the crimson glory of evening have gilded its summit when there was no eye to look up, and, overpowered with the majesty of nature, sink again into the forgetfulness of dreams! Art thou then, Oh, Infinite Nature, art thou not too Infinite for us, the poor creatures of a day? when for centuries thou hast shone in power and in splendor — alone! And thee! oh God, not even a God has yet beheld thy face! How much less we, who are so infinitely little!"

As the day advanced towards evening, the epic mood of his soul was changed into the romantic. *Behind* these rose-mountains, Wina again wandered in her garden ; for the light of evening, colors at the same time the optical and the spiritual shadows before us more gayly. He longed now for communion with some human being, and he pressed himself

upon a man who was wheeling a barrow full of wool slowly along, and who frequently stood still, and looked at the setting sun.

"He had been," said the latter, who was soon excited to talk, "formerly a shepherd, and had kept his herds together by blowing a glass horn; there were not many herdsmen that would not have made something of it, if they could have learned to blow as well as he did, but no one had ever been capable of it, and he should like to know whether other herdsmen kept their cattle behind them when they waded through the Elbe (as though they were files of soldiers). God forbid that he should boast, but it was true."

Nothing gave Walt more joy than to hear a poor devil, whom nobody praised, praising himself so heartily.

"I shall have to wheel," said the man, who kept his own part in the conversation, "full five hours longer, and the fresh cool night will be right welcome."

"*That* I can easily believe, my old friend," said Walt, before whom the never-forgotten old man of Toggenburg appeared to stand. "In the shepherd's hut upon wheels, where you sleep, the whole starry heaven must be open to you when you wake at night. The night must be wonderfully dear to you."

"It is very natural, I think," said the shepherd, "for as soon as it begins to be fresh, the dew falls bravely. The wool collects the moisture, and weighs

much heavier — *that* every honest shepherd knows. And in a hundred weight it will go for something, if not for much."

Walt left him with an angry "good night," and hastened on to the mountain town, whose columns of smoke were ascending in the evening air, and where he hoped, after the adventures of the day in villages, *one* would spring up, perfect in root and flower, worthy to be transplanted into his written romance.

No. 42. *A variegated changing spar.*

CHAPTER XI.

COMEDIANS. THE MAN WITH THE MASK.

WALT entered the Lewis XVIII., as the inn was called, which stood just at the gate of the city. His first adventure was, that the host refused to give him a room. "The whole house," he said, "is taken by Fränzel's company of comedians. The gala-rooms and chambers are in possession of the higher characters, who came in carriages and on horseback, and the foot-goers have the floor of the house." Walt found himself obliged to put up with the loud tumult of the coffee-room, while he hoped, at least, his sleeping-room might be solitary.

He placed himself at the half-circular leaf of a sideboard, and called to a waiter, who accidentally passed near enough, and asked politely for food and drink, fortifying his request with good arguments. Without any, he might have received it six minutes sooner at the common table. While sitting there, he felt the highest respect for the entering and departing actors; and particularly for some distinguished actresses, and their hundred peculiarities. The habits of the men, so newly and skilfully polished; the buoyant and expanded dresses of the women; their

universally high self-esteem, through which every actor was the mint-master of his own prize medal; his own *chevalier d'honneur;* every actress her own *decorative painter;* the true stage courage displayed in the apartment of the host; the feeling that the sock and the *cothurn* protected their Achilles' heels. Then again, the variegated obscurity of their diction, which was cut out and made up from as many pieces as the uniforms of those French soldiers, made from bed covers and curtains, and every thing else they could plunder; and the purer pronunciation, so much envied by Walt. "There cannot be among them," he thought, "one, who has played often and long, an honest, or a modest, or a learned, or imperial, or even innocent part upon the stage, without improvement:" and he grafted, as youth is accustomed to do, into the wood of the stage, as into the pulpit, the men who stand upon it, but make no part of its growth.

What troubled him the most was, that all the faces, even the youngest, bore the traces of age, while upon the stage (if the play-bill require it), as upon Olympus, there is eternal youth.

In the dusk of the evening, a man came in, whose countenance was moved by no expression, who spoke with every one, but in a hollow voice, and often, when one asked him a question, instead of answering, would turn close to the questioner, look at him with a dark, lightning glance, and turn away again without saying a word. He appeared to belong to Fränzel's

fruit-eating company, and yet these comedians seemed to look at him with marked attention. The man ordered a melon and a paper of snuff; cut the melon, and strewed the snuff upon it, handed it to the others, and began to eat the slices of melon himself. As the lights were brought in, he handed the plate to the astonished notary, who plainly saw that the man wore a mask, (but not a deforming one,) before his face, and the well-known *Iron-mask* glided with the old shudder into his imagination. Walt bowed, and declined.

After this the mask arose and went to the window, opened the upper part, and asked some of the actors if they would venture to throw an egg through the window? "Wherefore?" said one. "Why not?" another. The mask drew, with something concealed in his hand, some lines across the window, apparently in the air, and said coldly, "Now perhaps — nothing more." He would pay doubly, he said, for all the eggs, as soon as one was thrown through. All the actors, one after another, threw an egg. All rebounded. Not one passed through the window. The mask doubled the price. It was in vain. Walt, who had learnt to use the sling, opened his purse, and paid a groschen for an egg, and bombarded like the others; he might as well have thrown a bomb without a mortar. A whole brood and poultry of eggs fell back harmless from the window.

"It is well," said the mask, "till to-morrow evening, about this time, the egg-opposing power will

remain in the window; after that any one may throw them through." And he went out.

The host laughed, not so much because he admired the trick, as because he was reflecting that in the morning these eggs, upon his reckoning table, would be worth more than a whole falconry of birds of prey, to bring booty to his purse.

As the mask did not immediately come back, Walt followed him with the thought,—"Heavens! what adventures a traveller may meet with in twelve hours;" and, as he was hungry for new ones, he walked in the twilight, in the suburbs of the city. He always preferred the suburbs of a city to the city itself, because they seemed half in the country, in its fields and flowers, and were, besides, on all sides open.

Walt had walked not a long time, when he met, among the hundred eyes, a pair of deep blue ones, that looked penetratingly into his own. They belonged to a beautiful and well dressed maiden, to whom, as she passed, he took off his hat. She went into an open shop. A shop is a privileged place, where, as in a stage-coach, or a romance, different and opposing characters are brought together. Walt did as his own romance writer in such cases, and busied himself with the various pieces of cut goods, of which, however, he purchased only a hair-ribbon, merely for the purpose of knitting a bond between himself and the blue-eyed damsel. The beautiful girl stood, as it were, upon a sort of bargaining lad-

der, with a pair of men's kid gloves in her hand, and disputed, at every step, the value of the gloves. The amazed notary stood with the hair-ribbon between finger and thumb before the counter, until the bargaining was ended, and the refused gloves thrown back to the shopman. Walt, who always avoided even *looking* inquiringly into a shop, lest he should excite and disappoint hopes of a purchase, stepped bitterly away, grieved at the hardness of the gentle-eyed maiden, and left her charms, where she had left her gloves. Beauty and self-interest, or avarice, were to him opposite poles. In buying, not in selling, women are less generous, and much narrower than men; because they are more considerate and fearful, and are more accustomed to the outlay of small, than of large sums.

The blue-eyed passed beyond Walt, and looked back, apparently at the letter-post-man, whose horn was sounding behind them. In the post horn there was always something displeasing to Walt's fancy; without his knowing why, except, perhaps, that as formerly, it awakened longings for a future, foreign world; now that world was his own, the sound no longer promised or painted more. Men often become cold to the post-horn or post-rider, because they know beforehand that he brings nothing to them.

As he entered the Lewis XVIII., the post-rider alighted from his saddle in the court. He looked at Walt, and asked him how he was called? "Where-

fore?" asked the other. "In case your name is such as it is, I have a letter addressed to it," answered the post-man. It was in Vult's hand. On the address was written, In case H. H. is not in Altfladungen, the respected post-master is requested to return the letter to H. Van der Harnish, at the theatre-tailor's, Purzel.

No. 43. *Polished stick of amber.*

CHAPTER XII.

ADVENTURES.

HERE follows Vult's letter. — "I am just out of the feathers, (while thine have borne thee, or thou them, many wersts onward,) and write hastily without stockings, that my letter may reach you this evening. It is ten o'clock; at half-past ten my dream must be at the post. My dream, I say, for I have had one, so strange that I must send it after you, even if you should laugh at me for it, for a month to come. Your whole to-day's and to-morrow's journey, I have distinctly dreamed. Has the trickster of dreams deceived me, and this letter does not meet you at Atfladungen, but is returned to me, then I, as well as you, have been made his sport, and we will expose him.

"In my dream I was sitting upon the peninsula of a cloud, and saw the whole of the north eastern landscape, with all its flowery meadows and dunghills; between which passed a small, yellow-coated figure, rejoicing, on his way. His eyes sometimes raised to heaven, sometimes cast down to the earth. This figure once stood still, drew out its purse, and then went on to the alehouse in Härmlesberg. After-

wards, I saw from my cloud, that it went through the Rosana valley, up the mountain, and past the villages. In Grünbrunn it vanished again by the alehouse. My dream-spirit was truly poetical, for every time you entered an alehouse, exactly six minutes before you there entered a person resembling you, only more spiritual, more beautiful, with small wings, which, whenever they moved, colored my cloud, sometimes with a dark blue, sometimes with a pure rose-colored reflection. I inferred, that the dream would, in this, represent to me thy good genius, always preceding thee on thy journey."

Walt now found the riddle solved, or doubled through another; that the host in Härmlesberg knew his name; that it was written in another place, and also the solution of the strange *quodlibet* of the picture-dealer.

But Walt began to doubt the authenticity of the letter, and asked the drinking post-rider where, and from whom, he received it.

"That, I know not," he said, pettishly, "what my post-master gives, I ride to the station with, and God forbid I should pry into secrets."

"To be sure," said Walt, and read curiously, further. "Thereupon," continued the letter, "I saw you pass through many places, and enter a church. The genius slipped in before you. In the evening, you took up your night-quarters in Altfladungen. Here I saw, before the door of the Wirthshaus, a splendid form, namely, the genius, contending

with a dark-looking being, whose head had no face, but was all hair."

"God!" cried Walt, "that must be the man with the mask!" "The being without a face," continued the letter, "held possession of the door; but thy genius rose, like a bat in the gloaming, close to my cloud; there threw off its wings, and descended about a mile from Altfladungen, where it assumed the shape of a mole, and disappeared in the earth, and, after a time, threw up, close to a bowling-green, a little mole-hill.

"It struck eight o'clock, reverberating in the cloud around me, and the being without a face came to the mole-hill, and seemed to place something within it, and you, who were behind him, found, as you stroked away the summit of the ground, some hundred-year-old *Frederic d'ors*, that the genius had dug up, God knows from what depths and caverns, perhaps from Berlin itself, and deposited there for thee."*

At this moment the mask really entered. Walt tried to look behind his mask, but saw nothing. It struck three quarters after seven. The mask walked uneasily up and down the apartment. He had in his hand a piece of black paper, which, he said, he had been obliged to hang, as a mark, upon the heart of a soldier, who had been shot, and in which he cut a face, which Walt said in his journal, "looked pre-

* Vult had gained the money by giving a concert at Berlin.

cisely like me. Like that incomprehensible winter night of the mind, when we are like spirits to ourselves, this mask appeared to me, in this, my summer night of life."

It struck eight o'clock, and the mask went out. Walt followed boldly behind him. There was in the garden of the inn a bowling-alley, and Walt observed that the mask actually struck a stick into one of the little mole-hills near. Scarcely had he gone, than Walt proceeded to take out the stick, and skimmed, for such it seemed, the surface of the ground, like milk. The cream was, indeed, some spoon's full of beautiful, although rusted, Frederic d'ors.

"Why did I not faint on the spot?" he says in his journal, (which may be extensively read,) "it was because I was now embarked in a stream of adventures, that beat strongly against the present and actual, while the thin air of the future, and of heaven, drew me on, whether I would or not." He adds, also, that he wished to read further in the letter, and see what he should do in the morning, and which path he should take, to pursue his journey. "It was, truly, the first time in my life," he continues, "that I ever reached the experience of seeing clearly beyond the present into the future, and living my passing hours twice, now, and *then*.

The letter goes on. "My dream was now again somewhat more human. I saw again how the mask, and thy genius, sought to allure thee upon different ways. Instead of taking the road to St. Lüne,

you followed your genius to Rosenhof. At this moment, the mask fell to pieces, and I saw only some dry bones. Thy genius arose, and became a cloud in the far distant horizon. You went singing from your mid-day quarters, namely, Joditz, through a landscape filled with castles in the air, to the valley of Rosana; where you had to wait till the ferry-boat took you over into the little city of Rosenhof.

"How such visions could come into my head is comprehensible, only through the fact, that since yesterday, you and your romantic dreams are constantly in my mind. I would that your name were so renowned, that this letter would reach you, if it were only addressed to H. H., upon the earth, or, as we say, 'to the man in the moon.' The dearest address to any one is, 'to HIM, in this Universe.'

"Brother! travel with the wisdom of the serpent. Preserve much knowledge of the world, and do not believe, as you once asserted, that a blind passenger can take his place by the letter-post, and fail as little in his object, as one who sees. Be happy, and lead a merry life with the old Frederic d'ors, that the mole threw up. Select not, O friend, a *mourning* horse for a hobby-horse, for every *cross*, from the cross of an order to the ass's cross, presses upon, or bears too much.* Avoid as much as possible the

* In Catholic funerals, the horse is covered with a black cloth, on which the cross is wrought. The *Eselkreuz*, or ass's cross, means the cross marked with black hairs, along the spine, and across the back of every ass.

great world; their joy-dances are set in F. *mol.* Fate often takes the thick liquorice-stick, upon which they chew, for a rod, with which to chastise them.

* * * * *

"I conclude the longest and most serious letter I have written for ten years, for it strikes half-past ten, and it must forth. But, heavens! where mayst thou be? Perhaps, wersts wide from our Haslau, and already experience in yourself how easy it is to out-crow, and like a polypus, out-swell other men; and how difficult it is not to look down with contempt upon those recluses, who, perhaps, have never crept ten miles from their stoves, and to whom a correct judgment upon such travellers as you and I is impossible. Such men, friend! should only once experience, in their own person, how mortifying is that British law, that those who go out of the cities should give way to those who enter in.*

"Follow my counsel. Farewell. *Noli nolle.*

V. DER H."

"P. S. Preserve this letter in case it reaches you — else not. There are things therein for our Hoppel poppel."

No. 44. *Cat-gold from Saxony. A glimmering mica, containing no gold.*

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* Hume's miscellaneous works.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ACTRESS.

"THERE may be, behind, in the dream, a spirit or a man," thought Walt, "in either case it will remain a wonderful adventure." He was wafted away, upon the train of this romantic comet, far from the crowded apartment, and even from the earth upon which we dwell. The old Frederic d'ors, with which he intended to accomplish so much, were the golden coverings of his wings. Now, without encroaching upon the parental fund, he could call for a pint of wine, even if the Alsatian should recover.

In such a happy mood, he easily made his way through the theatrical swarm in the apartment, passing in and out, as through a cornfield; now brushing the sleeves of the men or women; now pausing before the groups, and laughing, boldly enough, at a strange conversation. The blue-eyed girl, who had not bought the men's gloves, entered the room. The director of the company scolded Wina, (so he abbreviated the name of Jaco-biné) publicly and severely, because she had brought him gloves that were too dear. Walt had the satisfaction of secretly excusing her avaricious bargain-making, when he

found that she belonged to the company of comedians; a class of people who have never anything to spare; whose gold-dust, like the rosin of their fiddle-bows, is thrown in to increase the fire. While the rough director thundered at her, she cast the most good-humored glance at Walt, and said at last, "*that* gentleman was the witness of her effort to make a better bargain." Walt defended her, but the thunderer was little appeased. *

At last, however, she made her peace with him, and sat and sewed; but raised, as often as she drew out her needle, her great blue eyes, roguishly upon Walt, till he felt himself encouraged to approach, and sit near her. He looked attentively at her sewing, and tried to think of a suitable preface and introduction to conversation. He could easily spin a long and fine thread, but he found it difficult to bind the first flossicle upon the spindle. While he was searching in the chambers of the brain, and in the antechamber of the heart, for something to say, she slipped off her little shoe from her little foot, and called to some of the gentlemen, to lay it upon the stove, to dry. Walt, with much satisfaction, would have sprung to obey, but he blushed too deeply, and was embarrassed. A female shoe, for he could not separate it from the foot, was to him as sacred, as

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*I have here omitted two or thee pages, where a wager between the mask and the director of the company is described, in which the mask wins. — *Tr.*

beautiful, and as significant as her bonnet. For a man, the shoe is nothing; the overcoat is of some consequence, and of children every little thing is sacred.

"I thought you would at last *say* something," interposed Jacobiné, and, as she could not move his tongue, she would his body, and let her spool of cotton fall, holding it by the end of the thread. Walt ran to take up this fortune's foot-ball, Jacobiné ran also, and pushed it still further on with her foot, so that he became completely entangled in the thread. Both stooped at the same moment, their heads met, and both were reddened by the blow, for her natural paleness had been corrected by the stage rouge, and his natural glow increased. As they came thus suddenly together, in an extraordinary and active grouping, more was done towards an acquaintance, than if they had sat there three months considering the programme of friendship. The ball furnished an Ariadne's thread, through the labyrinth of introduction, and Walt asked her boldly, "What are your principal characters?" "I *play* all the innocent and naivé," she answered, and the glance of her eye confirmed her assertion.

To give her a high and exalted pleasure, Walt went deeply into stage characters, and defined to the silent sewer the true poetry of acting.

"You are as wearisome as a theatrical poet," she said, at last, "or you are one? What may be your name." Walt informed her. "I am called

Jacobiné Pamsen ; Mr. Fränzel is my step-father. Where do you think of going, Mr. Harnish ? " He answered, " probably to Rosenhof." " Delightful ! we play there to-morrow evening," and she described the heavenly places around, and said, " the place itself is indeed wholly superb." " Ah, well " — said Walt, and promised himself, from her description, a little pattern-card drawing of the landscape, and a skeleton-leaf of the foliage — " go on."

" But what then ? " said the Pamsen, " the places, I tell you, are the most divine that can be seen. Look after them yourself."

The masked gentleman now stepped up to them, wholly at his ease, and said decidedly, " near Berchtolsgaden, in Salsburg, is one much like it, and in Switzerland I found much more beautiful places. Besides, the Berchtolsgadners cut artistical toothpicks," and he drew one from his vest, whose handle was cut in the form of a perfect greyhound. " He who travels for pleasure only, mein Herr," he continued, " may find his account, perhaps, better in the watering-place of St. Lune, where at present three courts are pouring in ; the whole of the Flachsenfingel, besides the Scherrauer and Pestizer, and a whole flood of other guests. I journey in the morning there myself."

The notary bowed slightly. Fate had through this whole evening prepared for him only surprises. " Heavens ! " he thought, " these are the very words

that are in my brother's letter." Jacobiné, with her work, left the room at the entrance of the mask, and by the light he looked at the passage in the letter, and found — "In the morning thy genius and the mask endeavored to allure thee two different ways, but thou followedst thy genius, and instead of St. Lune, went rather to Rosenhof." It now appeared certain that the mask was his bad genius; Jacobiné, to judge from many things, his better angel, and he wished much that she had not left the apartment.

Walt had already come to the resolution to follow the dream and the letter on the path to Rosenhof, for he had learnt from Homer and Herodotus and the whole Grecian history, a sacred reverence for the indications of destiny, and fear of raising the bold human hand of free will, against the fore finger in the clouds. This resolution of obedience was now strengthened by the importunity of the mask, and the unconscious influence of Jacobiné in weaving that net in which men, as well as birds, are imprisoned, because it is of the same color as the earth, and as hope — namely, green.

He saw no more of Jacobiné; but under the threshold of her door, merely the light that streamed into his own little chamber opposite. He considered a long time whether he should not offend the whole of humanity if, through suspicion, he drew his night-bolt. But the mask occurred to him, and he fastened his door. In his dreams it seemed to him he heard his name softly called. "Who's there?" he cried out. No one

answered, and the purest moon-light alone lay upon the pillow. His dreams were confused. Jacobiné drew him always again upward, borne on a rose-colored cloud, after the mask, in the form of an angel, had thrown him upon the hot, sulphureous earth.

No. 45. *Katzenauge. A sort of onyx, in which an eye is represented.*

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE FRESH MORNING.

EARLY in the morning the troop broke up their noisy tents, as troops are wont to do, and moved out of the camp. The drivers shook their night-straw off. The horses neighed, and pawed the ground. The freshness of life, and of the morning kindled the glittering morning dew over all the fields of the future, and made it worth their trouble to journey forth. The noise and motion animated the romantic in the heart, and it was as if one passed over from the land of prose to the land of poetry, and reached it about seven o'clock, when the sun yet burnished all with gold. As they passed before Walt, Jacobiné, paler than the rest, appeared like the spirit he had seen in his dream, and he looked forward to the evening, when he should again see this pale spirit, and ask her the cause of her paleness. It was easier for him to suspect the color of the soul even, than the painted cheek, that autumn color of the falling leaves, that displaces the virgin bloom of the rose of spring. * * *

The mask mounted, and cantered off upon the road to St. Lune. Gottwalt knew that if he struck

into the road to Joditz, the dream, which prophesied that he should dine in that little village would be half fulfilled. He took that road.

Was it that the second day of travelling had dimmed the dazzling splendor of nature, or that his uncertain glance at the prophesied gifts of Rosenhof had scared away the soft green of nature, that like a picture, can only enter a quiet eye? Enough — instead of yesterday's reflective morning, he had now only a restless activity. He rarely sat down, he flew, he stood, and went on like an express-rider at the top of his speed. Had he met Don Quixote's Rosinante grazing upon a meadow, he had swung himself on the naked back, (himself his own saddle,) to ride through the world of romance, till he paused before the house-door of some Dulcinea of Toboso. He saw as he passed, a working oil-mill, and entered it. The giant machinery appeared to him to be alive; the cutting, hewing trunk, the thundering timbers, seemed raised and moved by strange and unseen spirits.

Through the pure blue sky a rushing wind passed, forming its own Eolian harp. The woods and mountains seemed shaken and bent by invisible spirits, and the outward world appeared as fluctuating as the inward was restless. Upon the rocky heights were castles; in the gardens, pleasure-houses. Sometimes on the rising grounds a small white house appeared, or the red-tiled roof of a cottage, or a corn or paper-mill glanced from the foliage. Under all

these roofs there might be fathers and daughters dwelling, and events occurring in which he might take a part. He could not then pass them unmoved.

As a second road cut across, forming the St. Andrew's cross of fortune-tellers,* the old traditions of his childhood arose fearfully in his mind, and moved him deeply. He appeared to stand in the centre of the four corners of the earth, from whence he discerned the distant tribes in their life's-course over the places. Now he discovered Joditz, where, according to Vult's dream, he must dine. It appeared to him as if he had long since seen it — the stream encircling the village, the brook running through it, the wooded hill rising perpendicularly from the river, the surrounding birches — all were to him an old familiar picture. Perhaps the dream-spirit had built such a village in the air, in his sleep, and suffered it to hover before him. He thought not of this, but of the strange coincidences in nature, willingly giving resemblances to stones and clouds, and playing with the likeness of twins. * * *

Walt continued his way through a quiet wood into which he had stepped from the high road, and descended a gradually narrowing dell, till he came to the silent spot, that he thus describes in his journal.

"The rocks on each side pressed so nearly together, that the arms of the trees waving on their summits embraced each other. There was no color

* The cross made on the hand by fortune-tellers.

here but green and the deep blue above. The birds, never disturbed in this their own abode, nestled, and fluttered, and sang around me. Gushing springs cooled the place, for no air found its way therein. An eternally shaded morning dwells there; and every wood-blossom is moist, for the morning dew rests upon it till the evening dew falls. So securely enclosed, so secretly in-built is this green, still life of nature, there is no bond with the outward world except through some solitary sun-beam, that at noon-day unites this quiet spot with the all-pervading sky. Wonderful, that the deep places are as solitary as the mountain-tops. Upon Mount Blanc, which rejoiced me much, De Saussure found nothing living, but a day and a night butterfly. At length I was as calm as the place, and slept; one enchanting dream after another folded its wings over me, and they soon became large flower-petals, upon which I rocked in sleep. At last it appeared as if a flute called me by my name, and my brother stood close to my bed. I opened my eyes; but I certainly heard a flute. I looked at the summit of the trees, red with the sun's beams, and recollected with alarm my journey from Joditz, the prophesied evening in Rosenhof, and that I had slept a whole night in this spot; for I thought the glow upon the trees was the red glow of morning. I pressed through the dewy wood, up to the road again. A splendid morning landscape appeared to me to spread its glowing wings before me, and raised my heart to the most cheerful devotion. Wide pine

woods on the hills were indeed sown with yellowish red, but only from the ravages of the murderous caterpillar, the enemy of the pine. The precious sun was where, at this time of the year, it would be at half-past five in the morning, although it was, truth to say, a quarter-past six in the evening. In the meantime I looked at the Lindenstatt mountains, flooded with the red glare of the opposite sun, which from their eastern position, had it been morning, should have stood above them. I remained in perplexity, although the sun appeared to fall rather than to rise, till a young and thin landscape-painter, with a sharp and beautiful profile, long legs and steps, and one of the great Prussian hats, would have passed me, with a painter's portfolio in his hand. 'Good morning, friend,' I said, 'is this the road to Rosenhof, and how far is it?'

"'*There*, immediately behind the hills, it lies. You can reach it in a quarter of an hour; before the sun sets, if the ferry-boat happens to be ready.'

"With long strides the painter went on. I called out 'thanks — good night.' It was as surprising to me as if the earth had turned backwards, and a great shadow had passed away from the sun-light of life, that it was now evening instead of morning."* Thus far the journal.

Walt stood still and looked around. Unknown

* Because of the adventure he expected that evening in Rosenhof.

mountains enclosed a long plain behind him, while before him storm-clouds were heaped behind hills that seemed to bear the pines playfully on their heads. The landscape-painter had seated himself upon an eminence, and seemed to transfer the concealed city of Rosenhof to his sketching paper. "*Ach Gott!*" thought Walt, "now I understand where the city lies." As he ascended, the prospect rose before him, and as he stood still, near the position the painter had taken, at the first glance at the landscape he cried out, "yes, that is worth painting." "I sketch merely," said the painter, and bent low, without looking up, over his paper.

Walt remained standing; his eye swept from the broad stream of the Rosana, at his feet, upwards to the city, and rose to the woody, divided summits of the mountain above the city, and fell again upon the ferry-boat at his feet, as it passed between two ropes, from shore to shore, constantly filled with new passengers, with men and wagons and horses; and his eye followed the river down its course, divided by five beautiful islands, and burnished by the evening sun.

The passengers were landed. New foot-passengers and workmen stepped in, but they waited, as it seemed to Walt, for him. He ran down and sprang upon the boat. But still it waited, and he looked up the three roads that met at the ferry. At last he saw, in the evening sun-light, an elegant travelling carriage, with four post-horses and a cloud of dust roll down one of

the roads. Walt rejoiced at this accession, for there stood already upon the boat a wagoner's car and horses, and a carriage and horses would make the company more lively and various, which already consisted of a throng of beggars, messengers, dogs and children; travelling mechanics and apprentices, to which were added the hay women,* the Tyrolese and beggar, who were on their way, the accoucher and the painter he had met yesterday. The ferry-boat was to him a crowded floating market-place; a proud ship of the line between two lines of ropes; a *Beaucentoro*, from which his soul threw out two marriage rings, one for the sea-ward stream, the other into the glowing evening sky. He more than half wished that the passage might lead to some danger, not to injure others, but to throw a more vivid life into the scene.

There stepped from the carriage, before it touched the narrow edge of the boat, a dignified person, who said, with the proud reserve belonging to his station, that he could not trust his own horses on board. Walt, in the jubilee of his heart, placed himself, without any distinguishing politeness, before him, for he saw at once that it was general Zablocki. The latter, through frequent journeying, accustomed to such recognitions, bowed a calm satisfaction at meeting his erotic secretary again.

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* *Grummet-women.* These are old women who go out to cut the after-growth of the grass, when the scythe has done its work. They carry it in great bundles on the head.

The long post-train, at length, stamped upon the boat with the carriage behind. Walt trembled as he looked up, for Zablocki's beautiful daughter sat therein. Her eyes were fixed upon the five islands that the setting sun bathed in a rose-colored light. A mere acquaintance of Walt's had been to him, meeting on this strange ground, like a brother; but now this silent, beloved form —— it gave him an emotion of soul, such as no dream, and no waking phantasie had ever prophesied.

Walt stood at the east side of the carriage with his eyes cast down, lest she should turn hers round and be disturbed at his; although he immediately knew that, blinded by the sun, Wina at first would see nothing distinctly, and he thought, that probably she had never looked attentively at him, so as to recognise him again. He saw not the sun, nor the lovely islands himself, but created and enjoyed the view through the silent dream with which Wina appeared to rest upon them, and he added a thousand wishes that they might appear to her more splendid, more heavenly, than they really ever could be.

It seemed to Walt that the horizontal sun-beams imparted to the river and the boat, to men and dogs, the colors of youth, that they gilded every beggar's staff and silvered their years and their hair. But he gave not much attention to them, for the sun also surrounded Wina with a halo like that of the saints, and changed the roses of her cheeks to the roses of paradise. The boat was to him a sweet tone vibrating

on the sounding-board of life; the enchanted ship of eastern lands; Charon's boat, bearing him from Tartarus to the Elysian shores. He appeared to himself strange, unrecognisable, immortal, for the neighborhood of Wina threw a transfiguration upon him.

A cripple would have related to him something of his necessities, but Walt did not now understand him. He felt an aversion to the man who, on such an evening, was not blessed. An evening when the hitherto troubled Wina had become cheerful, and the sun, like a warm sister's hand, rested upon the heart that in many dark hours had been oppressed with sorrow.

Oh, that the evening had no end, thought Walt, or the Rosana was all breadth, or that they had shipped upon its length to bear them to the sea, and on, to the ever descending western sun.

The sun had now gone below the stream. Wina turned her eyes slowly from the earth, and they fell accidentally upon Walt. He would have thrown a greeting full of respectful words into the carriage, but the boat shot violently back from the shore and scattered what he had prepared.

The carriage was carefully drawn to land. Walt gave four groschen for his fare. "For whom *these?*" asked the ferryman. "For who will," said Walt; and thereupon more than too many sprang, without paying, to land. The general wished to walk through this beautiful city of gardens; Walt remained near him. The latter asked if he had not yesterday met

a company of comedians. He informed the general that they would this evening play in Rosenhof. "Good," said he, "you will sup with me this evening at the Pomegranate. You rest there to night, I hope, and in the morning see, in my society, the splendid groups of rocks that appear above the city."

His delight at this rich gift of fortune, Walt expresses thus shortly in his journal. "How I expressed my joy, thou, dear brother, can better imagine than I can tell thee!"

No. 46. *Primitive Garnet.*

CHAPTER XV.

CHARTREUSE OF THE IMAGINATON. — BON-MOTS.

It would be difficult to find anything more refreshing, than to walk, upon a beautiful evening, with general Zablocki behind the carriage of his daughter, in the lovely city of Rosenhof, wreathed on both sides with gardens of roses, and without anxiety for the supper which was to follow; and then to look from the broad, clean, hospitable streets, and the lightly passing occupations and amusements of life, to the dark, immovable mountain heights above, that look down from their cold, tranquil summits, upon the houses and towers of an ever-changing life. Walt was particularly delighted with the shaded street where the Pomegranate was situated. "To me," he said, excited and eloquent, "it appears as though I were in Chalcis in Eubœa, or in some other Grecian city, where there were so many trees in the streets, they could not see the city. Can there be a more beautiful union of city and country than here, your excellency? Is not the thought also charming that here, at a far distant time, here, as in Montpellier, all the place was covered with roses, and all the inhabitants reposed upon roses, although just now

nothing remains but the thorns —— eh, Herr General?"

The General, who had not heard a word, cried out to his coachman a heavy curse, because he had driven his carriage almost fast to the wheel of the Fränzel wagon. "These are the actors," said Walt, and proceeded to demand of the Host a chamber for himself. He easily obtained an excellent one, as they took him for the secretary of Zablocki, which in fact he was, so far as the erotic memoirs went. He was astonished, when shewn into his room, at the ostentation of the furniture, and was scarcely prepared to place his beggar's staff with his hat upon the great mirrored table. He walked up and down in the utmost delight of soul at such unusual luxuries; the paper hangings, the three mirrors, the commode, ornamented with brass work, the window-shades upon rollers; and, to complete the whole, a bell to call the servant. He rang, for the first time in his life; determined to be wholly a gentleman. He desired the servant to bring him a flask of wine, that he might live one evening enjoying life as the troubadours used formerly to do. "Troubadours," he said to himself as he sipped his wine, "often slept in gilded, princely chambers, when perhaps they had lodged the night before in moss or straw huts. Like the tones of their harps, they pressed through high and thick walls, and then were accustomed to repeat to the most beautiful ladies of high rank their song of faithful love, and, like Petrarch, love them in ever-

lasting verse — but never desire them for themselves," — he added, and looked at the wall of the — General.

Zablocki's chamber was only divided from his by a double-bolted door in the wall of his own. Walking up and down, (for standing to listen he deemed dishonorable,) he could hear every violent word of the General to his servants, and the sweet tones into which Wina, like an Eolian harp, converted the storm-wind, so that discord became music. Although Walt had hoped in the large public room beneath to meet Jacobiné again, and renew his old acquaintance, yet he felt it far more blessed to remain as a guard near the chamber of the nun, Wina, and represent to himself her large, overshadowed eyes, her gentleness, and lovely voice, and the evening repast he expected to take near her.

At length he heard the General say he was going to the theatre, and Wina request to be left at home. Afterwards she gave her chamber-maid, the profane songstress Lucia, permission to walk out, and amuse herself in the city. All then was quiet.

Walt looked from the window out upon hers. Wina's shutters were open, (they opened upon the street,) and the light from her chamber threw a shadow upon the sign of the hotel, that hung opposite. As he could see nothing further, he turned back into his own room, and there, walking, sipping, and dreaming — "Oh! I am so happy!" he thought, and looked around to find a poor's-box screwed upon the

tapestried wall; for he never forgot, in his moments of joy, to deposite as much as he was able, in these unknown and silent voices of sorrow. But the chamber was too elegant for charity.

It was now quite dark. The early harvest-moon stood like a silver diadem upon one of the mountain-heads. The waiter came with lights. "I shall need none; I shall sup with the general," said Walt. He wished to keep the moon-light an hour longer. One, after another of the scribbled sentences of previous travellers were brought out as the moon moved on. Walt read, not without satisfaction, the whole wall through of this youthful literature, which collectively, with the lead-pencil in hand, commended love and friendship, and expressed deep contempt for the world. "I know as well as another," he wrote in his journal, "that it is ridiculous, if not unfair, to write on strange chamber walls; yet the aftercomer is delighted to find that one has been there before him, and has left a light trace of the unknown, for the unknown. Indeed, many leave only the name and date, but to a benevolent man even an empty name is dear, without which, a departing traveller remains more an *idea* than a comprehensible being, less a man than an airy, indeed wholly ethereal humanity. And why should we rather read and pardon an empty thought than an empty name? But there are often valuable sentences, such as the following, 'We believe always that we are in the *middle* of

the material hemisphere, but in our *inward* and mental view we believe ourselves always upon the horizon; at the rising sun, when we are happy, at the west, or declining sun, when we are sorrowful.'" At last Walt ventured to connect his own and Wina's initials, "W. W., Sep. 179–." He looked again towards her window. Three fingers, and the rim of a white hat projected on the window-sill. Upon these he could live and dream. The beautiful form of the quiet maiden, completed from the three fingers, hovered like the motes in sun-beams, in the broad moon-light of the apartment, and he enjoyed the repast in anticipation, which would disappoint him in reality. Joy flew in, like purple butterflies, and the floor of his room seemed to him carpeted with flowers. Three-quarters of an hour thus passed.

But man, with a huge joy-cup at his lips, thirsts for a greater, and at last for the whole cask. Walt began to have the thought, that he could, without any impropriety, accept the father's invitation, and place himself at this moment near the solitary Wina. He was frightened at the thought; blushed with shame and joy, walked up and down more softly, listened, and found that Wina was walking also. His purpose, with every succeeding moment expanded its roots and its flowers; but after an hour of contest and delicate excuses for the temerity of his appearance, the debate was closed by the entrance of the general into his daughter's apartment, and Walt hearing his own name called. He drew the bolt

from the door of communication, when Zablocki called out, "this one is closed." Feeling his indelicacy, he entered by the public door, blushing also at the consciousness of his own wild dreams. Half blinded by the glare of light, he saw the slender form of Wina, standing like a flower-goddess near the genial Bacchus, who had a cheerful warmth in every feature. The daughter looked at him continually, pleased at his own joy. The servants must come upon wings with the supper. Walt moved upon his own, through this magical cabinet, his weight not more than that of fire butterflies, so ethereal was the present moment, and the whole of life in prospect.

He placed himself with far more facility and politeness at the supper-table, than he could have thought possible. The general, who desired a continual conversation, or rather talking, thought it was Walt's part to relate something amusing. It would have been much easier, at that time, to have said something touching. Nothing occurred to him. Few things are more difficult than extemporising the memory. It is much easier to improvise the pointed and profound; to imagine, than to recollect; especially if at the same time upon all the eminences of the brain the fire of joy is kindled. Walt could have instantly repeated three thousand bon-mots, had he only heard *one* from the lips of another; but they never occurred *first* to himself, and he was ashamed of them, when he heard them afterwards repeated. Scarcely was this shame necessary; for the packet-boats of the foreign wit of

society, bear unusually shallow brains; upon whose surface, the flowers of wit never take root and grow, that have been gathered and stuck in.

"I shall recollect something," Walt answered to a look of Zablocki's, and besought God for a single joke; for he found he could only think of thinking, and of the possibility of remembering. Wina, with considerate kindness, handed her father the flask, which he, alone, could unseal (his letters were unsealed by her). "Do you think this is the growth of 48 or of 83?" asked the general, as he filled Walt's glass. Walt drank with his soul upon his tongue, and sought furtively to look upon the *No.* upon the caption of the bottle; "It may indeed," Zablocki continued, "be considered rather young." Walt looked in his glass. "It is indeed splendid wine at 83 years old," he said. Zablocki laughed; instead of hearing an anecdote, he had lived one, which he could easily make go further.

The general drew him from his inward search after *bon-mots*, with the question why he came to Rosenhof. Walt knew no real, ostensible cause, (although *this* sat opposite to him dressed in white,) except his love of nature and pleasure in journeying. But as there *were* no objects of business, Zablocki did not understand him, but believed he concealed his purposes behind some mountain, and was determined to get behind it also. Walt, thus urged, shook from his poetical wings upon the table-cloth the costly hills and valleys and trees with which they had

been loaded, as he flew through the heavenly way. Zablocki, after Walt's long expense of pictures, cried out, "The devil! take something, for else, I cannot eat." Wina, to whom in his quick anger he had turned for relief — for fathers are less apt to throw the blame of an uncongenial companion on their daughters, than men on their wives — Wina, frightened, took a great piece of woodcock, the favorite luxury of her father, and handed, more politely than Zablocki, the plate to the perplexed Walt, in order to spare him a hundred embarrassments.

Walt could not understand how, in the midst of such an eloquent and living picture, as he had just presented, of living, almost speaking nature, a woodcock could be supposed to make a sensation. Poetic natures like Walt's, if found in northern countries, (for a court, or the great world is the natural north of the soul, as the physical north is the glacier of the body,) are like elephant's teeth in Siberia, thrown, incomprehensibly in a country where the elephant himself would perish with cold.

With an insinuating voice Zablocki asked again if nothing had occurred to him, and Wina looked so beseechingly at him, that he would have suffered inexpressibly, if an anecdote had not just then occurred to him. But after his reprieve, he was near forgetting all again, for the child-like, beseeching eye of Wina took possession of his fancy, memory, and soul.

"A cabinet-minister who was hard of hearing,

listened, while at the table of his prince" — "What was his name?" asked Zablocki. Walt did not know. "A minister who was deaf, heard at the table of his prince a comic anecdote related, and laughed with the whole table immoderately, although he heard not a word. Then he proposed to relate one, quite as amusing, and to the astonishment of the whole company, the very same they had just heard was repeated as a new one."

The general believed he had not caught the point of the story, and continued to listen after it was finished — but somewhat later he cried out "delicious" — laughed out clearly again, two minutes afterwards, for he required this time to go through the anecdote again, and represent it extensively to himself. Men do not like that the *point*, the blank-point of a story should sit too easily near the threshold. An ordinary anecdote strikes him suddenly and happily with its result, if he has been drawn wearisomely into listening to it. We would have histories long, opinions short.

Walt tried his second anonymous anecdote of a Dutchman, who would purchase a country-house on account of the splendid prospect of the sea, as all the world about him was too poor to possess it. This man, however, loved prospects to such a degree, that he was willing to overcome every difficulty to obtain one sufficiently extensive. He therefore built a short wall upon a hill that overlooked the sea, with a window in the centre, where he could sit in his leisure

moments and enjoy the same prospect that his neighbors enjoyed freely from their houses and gardens.*

Even Wina laughed under the shadow of her hat at this folly. The general praised Walt, and went cheerfully from the apartment; but he did not return.

No. 47. *Titanium.*

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* The third anecdote is omitted

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ROSENHOF NIGHT.

NEITHER Jacobiné nor the general made a secret of their mutual inclination for each other's society. The relations of neither can institute juristical proceedings against the author of the Twins, if he coldly relates that Zablocki had gone to walk in the next garden, where the actress was laudably studying her part of Joanna Montfaucon in the open air.

* * * * *

Walt's face became rose-color when at length the father did not return, and he was alone with Wina. Her eyes, that were like sweet flowers under the broad leaf of the eye-lid, were cast down upon the work, a child's glove, which she was knitting. The fear began to seize Walt, that, as the finder and restorer of her letter to the count, she would look upon him with aversion. He did not venture to look often at her, lest she should accidentally raise her eyes to his. Both were silent. Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

The exciting effect which the wine would have had in other circumstances upon the notary, was

kept down by his desire to appear well in this refined society; at the same time the situation would have been most agreeable, if every moment, he had not had the fear that it would be the last moment.

At length he looked long and intently upon the child's glove, and was so happy as to draw from it a thread for converstion. He said he had often looked, for long hours, upon knitting, but could never understand it.

"It is, however, very easy, Mr. Harnish," said Wina, not sportively, but unembarrassed, and without looking up.

The address, *Mr. Harnish*, chased Walt's emotion again back into the silent hermitage of thought.

"How does it happen," he said, at length venturing again to take up the knitting thread, "that nothing is so touching as the little parts of the dress of children — such as *this* — their little hats, shoes? It comes indeed to the same question — why do we love them so much?"

"It is perhaps," said Wina, and she raised her calm, full eyes to the notary, who stood before her, "because they are innocent angels upon the earth, and yet suffer many pains."

Lucia entered. Wina asked if the general had left any commands? Lucia knew nothing, except that he was walking in the adjoining garden. Wina stepped hastily to the window, drew a breath like a sigh, and said quickly, "my veil, Lucia, and you know certainly he is there, and the way to the garden

also." With a voice softer than that of a Moravian, sister Lucia answered, "Ja, Gnädigste."*

Wina threw the veil over her head, and while behind this woven air, this evanescent summer, she looked indescribably blooming and charming, she said, with gentle hesitation, "Dear Mr. Harnish, you also love, as I hear, *nature* and my good father?"

Walt had already flown for his hat and stick, and stood armed and ready for a journey, and followed them both down stairs. He felt wholly justified in leaving an apartment, that was not his own, in this manner, but when he came near the steps, a contest began within him, whether he durst walk with either, or whether he should follow after both. Wina could not call him to her, even if she desired it, and the contest lasted till they had descended the steps. Then he decided to go with them, and placed his hat on his head, but he trembled not so much from fear or from joy, but from an anticipation mingled of both. Ah, it is an absurd but pure period in life, when in the youth, the old French knighthood, with all its sacred reverence, is revived; when the boldest are precisely the most timid, as his virgin love has descended, a heaven-born form from heaven; her neighborhood is the sacred circle of a higher world, and the touch of her hand is, to him, a gift. Wretched, guilty, must be the youth, who is never timid in the presence of beauty.

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* Yes, most gracious.

The three went through a shaded avenue to the garden. The moon sketched every trembling twig, and also the waving line of the chain of hills, upon the lighted foot-path. As they walked, Lucia described the beauty of the garden, and particularly that of an arbor entwined wholly with blue flowers; blue gentian, blue veronica, blue asters and berth-wort, were crossed and woven into a little dome, in which there was in the autumn no cloud, that is, no faded flower, but open calix and ether cups.

"If flowers live and sleep," said Walt, after this introduction, "they must certainly dream, as well as children and animals. All beings must, in fact, dream." "The saints and the angels?" asked Wina. "I should indeed say yes," answered Walt, "in so far as all beings aspire, they must dream of something higher." "One being must be excepted," said Wina. "Certainly, God does not dream. But, if I again think of the flowers secluded, in their tender envelope, a hidden flower, may dream of expanding in the light of day. Their perfumed souls are to us wrapped in darkness, not merely by the enveloping leaves, but in truth organically concealed, as are our souls, and not merely closed by the eye-lids in sleep. If the smallest trace of daylight renews their colored existence and gives them new power, why may they not, in the night, enjoy a dreaming reflection of the day? The all-seeing will know, and separate the dream of a rose from that of a lily. The rose might dream of the bee, the lily of the butterfly. It seems

to me certain the forget-me-not would dream of a sun-beam; the tulip of a butterfly; many flowers of zephyrs. For where then can God's, or the spiritual world cease? For *him* the cup of a flower may be a heart, and many a heart a flower-cup!"

As Wina continued to grow more silent, Walt became more eloquent, and inspired himself with the baptismal water which he poured over every mountain and star, as they passed before him. There were few beautiful objects that he had not the power, as they passed before him, of describing and heightening. He felt so happy, so elevated, it seemed to him the whole universe was his own, that he could possess and rob it of all; that he could seize the stars, and form a wreath, which, like white flowers, should rest upon Wina's head and hand. The less he was interrupted and checked, the more elevated became his thoughts, so that at last the whole world seemed to grow up and be formed by himself. Lucia who had hitherto hummed softly worldly songs, paused, as in reverence, for the words of God!

Just at the moment they passed before a little chapel completely overshadowed with leaves, the bell for evening mass sounded. Wina passed slowly as though embarrassed, paused, and said something softly in Lucia's ear. Walt was too near her soul not to see into it. He passed quickly on, to leave her to pray, and secretly to follow her example.

He had heard Lucia tell Wina that onwards on the left, above the dark arbor, was the blue. Here

he resolved to wait for Wina. As he drew near, Jacobiné flew out of the arbor and threw a shawl sportively over his head, and seizing the corners drew him onwards to enjoy, as she said, the splendid night by his side.

Although he could not have anticipated with what bold parodies the incidents of human life are often thrown into the wildest contrasts, and disunite man with his wishes, the pleasantry and the freedom opposed the whole course of his higher emotions. He explained hastily to the actress why, and with whom he was there, and looked significantly at the chapel, as though he was expected there. Jacobiné joked flatteringly with him upon his good fortune with ladies, and closed his mouth through the over fullness of his heart. While he sought to oppose her pleasantry with the same weapons, and was inwardly reflecting with what pretence, without a real incivility, he could shake off the arm of Jacobiné, he saw from the entrance of the garden the general come to meet his daughter, and very lovingly take her hand within his arm. Thus, with that angel and the stars above, he went towards the house.

Ah! thought Walt, how quickly the happy stars of men go down, and looked towards the mountain, where, in the morning, he hoped a star might again arise. His thoughts were not sufficiently free for him to ask Jabobiné whether she enjoyed the charm of the beautiful night? She flew coldly from him towards the house, and vanished upon the steps. He

needed nothing this night for his waking dreams, but a pillow and a little piece of moonlight upon his bed. Soon after mid-night, while he dreamed, night music began to play under his window, drawn from wind instruments by Zablocki's people.

The street was immediately converted into a fine Italian city, where he had carried and set down the little Loretto house, after the flash of sound had passed up, as upon the wire of a lightning conductor, and struck upon his ear; and he had imagined the stars and the moon leaving the music of the spheres, and moving to the sound of this earthly harmony. At this moment Jacobiné, who, he fancied, just before that he heard whispering in the next chamber, fluttered in at the door, and to the window, with unrestrained impatience to listen to the music, without heeding his presence.

Walt knew not at first whether he should remain quietly in his bed, or slip out of the room. However, he slipped himself secretly and softly, out of his pillow into his clothes and behind the listener. Like kindled flax he had risen to higher regions, without knowing the way he had taken. Not that he feared for her or himself, but he knew enough of the world to anticipate the kissing of the Parterre at every bold maiden, a misfortune from which to spare her, or any other woman, he would willingly have been himself hunted by the trumpet of infamy. He hesitated, therefore, whether he should not slip from his room, and wait till the actress returned to hers.

She heard three sighs — turned round, and found that Walt stood behind her. To his great joy Jacobiné excused her appearance there (for he began to fear that his *own* presence in his *own* chamber must need an excuse) by saying, that when she heard the distant music she thought, as the bolt was not drawn, that she had entered an unoccupied chamber to listen to the music from a nearer window. Walt swore that no human being could have a better opinion of her than himself. But Jacobiné could not, even with this assertion, believe that her purity was sufficiently established. She went on to represent to him, speaking very loud under the noise of the music, how intensely she felt music; that night music especially penetrated her very soul, and excited her beyond all control; that on the evening of fasts and festivals she was even more excited, perhaps because her nervous sensibility was then more susceptible of impressions; that she could never remain in her bed when she heard music, and that often, as now, she had thrown the first napkin she could find over her shoulders, to run to an open window to listen to the sweet sounds.

During this speech a foreign flute had mingled so strangely with, that it travestied the other music, and the musicians thought it more agreeable to suspend their own and listen to the flute. Jacobiné continued to speak as loud as before, apparently without being aware of it. "Music," she said, "inspires us with feelings that neither male nor female friend can impart to the soul."

"Somewhat lower, dearest creature! for heaven's sake speak lower," said Walt, for these last words had been pronounced after the music ceased, "the general sleeps in the next chamber, and is awake. Yes, indeed, I can easily understand, that for a susceptible heart a male friend is too rough and unfeminine, and a female perhaps does not afford the support that the heart needs."

She answered as softly as he desired, but at the same time grasped his hand with both hers, so that the napkin which she had held with finger and thumb fell from her shoulders.

Walt felt the torments of hell! He knew that the moment the door was opened, this whispered conversation, and their close proximity, would draw upon him the reputation of a libertine, a maiden wolf-hunter, who would not even spare the innocent, among whom he placed Jacobiné, because of her soft blue eyes.

"But by heaven," he said, "you venture too much." "Hardly," she answered, "since you venture so little!" Walt was reflecting how, with sufficient tenderness and delicacy, he could remind her of her own reputation, without drawing upon himself tho suspicion of a selfish regard to his own, when he began to suspect her attack; his honorable parents, his unspotted youth, the bridal crown of purity, worn so long, all flitted through his mind. But he would give up this for the martyr-crown he should wear in its stead. He became terribly agitated; "Dearest

Jacobiné," he said, with imploring voice — "it is so late and still — you divine — you understand my wishes ——— "

"No! I am no Eulalia! Look rather at the pure chaste moon," she said, and thus increased his error and confusion.

"*She* moves in a celestial path," he said, "that no earthly desire nor reproach can reach. But let me at least bolt my door, then we are safe."

"No, no," she said softly, withdrawing her hand, that she might replace the napkin upon her shoulders. Walt turned round to draw the night bolt, and at the same moment something was hurled violently in at the door and fell upon the floor. It was the mask of a man. Jacobiné shrieked and fled from the room. Walt took up from the floor the mask of the masked gentleman, whom he had taken for his evil genius.

The moon-beams so crossed and dazzled his fancy, that at last it seemed as though Jacobiné had herself dropped the mask as a device to injure his reputation. Walt suffered much. It did not reconcile him to himself to remember the assertion of his brother Vult, that such spots upon the reputation, are like the stains of perfumed waters upon handkerchiefs, that would fade of themselves, if left without the aid of washes or stain-removers. * * * *

Then he thought of the possibility of some one having seen the poor innocent girl at his window, and that he might unconsciously have tarnished her

unprotected reputation, which he settled in his own mind, must have been inexpressibly pure and firm e'er she would have taken a step so opposed to all womanliness of character. At last he remembered the ninth clause of the will, which enjoined such purity upon himself, and so severely punished seduction. He thought of the general, with his sacred collection of letters from the ultra female Platonists, and Wina, with her eyes from the blue of heaven — in short — poor Walt passed the most miserable night that a poor sinner, who had no eider-down beneath his back, could live through.

No. 48. *Asbestos.*

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION OF THE JOURNEY.

SACRED morning! Thy dews revive the flowers and heal the hearts of men! Thy star is the pole-star of our wandering tempest-driven phantasies; and its cool beams lead the eye which has been wandering after its own sparkles, to a fixed and steady light.

There were yet many stars visible in the morning twilight, when the general, with a cheerful voice, summoned Walt from his bed to the mountain party, and then received him so amiably, that Walt smiled even to the roots of his hair. The general, he thought, would have received him differently, if he had known anything of the night. Wina's complexion bloomed like the roses that opened in the sun of paradise upon the morning of creation.

They proceeded on foot to the divided mountain. The city reposed in deep silence, and only in the gardens, upon its limits, rustled a faint sound, at intervals from the beds and hedges of roses; and columns of the smoke of breakfast fires began to soar above the roofs. Without the city, life was awake. The thrush was heard from the near pine-wood, and the post-horn from the winding road, while from the

mountain thundered the eternal waterfall. The three pedestrians spake as people in the early morning always do, like nature herself, in monosyllables. They looked towards the east, whence the rose-colored precursor of the day began to bloom, and deepened, slowly, as the breath of the morning freshened before the rising sun.

Wina leaned upon one arm of her father, who carried in the other, a so called, dark mirror, in order to create, as upon the walls of a saloon, or in a hall of sculpture, the beauty of nature a second time. The early dawn, Wina's morning-dress, the dreamy sensation that the morning-star awakens, associated as it is with night, while it rests upon the western horizon; Walt's emotion of the preceding night, and the constant fear of the approaching moment of separation, all made him speechless; gentle, reflective, although agitated, and full of love for that virgin heart so near him, and so full of opening flowers, that he rejoiced on the way before them, to be able to look into the blissful cup, and observe the opening blossoms.

Wina asked, in a sweet voice, his forgiveness for her last evening's desertion of him. As he would not give back the prayer, he was silent. She bade him also to greet Raphaela, and to tell her that the return through Rosenhof to Leipsic had prevented her from writing. The general, who talked as openly with his daughter in the presence of Walt as though he were the deaf shadow of a man accompanying

them, reproached her for her extensive correspondence, her universal care for others, and constant sacrifice of self. Wina merely answered, in a low voice, "Would to God she deserved the reproach."

As they entered between the mountains, the night crept back into deeper dells, and under the valley mist, while the day stood with shining front high in the blue ether. Suddenly the general drew them both between the divided pinnacles of some rocks, while high above, upon one mountain horn, was reflected the bright purple glow of the morning, while the other was shrouded in the veil of night; between both shimmered the morning star. The youth and the maiden cried out with one voice, "Oh God!"

"Is it not so?" asked the general, and looked at the sky in his darkened glass, "this, at least is something for my enthusiast."

Wina assented many times with her head and eyelids, for she could not turn away from this starred heaven. Silently she pressed her praying lips upon her father's hand to thank him for this happiness. Then he scolded her a little that she was so susceptible, and took so readily the impression of feelings to which he wished to lead her.

He conducted them both now quickly over an artificial path in front of a wall, where the waterfall, like a self-murderer, flung itself headlong, and then like a long, burnished stream, spread itself over wide lands. The stream fell, they could scarcely see

from what height, far over and deep beneath an old ruined wall. Zablocki cried with a loud voice to them, that if they were not afraid of a shower of spray, they could pass close to the wall and through a low door, overwoven with green branches, and could thence see something of the landscape beneath. He went before, and drew Wina with an extended arm after him. As they came through the half-sunken door they saw in the west a plain, full of cloisters and villages, with a dark stream winding through its valley, and in the east mountains piled upon mountains under the high heavens, and crowned like Cybele with red glowing cities of ice. They waited for the moment when the sun, which already tinged the snow of centuries with a faint red, should send its burning rays over, and through the mountains. As yet the thunder of the waterfall was the only sound. Gottwalt looked from the east up towards heaven as a strange golden schimmer spread over the dewy green, and saw above his head the waterfall waving and burning before the morning sun like a bridge of fire, over which the car of Apollo rolled, drawn by its flaming steeds.

Walt threw himself upon his knees, and uncovering his head, spread his hands towards heaven, and cried aloud, "Oh! the splendor of God, Wina!"

Then there came a moment, neither knew how, nor when, a moment when the youth looked at Wina, and saw that she looked at him, with a new, a

strange, and deeply moved expression. Her eyes revealed to him her whole open heart Wina trembled — he trembled. — She looked up at the rain, warm and rose-colored, that seemed to sprinkle the tall pines with sparks of gold, and, as if transfigured, she seemed to rise from earth, while the glowing rainbow rested beautifully upon, and lighted her whole form. She raised her eyes again to Walt's, but withdrew them quickly, as the sun at the pole glances, for a moment upon the eyes of men, and is gone. The thunder of the waterfall, and the rushing of the stream, seemed to screen them with wings, and separate them from all the world. Walt spread his arms no more to Heaven, but to all that the earth contained of beauty for him! He had nearly forgotten the presence of her father, and scarcely avoided seizing the hand of the being who had thrown this glance of enchantment over his whole life. Wina pressed hastily both hands upon her eyes to shut out the whole world. Her father had been observing the waterfall in the glass, and now looked round upon them.

All was ended! They turned back. — The general wished them to praise more emphatically and more decidedly. Neither Walt nor Wina could speak. "Now," said Zablocki, "after such a prospect one longs for some real Turkish music." Gottwalt answered, "Yes, for such parts of it as are piano and quite soft, through which perhaps the enchantment speaks yet more powerfully, as from the spiritual world."

"It will rain to-day," said Zablocki, "this morning glow spreads so singularly over the whole horizon; but the splendid morning was worth seeing, Wina?" Wina gave no assent. Silently they reached Rosenhof. Zablocki's carriage, and horses, and servants stood ready for the journey. All separated at once. The lovers gave each other no sign of the former minute. The carriage rolled away, as youth and holy hours depart from us.

Walt went back to the Pomegranate, and after some moments spent in his own, he went into the general's apartment. Here he found some mementos of Wina; a torn note, that he kissed without reading, and a forgotten perfume-flask. Preparations for new guests drove him back to his own apartment. He secured the wonderful mask. It was now impossible for him to remain there or to travel any further. He must turn his excited steps back towards Haslau. He longed to enter Vult's apartment with his folio volume of adventures under his arm. He had had enough for his heart, and *he* needed no *blue* sky but that of Wina's eyes.

Jacobiné threw him from the steps, that she came up as he went down, the promise to play in Haslau the next winter. The rose-colored sky became every moment more gray and full of rain-clouds. Walt was obliged to wait long at the ferry—at last it began to rain in earnest. But when the curtain before the opera of love is drawn up, the

eyes and ears are filled with light and song, whether it rains or snows upon the roof of the opera-house.

Destiny seems willing, after a feast of confectionary, to cut from the shelf mouldy, or worm-eaten bread for men. Rosenthal was full of water. At the window of a beautiful summer-house, the rain-wind played discords and shrieking cadences upon an æolian harp: yet blessedly Walt flew on his way. He had wings at his head, his heart, his feet; he moved, moreover, like a winged mercury upon the winged Pegasus. Almost without remarking them, he went through the villages he had passed the day before. Like the lightning, his mind ran only on the gilding of the mansions of life. Wina alone, and her eyes, filled his heart. He thought not of the future, of consequences, of possibilities. He thanked God that there was yet a *present* upon the earth. Thus the rolling planet brought him without an obstacle again to the sun.

Towards evening he saw Haslau in prospect, for the miles had again become wersts.* In Härmlesberg he met an old offender that they were driving with broomsticks from the township.

As he approached Haslau he encountered the returning fire-engines, that had happily extinguished a

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* He was so happy, the long miles had become short like wersts.

fire. He stepped lightly, and yet enchanted, through the gate of Haslau, although dripping with the shower, and laden with water as in a bathing-dress; and looking towards the church-tower, he remarked with joy that the testator Flitt yet lived; sound as a fish in water, he peeped from his air-hole.

No. 49. *Native silver in the form of leaves.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEVELOPMENTS OF THE JOURNEY — AND OF THE TRIALS OF THE NOTARY.

WALT seemed to himself, as though like one of the seven sleepers awaking, he was going through the streets of a town that had just been emptied of its inhabitants. This aspect of things was caused partly by his absence of two days, and partly by the fire, which, although without much injury, had taken place in his absence. While yet in the street he seemed to be moving on his journey. The people, too, drawn by the fire from their every-day regularity, clustered here and there in detached groups to gaze about, and talk of the danger they had escaped. Walt hastened to his brother, eager first to excite, and then to gratify his curiosity. Vult received him rather coolly, and said, he supposed *he* looked very much heated, and ascribed his glowing face to the excitement of the fire.

Walt began with the most exciting parts of his journey, saying, "Oh brother, I have things to impart — things indeed" — "I too," interrupted Vult, "have met with some of the wonders of the world, which may astonish you. To begin with the first,

Flitt has recovered. — The town is still wondering and astonished at this unhoped-for recovery." "Yes," said Walt, "I saw him as I passed through the Lorenzo gate, standing at the air-hole of the tower," but Walt wished to hasten on to other subjects, and said, "dearest brother, I would rather listen to your remarks than to your narrative, for events are all that I have to impart. Your letter, with its wonderful dream, I have received — but what would that be in itself? It has been fulfilled from point to point, from comma to comma — only listen."

Walt now related the mysterious drama of his history, and then finding himself involved in a confusion of incidents, he repeated it a second time. No adventure is so delightful when passing, or so terrible to escape from, as it becomes afterwards in the relation. Alas! in his impetuosity he might have been betrayed into raising the sacred veil from Wina's loving glance beneath the water-fall; had he not, during his whole journey, with Wina as it were on one side, and Vult on the other, reflected and pondered upon this bliss of his life; impressing upon himself the strongest reasons for referring to Wina in the presence of his brother, only in the most cursory manner, and while relating facts, to suppress all *emotion;* although he would gladly, in all other circumstances, have poured into the only heart open to him, the full stream of his own, divided as it was between friendship and love.

"As far as your adventures relate to my letter,"

answered Vult, "I do not think much of them — I will present you presently a natural solution of them; but of Jacobiné — restrain thyself — of her I would gladly hear more." Walt, although reluctantly, imparted to his brother an exact history of the nocturnal visit, telling him of all the circumstances of that strange scene, and not omitting to describe his own harrowing emotions.

"Nothing can be more easily explained," said Vult at length. "Could not then, a fellow, who knew all the circumstances, have glided on through field and forest a few steps behind or before thee; announced thy coming at the ale-houses and hotels; ordered and arranged the most minute circumstances, such as that with the picture-dealer, and his *Quodlibet*, and his *Quod deus Vult est bene factus, statt factum* — and so on? As to the letter, it was easy enough to write in my name and style, and to prophesy therein every thing which could not fail of being accomplished; and to bury the money, only a moment before it was disinterred."

"Impossible!" said Walt, "and then the owner of the mask?" "Have you still the mask in your pocket?" asked Vult. Walt drew it out. — Vult placed it before his face, his eyes flashing angrily through, while he cried out in the well-known voice of the mask, "Ah, is it I? Who are you?" "Heavens! what is that?" exclaimed the terrified Walt. Vult gently raised the mask again, saying — "I do not know what you think of the matter, *I* am

convinced that the mask-wearer, the flute-player, the letter-writer, and myself are one and the same person. In short, it *was* I," concluded Vult.

But Walt could not easily believe in his own astonishment. "Something wonderful," he said "is yet concealed behind all this jugglery; and then, why should you have taken so much pains to deceive me so strangely?"

But Vult explained to him that the object was in part to afford him some amusement, in part to save him from something unpleasant. He asked, with rather a sarcastic expression of countenance, whether he did not throw his mask into the room at the right moment, just before Jacobiné would have let her's fall? Finally, he declared plainly, that the clause in the will that punished sins of this nature, by cutting off half the inheritance, was well known, and Walt's innocence, alas, was as well known; adding that nothing was more frequently a mark to be shot at in a contest, than a white horse, on account of his color of innocence; the seven heirs, like skilful generals, cover their encampment with a morass; in short, dove-merchants often deceive effectually, by giving out two female doves as a pair of mates — might it not have been so with you and the actress, had I not followed you closely?" Walt blushed deeply with shame and anger, and said, looking round for his hat: "Oh harsh, beyond example! Is it thus you think of a poor innocent girl, and of your own brother?" He rushed out, saying

with bitter tears, "good night; for I have not a word more to say." — He left no time for answer, and Vult was almost angry at this unexpected repulse.

"*I*—I!"—he repeated in the street, feeling himself deeply wounded, "*I* could allow myself to sin at a time when God had granted me the most delightful evening of my whole journey, and when the lovely Wina was so near me? God would not permit that!"

But when at last he entered his little chamber, a new and peculiar blessedness was infused into his existence, before which all sorrow seemed to vanish away. A new emotion is more deeply felt in a familiar place. Wina's glance beneath the waterfall illumined his whole existence with the golden beam of morning, and made all the dewy blossoms of life glisten beneath its light. Many things about him had now become, in a wholly new sense, his own. The park below, in whose alleys he had once seen her walking — Raphaela in the same house, who was her friend — these now, with the avarice of a miser, had become the inmates of his own breast. Even the romance he was writing, appeared to him altogether new. He could scarcely recognize again his pictures of a loving heart; for this evening he first understood what he could lately have wished to express. Never could a passionate author have found a more intelligent reader than himself to-day.

He immediately began to construct for himself a

cabinet of favorite pictures, for the representation of the scenes in which Wina might be engaged this very evening. — Perhaps at the theatre, or in the Leipsic gardens, or in a select musical party. Then he painted the scenes in glowing colors, merely for his own delight, — that to-day she might be at Gluck's Iphigenia in Tauris. Afterwards he made blissful poems about her, and then held these papers, full of the thoughts of Paradise, in the flame of the tallow candle, and consumed them wholly; for he thought, "I cannot understand by what right I may, without her permission, reveal so much respecting her to paper, or even to myself."

As he went to bed he determined to have the same dream as Wina. "Who can forbid me," he said, "to visit her dreams, or even sometimes to lend or inspire them? Is sleep then more reasonable than waking hours? Ah! might she only in its wild illusions, imagine that we were standing together beneath the waterfall; that united in gentle bonds, we were floating away, swimming, folded in each others arms, upon its flowing waves of burnished gold; that we were rushing with the waves to our death in this world, and then, transformed into divine beings, we could continue to float on in the midst of flowers and sunbeams, her wave blending into mine, and thus glide on forever! Ah, could you but thus dream, dear Wina!"

Then he saw, quite clearly and distinctly traced upon his pillow, for in that uncertain period which

precedes dreaming, the *real* fades away, and all the images of the soul become more intensely colored, and pictured forms open their dim eyes; then he saw before him, Wina, with that glance beneath the waterfall, beaming out gloriously in the dark blue of night, like the moon, which the garish day had reduced to a little cloud; and he sank into that clear eye, as a saint sinks into the eye by which God is sometimes represented. How light and evanescent is a glance, especially one that is only remembered! Scarcely is it the Alpine rose that man brings down and cherishes, as from the utmost elevation of his life! And yet the soul — the soul, clings in the midst of the infinity of worlds and planets, to the little space that an eyelid covers; to a vanishing, a scarcely discerned glance, and upon this celestial nothing rests its earthly paradise, with all its perfumed flowers, with all its waving trees! Thus are spirits; the invisible is their world, and imagination is their reality!

In the morning, sunshine and bliss lay all around him. All the blossoms of the apples of strife had fallen to the ground. The first hour of morning is of gold, the purest in the world. The rising sun takes away the dross, and leaves the virgin ore in our hearts. The dark residuum, especially that of hatred, is removed. He who loves, forgives, at least, when he rises in the morning. Walt asked himself how he could have been so angry with his brother the

day before, at the very time of their meeting again after their separation? "Ah, my poor brother," he continued, "for he has no beloved one, whose glance rests in his heart like its central fire." And he went on to place himself, according to his instincts, which always forced him into the soul of another, from thence to take his survey — he placed himself therefore in his brother's place; considering that he knew nothing, (namely, of the waterfall,) that he meant it all in kindness, at least towards himself, and had only acted with a little imperious harshness.

In this temper of mind, he resolved to go to his brother, not to say a word about the subject of discord, but to take again that hand which had so long been united with his own, and talk calmly of other things, especially of what he should do next, in order to secure the inheritance. Vult had left town. A note for Walt was fastened to the door.

"Dearest, I departed early this morning, in order to blow the flute at my promised concert in Rosenhof. In future I shall work much more diligently. At present I do too little for our *double romance;* especially as I really do nothing at all. It does not help us that I love better to talk, swimming along in a swiftly running stream, than to write. But this is not well, either for literature or for profit. In schools, the same master answers for writing and arithmetic; on the other hand, an excellent writer of books is seldom a good accountant. Unfortunately, I am neither the one nor the other, and yet I am in want of money.

Adieu, V. H."

"My poor, persecuted brother," said Walt. "Now he must go and play on the flute for the money that he so thoughtlessly sported away into my hands. Why should I always fall so heavily upon his good heart?" And Walt made the serious resolution, never again, as had sometimes happened, to give way to his stormy and impetuous temper.

But Rosenhof (the residence of Wina) diffused a serene light upon every thing, and, as it were, consecrated the flute-player; whom he saw in imagination, walking through its dewy meadows, in the reflected splendor of the brilliant morning sunshine.

Walt recommenced his business as a notary with more courage than before, as his employment steadily increased, while he drew near the end of the labors which he hoped would secure to him the inheritance. It was to him perfectly indifferent, so joyfully did his heart rest in his bosom, for what he drew an instrument, whether for the succession of a court preacher, or the ownership of an old oil-cask, or even to determine the result of a *wager*. His thoughts were always at the house of the general, or at the waterfall, or at Leipsic, and it was quite indifferent to him, for indeed he did not give his thoughts to what he transcribed as a public Imperial notary.

Thus brilliantly illumined by the after-summer of the heart, he passed from September to October, in which month he was to lay before the executors of Kable's will, the account of his notary business, and all that he had done to entitle him to the inherit-

ance. Upon this subject he felt no anxiety, for Wina's eye had kindled so fervid a glow about his heart, that the fountain of life, thus kept warm, defied all the outward coldness of destiny.

Lucas, his father, had sent him many *copies* of his own *original* letters, that the Schulze had indeed in his possession, because in manuscript letters, the copy is far more legible than the original, and together with these, his anxiety about the backwardness of the notary, and his indifference regarding the conditions of the inheritance. The repetition of the same ideas, dried up and withered as they were, that choked the expansion of any new and fresh ones, was a severe trial to Walt, and he wished for nothing so much as the old freedom, the power of thinking of a hundred things at any time. "Why then is the mistaken path of life so vexatious?" "Because it stretches forever before us," he answered, "with the wearying and worn-out ideas of the withered path itself, till we again catch and enter the right one. The common miseries of life give us less pain at their birth, than during their formation, and the *real* day of sorrow is ever twenty-four hours sooner than others."

The first step that Walt took upon the appointed morning, the step that led him to the council-chamber, made him a different man; the event was already passed, for him, when it was decided upon. He came too early, but waited very cheerfully in the ante-room, composing a *Streckvers*, with all the

warmth that the season admitted, upon some well-designed groups in bas-relief upon the cold stove in the council-chamber. As the privy council were still in session, Walt had time for some associated ideas; whether, for instance, a whole romance, especially a comic one, might not be conceived and arranged out of the stucco-work of a stove. Thus a man, before an important crisis in his life; (but not a woman before a ball,) before a battle, a coronation, a duel, or a suicide, can poetize, jest, or sleep.

At length the Pfalzgraf Knoll, as advocate of the disinherited heirs of the Kable estate, came in, and all went on before the Mayor Kuhnold.

Never could Walt have believed that he could feel so light-hearted in a council-chamber. He could have balanced himself upon the stamen of a lily; but he soon fell from his lily to the earth, when the advocate brought forth, and supported, the proposition, "that this publicly sworn notary had hitherto managed his business most absurdly." That he had firstly, and scondly, made two abbreviations in one instrument. *Thirdly*, that he had not only executed an instrument in the night, but also with two kinds of ink, (Flitt's will upon the tower,) but, fourthly, with one candle instead of three; fifthly, he had made one erasure; sixthly, he had not recorded that he was expressly desired to prepare the will; also, in the seventh place, he had omitted to mention the hour; eighthly, the petition of N. N. against N. N. was tied with a dark brown instead of a yellow rib-

bon, such as the protocol required. Ninthly, he had neglected to cause the house servants to acknowledge the duty they had formerly sworn to their master, by the giving of hands, at the same time that he showed them the act of dismission; in the tenth place, he had mistaken the day of the month in a bill of exchange; and eleventhly, and lastly, he had not scrupled to draw up an instrument on the 31st of September, a day that had no existence. After this, he was asked point blank, what he had to say in reply. "I know nothing myself about it," Walt answered, "I rely therefore much more upon the memory of the opposite party than on my own. But as to the affair of the family witnesses, I hold it as arbitrary, and even impossible, to take away or give them back their duties, by a mere word from my mouth."

To this Mr. Kuhnold replied, "that his reason was rather a noble, than a legal one," and referred it to Mr. Fiscal Knoll. "Nothing could be more absurd," was his answer, and he threw out ten or twenty unmeaning, empty words, in order to hasten what was already understood would take place at this time, the opening of the secret articles, by the principal executor of the will.

Before Kuhnold did this, he declared to the Pfalzgraf, that lawyers did not universally require three candles for drawing up contracts in the evening, and desired, as Knoll insisted upon his own position, merely the *promtuarum juris* of Hemmel or Müller

as the nearest proof, to be taken from the shelf. The library of the council-chamber did not go beyond the 4th volume, and was destitute, as most public libraries are, of a catalogue. Knoll adhered to what he had asserted ; Kuhnold, on his part, did not give up, but proceeded to read the tariff of penalties — namely, that for *every legal* error in his office of notary, the young Harnish should forfeit to each of the seven heirs a fir-tree in the Kable woods. As he had fallen into ten sins, without the disputed question of the candles, these ten, multiplied by the seven torments, demanded at one blow the sacrifice of seventy trees ; so that the light the little forest would gain thereby, fell darkly upon Walt.

" Ah ! " said Walt, throwing out both his arms, " what is to be done ? " He knew well how to console himself for all the accidents of life ; like the boot-maker, who brings to his customer a pair of new boots, if they are too small, he says they will soon stretch ; if they are too large, the dampness will soon draw them in — thus thought Walt. — " *This*," he said, " enlightens me — now I can make out all my notary instruments without the fretting embarrassment of these secret mysterious articles." But the Fiscal Knoll soon turned the poetical and divine nectar of his heart into a vapid and heavy vinegar, by insisting, without being in the least degree turned from his point by the acquisition of his fire-wood, upon his protestations in regard to the three candles. The *presence*, even, of a person who

has a fixed dislike to one, oppresses and constrains a loving spirit, like the heavy atmosphere of a thunder-storm, whose real shock disturbs us less than its approach. Mortified, even by Kuhnold's gentle reproof, which spoke of such venial, almost unavoidable errors, as if they were unpardonable, he went home, where he already anticipated Vult's jests and his father's reproaches.

The first thing he did in the house was to spring out of it. The beautiful, tranquil heights of the October nature invited him to escape from his father, and his severe judgment; for he was quite sure the justice would pick up every fragment of the broken jar of fortune, to throw upon his devoted and unlucky head.

While standing upon a little peaceful height opposite the Kable forest, and employed in changing, by a poetical imagination, the salutary *miserere* of fate into a musical one, he plainly saw, that already several of the heirs, with experienced wood-cutters, were already surveying the bequeathed forest, in order to select and agree upon which trees each should have, for his share of the legacy. Finally, Flitt cantered into the wood, at the head of a wood-cutting gang, with axes, saws, and measuring-rods in their hands. "It is right, after all," thought Walt, "that I should in some way, however feebly, express my gratitude to the kind-hearted Flitt, for his selection of me as his heir, were it even by my mistakes. May he have much pleasure, without any malice, by his acquisition of fire-wood."

Walt's satisfaction at the loss of his trees was somewhat embittered, when he saw the old magistrate, Lucas, striding out of town towards the wood, and bearing the crown and sceptre of martyrdom. Lucas, when he entered the forest, ran hither and thither, asked questions about the trees that were marked to be felled, objected to every one, without any right to do so, and flew, like an itinerant forest-tribunal, to each bush, to every saw and axe, while the desert of his face became every moment, upon the arrival of every succeeding heir, drier than the Arabian desert. Then he looked up despairingly, at every noble tree that came under the axe, and could accomplish nothing, but the assertion of his right to direct the way in which the tree should fall, so as not to injure the underwood.

Walt looked on piteously. Easily as he had hitherto changed the dark colors of fate into imaginary picture colors, still he could not, because the presence of his father disturbed him, transform this wood-cutting into anything poetical. He waited till his father had gone; then he could not even turn his eyes towards the most beautiful sunset, that glowed in the west, but was lost in the consideration of which of the required duties, that would be most agreeable to his father, he should now enter upon, in order to secure the inheritance. He missed the flute-player, who might have helped him to a decision. At length he chose that, which could be accomplished in the shortest time, namely, the seven days sojourn with one of the heirs.

This condition is mentioned in clause 6th of the Testament, where it is required, that the heir, acording to the requisitions of the will, must live with one of the gentlemen who are associated in the will, and fulfil for the time being, (unless inconsistent with honor,) all the wishes of his patron.

So simple a task, and for so short a time, Walt fondly hoped to accomplish with some cleverness, and even with dexterity, so that his brother, when he returned, should not be able to detect either great faults, or small errors.

After the choice of the *duty*, he must decide to which of the heirs he should first propose his services. From a sense of gratitude, he selected for his first weekly residence Mr. Newpeter, under whose roof he had dwelt since he came to the city. "He requires from me," he said, "some favor and gratitude."

No. 50. *A worn-out justice-robe.*

CHAPTER XIX.

GENTEEL LIFE.

In the morning Walt had prepared the most eloquent address, with which he was to present himself before Newpeter. The latter received him in his office, where he was sitting before a lighted candle, with his seal at his lips, wetting it before he sealed his dispatches, and at the same time saying, "it was *post-day.*"

Walt, who had really come to take leave of him, pronounced behind his back a speech of much tenderness and gratitude; when Newpeter, having finished his letters, and snuffed out his candle, turned round with the question, "What do you want?" Alas, the whole discourse had vanished from the notary's mind.

No one can repeat the same speech twice over. In his haste, he could only give out a faint pencil-sketch of what he had said before. The court-agent however, merely requested him not to disturb people with such absurdities.

Walt had supported all the errors of his office as a notary, far better than he could this blow, of having the door of the person in whose house he had lived,

thus thrust against him. To confer honor upon any one, by offering his services for a week, never occurred to him; but if there were any good, but poor devil among the heirs, whom he could accommodate by sharing with him, rather the bread of repentance than that of heaven, he would go to him. The said poor devil had long been present to his mind,—namely, Flitt from Alsatia. Walt resolved to go to the Nicholas tower; but he offered with much diffidence the proposal of his first week of service and trial.

The Alsatian embraced him most joyfully, and declared, that as he was wholly restored, and no longer required fresh air, he would leave the tower that very day. "I will hire," he said, "for our use, a couple of beautifully-furnished rooms, in the *Caffatier Fraisse*. Ah! there we will live *comme il faut*." Walt was but too happy.

In less than half an hour, Flitt had packed everything in and out, and adorned the passages of the lodgings that he left, as well as those he entered, with his goods and chattels, like a spider spinning his threads, which consisted of locks of hair taken for remembrance, and billet-doux, from one door to the other. He ventured now to descend from the tower that had been his Bastile, or the frontier castle of his creditors, down to an unfortified coffee-house; partly, because he had inherited his own testament,—namely, the credit of it,—and partly from the share which Walt's errors, when he made his own will, had

given him, viz. the ten fir trees in the Van der Kable forest. It has already been mentioned with what a retinue he went through that wood, sown with the stony harvest of faults, to crack and pick out the kernels for himself.

Walt departed upon this most beautiful morning in autumn, half sadly, from his hermitage. It seemed to him that his room, without himself, would be wearisome and empty, especially his chair; but when he entered his new lodgings in the *Caffatier Fraisse*, and his eyes fell upon the splendid furniture, the long mirrors in which the guests were reflected at full length, the glass drops, hanging like diamonds from the girandoles, he was astonished and terrified. Flitt smiled. Walt wished to be an economist, — especially where others were concerned, — and that the Alsatian had hired such a palace, confounded and displeased him. He feared the expense was incurred on his account, not knowing that Flitt belonged to those spendthrifts who, like the German emperor, swear to leave nothing for posterity; neither kingdom nor estate, and, like the Athenian servants of their country, bequeath to it only their fame, and their debts.

Walt drew out, without hestitation, from the old purse of Kable the gold pieces appropriated to the payment of this week of service, and placed them upon the table with these words, "I wish they were more, but this is the appropriation of my benefactor." Few men have been more roughly put to the

question than was Walt, when Flitt upon this asked him, "was he not, then, in the devil's name, his *own* guest."

There was now a still more difficult point to settle; namely, the object of the testator in appointing this week's residence in the house of one of the heirs. "It is naturally difficult," Walt said, "in these costly and cheerful rooms, and in your society, to think of anything so juristical as the clauses of the testament; I could sacrifice my own interest, but not my obligation to my parents, and I must pray you, although with reluctance, to tell me the design of this expense, that I may commit no error — indeed, it is more difficult for me to ask, than it will be to act."

The Alsatian could not immediately enter into his delicate scruples. "Bah!" he said, "what is there then to be sacrificed? We will talk and dance together. Old Kable has nothing to do with that."

"Speak and dance," said the baffled Walt, "and together? I can only say, Herr Flitt, that it opens an unlimited prospect of errors, for one or both of us. But—"

"*Sacre!* Why, then, are we so precise? Will any man upon this earth pretend that he is going to run to the long-nosed burgomaster, and tell him how we have enjoyed ourselves?"

They breakfasted together, talking gaily over their affairs. The long windows and glasses filled the room with a splendid light, while the cool blue sky

smiled upon them. Walt became aware that, for the first time in his life, he was living in aristocratic luxury. Flitt read aloud two insertions that he had prepared for the Imperial Advertiser. In the first, he demanded of the general paymaster of the army, nine hundred and sixty thalers, for wine, to be paid within six months, if he did not wish to be posted in the Royal Advertiser. The other contained a little more uncolored truth, viz., that he desired a partner with twenty thousand thalers, to join him in the wine trade. Walt was delighted that the good-humored rogue could command so much coin, and raise this gilded lightning-rod of life so high in the air.

Flitt asked, "Tell me truly, if you see no faults of style in these little things. I wrote them in a moment."

Walt answered, that the smaller an insertion was, so much greater was the difficulty; that he could much easier himself, work out a whole sheet for the press, than such a twenty-fourth part of one.

He now untied before Walt, whose honest applause and simple confidence had penetrated his heart with an agreeable warmth, a bundle of love-letters to *himself*, in which his heart and his style were very much commended. Flitt had received the packet for safe keeping from a young Parisian. Walt could scarcely cease expressing his admiration at the eloquence of the fair writer, so that at last the Alsatian nearly believed the letters *were* written to himself. Walt did this partly to avoid speaking of love; for

like an inexperienced youth he thought love should dwell behind the cloister-grate of the heart, or, at least, in the cloister garden. He said only, generally, "love, like incense, both are so pure, will penetrate the heaviest air, and the densest cloud.

Flitt went still further, and showed his guest the most delicate love madrigals that he had had printed in centissimo. They were little leaves of verses taken from French confectionary, whose plagarism he betrayed, by saying, he had eaten the binding.

Why do the Germans leave to the French the advantage of a sweet and spicy *envelope* for their *poetry*, while, on the contrary, *our* sugar and drugs are packed and concealed *within*, is a question one might ask, if this was a place for an answer.

Over every enjoyment, either of taste or appetite, that man benevolently prepares for another, hangs the chance of exception; but for the enjoyment of praise, the ear and the heart is open at every season, and every hour; we say to ourselves, "Praise is air; the only thing that we can, and must perpetually swallow." It was so with Flitt. Newly refreshed, he drew Walt into the streets, to give him in his turn some enjoyment. As his old creditors hunted him as zealously as his new, he had learned the maxim of the Romans, which, after Montesquieu, was to carry the war as far as possible from home. Thus he was rarely at his lodgings. Both walked through the environs, and Walt was very happy. Then, Flitt would show him the city. He had a passing

word to say to every one. He nodded to the daughters of the houses, as they sat in morning dresses, sewing at the windows, and after, without further question, wafted a kiss within; a degree of ease, which Walt thought only some favorite of French society could reach. Did a gentleman canter by, Flitt sent a word after the horse. Was there a carriage ready at a door, he paused till the travellers entered, and then called out, that he should soon follow them into the country. Walt was presented to every one, and spoke many times. He went with Flitt to the postmaster, that he might ask his usual question about the non-arrival of his Marseilles letters; and explained to the clerk a difficult French superscription, whereby Walt honestly praised his accent and pronunciation. It would be difficult to believe, that they afterwards made so many visits, if we were not quite sure it was so. After visiting the bobbin, the lace, and the carpet manufactories, they went from thence to the boarding school for young ladies, with which Vult had made his brother well acquainted.

Flitt could not be approached in the fluency of his compliments to the young girls; but it was enough for Walt merely to *look* at these beds of spiritual lilies, so close together that one foot-print seemed to tread on the heel of another. "Ah, ye dear ones," he said in his heart, their voices were so gentle and affectionate, (are women ever otherwise?) "ah, ye

dear ones, in the midst of the impure life of the world, where all the streams are foul, ye live separated, and filled with your own purity. In the salt ocean, ye are a little island where fresh water may be found."

When they came out, they found spread upon a golden salver light cakes, rolls, and confectionary. This salver, a present from an old king, was twice a year polished and ornamented, and carried into the market-place to be admired; but always under the guard of a small company of foot-soldiers, to protect it from the careless hands of the common children.

From the boarding school for young ladies they went to the *Marchande des Modes*, and were surrounded with the splendor of female costumes and fashions.

Never had Walt passed so gay, so delightful a morning. One Pegasus after another had been harnessed to his small triumphal car, and had borne him onward. He looked upon Flitt's life as a perpetual dance, continuing from breakfast to supper; his own, he merely considered as a dance upon the present wave of life, and he enjoyed it more on Flitt's account than his own. He enjoyed, indeed, so much in Flitt himself, that he thought him inspired with his own spirit. The sun-inspired aroma from the Alsatian fell upon him as a poetical fructifying farina, and, as he walked by his side, he made upon him the following epitaph.

"EPITAPH UPON THE ZEPHYR.

"Upon the earth I sported and played; sometimes with the flowers, sometimes with the blossoming branches, and sometimes even I aspired to play with the little sailing clouds. In the land of shadows, also, I shall flutter about the funereal flowers, and sport in the shades of Elysium. Stay not, wanderer! but hasten on in joy, and play as I do."

About one o'clock, Flitt brought him into the neighborhood of the court. "We are going," he said, "into the *Champs-élisées*, there to take a *déjeûner dinatoire*." These, so called Elysian fields had been formerly a royal garden, and had opened the way to other public gardens in the country. As they walked on, they met with warning tablets, excluding children and dogs, and at length found everything forbidden. Even in paradise itself, were never so many forbidden trees, and prohibitions against touching fruit or flowers; and upon all the paths bloomed above, or grew beneath, prison diplomas.

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They both took their *déjeûner dinatoire*, of morning bread and morning wine, in a gay, open kiosk, not far from the house of the gardener. Walt was beyond measure delighted. The ascending and descending terraces, with their shadows like day and

night, with their evanescent pleasure groups, presented the appearance of a perpetual spring morning; then the little groves, out of which gay-colored summer-houses were peeping like tulips; the painted bridges and white statues; the regular lines of hedges and walks; all these filled him with an admiration that he could not express to the Alsatian in sufficiently lively colors. It was easy enough for Flitt to express *his* admiration; he sketched off his Claude Lorraine's quite courageously with one stroke and word, "Superb!" Each one has, however, his own select shade of admiration; one says, angelic! another, heavenly! the third, divine! the fourth, *Ach, der Teufel!* and so on.

Walt however said, although to himself, "This morning we have lived, or I am terribly mistaken, the true, fashionable life of people of the world. We have been exactly as in Versailles, or Fontainebleau, and *Louis quartorze* still reigning. It would be difficult to point out the difference." There had remained in Walt's mind, heaven knows from what early association, a most romantic idea of the youthful period of life, of the gallantry, the liberality, the women, and the court of the victorious Louis XIV.; so that *his* youth, with its festivities and enjoyments, hovered before his imagination as if it had been his own. Every fountain transported him to Marly; every ornamented walk to Versailles; and the wretched prints of this place, nailed upon the boundary walls, of the royal palace,

and even the little card pictures upon his writing-table, carried him upon their wings to that happy time of courts, if not of people. By these means he enjoyed in this garden a very different pleasure-arena, which has now passed away. The fantastic image of the past hung like fireworks over the real image lying before him. Flitt, fortunately, for he always sought a new companion rather than the one he was with, did him the favor of falling into discourse with the curator of the garden, and thus endowed him with a little precious solitude, in which to indulge his dreaming excursions. His forenoon had been hourly refining from pure water to the breath of zephyrs, and from this to the ether, which holds nothing in solution, and flies like light from planet to planet. He would gladly have had his brother with him. He saw again, in a brighter light, Wina's glance beneath the waterfall. He was happy, he scarcely knew how or why. His torch burned with a steady flame directly upwards, and no little breeze caused it to waver. He did not make a single line of poetry; it seemed to him as though he were himself *all* poetry; and he readily used, as his own, the words of another enthusiastic poet.

As he stood in this inward harmony, before a peculiar little garden, enclosed in the larger, he touched, unconsciously, a little bell. It had scarcely given one or two strokes when a portly court chamberlain,

richly dressed, came, uncovered, towards him, to open the gate for some one of the royal family. But when the courtly attendant found no one at the gate but the simple notary, he scolded the astonished bell-ringer in one of the longest speeches he had ever made; as though Walt, without cause, had sounded the tocsin of alarm.

But Walt's inward being was so lightly and firmly guarded, that nothing outward could penetrate to weigh down his aerial ship. He turned immediately back to Flitt. They went home. The great dinner bells called the town together, as, two hours later, the smaller one, would the court. They scattered Walt's romance; but he had eaten sufficiently, and did not now go to dinner.

If there be a true follower of the clock, or, rather, a clock of itself, it is the stomach. The darker and more earthly the being, the more does it know of time; as is proved by animals, children, and insane persons. It is only a spiritual nature that can forget time, for spirit alone creates it. If, then, the above-mentioned stomach, or follower of the clock, sets his dinner clock an hour too fast, or an hour too slow, he leads the spirit so far astray that it becomes romantic; for the spirit itself, with all its celestial stars, must follow these corporeal revolutions. The breakfast that had been made a dinner, threw Walt so far from the trodden path in which he had walked the last ten years, that every stroke

of the clock, the position of the sun, the whole afternoon, presented a strange and new aspect. Perhaps this changing of all time into irregular ebbs and flows, as in actual battle, makes war to the disciplined soldier a season of romantic enjoyment.

Walt now wished for society again, and he accompanied Flitt to a billiard room, where he was surprised to hear the latter count the numbers in German rather than in French. He escaped from the unmeaning spectacle, and went alone to the beautiful bank of the river. As he saw the poor people there, who on this day were permitted by the laws of the town *to fish*, although without a net, and to gather wood, although without an axe, he excused his own pleasures in observing theirs; for the thought had been tormenting him, that his pleasures to-day had been too idle and aristocratic. "I, too," he said, "have revelled too luxuriously, and have not written a word of the romance. To-morrow, I will stay at home all day." The long evening shadows on the shore, and the long, red clouds, were to him like wings that bore him along.

He traversed the dim twilight streets, prepared for all sorts of adventures, till the moon arose, and became his lunar clock. Then the confusion in his mind disappeared, and his stomach knew the hour. Backward and forward, before Wina's lighted apartment, he bore his excited heart, till there sank down

within it a silent aspiration, as if from heaven; and the earthly day was crowned by the most sacred hour of heaven.*

No. 52. *A worn out fly-catcher.*

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* The next chapter relates only the attacks of Flitt's numerous creditors, and his stratagems to elude or get rid of them. As there is much the same relation in the first volume, I have omitted it, except the last sentence, to connect the narrative with the twentieth chapter. — *Tr.*

CHAPTER XX.

PAINTING. BILL OF EXCHANGE.

In the evening of the second day, the *Caffatier Fraisse* came into their apartment, merely for the purpose of politely observing, that it was his ancient and invariable custom, to present his account every evening to his guests from the town, that they might look it over, and keep the balance.

Walt saw now, for the first time, a French or Alsatian quarrel, such as he could never have imagined, without blows. It was the rushing of a war-carriage, armed with the scythes of death, looks, oaths and fierce pantomime. At length, the money was thrown at Fraisse's feet, or rather at his head, and they prepared for their departure. With melancholy steps they went to the empty house of Dr. Hut, who was absent upon a journey. Walt only made the flame of Flitt's wrath burn more intensely, by the bellows of his peace sermon. An intervening hour was the only Epictetus (or peace-maker) for Flitt.

Gaily and lightly flew the hours, both within and without the many-roomed house of Dr. Hut, laden with honey when they returned from without. In this sunny island of innocent joy, there was no politely-vulgar

Fraisse to annoy them, no money-hunters, nor money-finders, aiming at the game enclosed by contract; none of the five classes, the Pentateuch of creditors, reminding them of the decay and consumption of life. They heard only little songs, and sounds of joy. There were many little avenues in this New Jerusalem, where they could hide from the Jews of the old, and also from Christians of the new; and Flitt could take refuge from these arsenic-kings of metal, that were a true poison to him, in some sullen corner of the house.

Walt, however, was not so blind as not to remark something of all this. "I would I were less clear-sighted," he said to himself, "when I think how gay and free-hearted the generous man is in the midst of all his difficulties, and how perfectly so he would be without these torments — for really some people need only to be rich, to be perfectly virtuous.—Then how charmingly he talks of being rich; in truth, I could see no fairer day than that in which the poor fool should find his apartment filled with bags and chests of gold. How easily would such a man be helped by the interest of the interest, of the interest of the national debt of England!" He asked why, since all classes of sufferers have their holidays, there should be none set apart for the German debtor; while in England, every Sunday is a day of rest to the persecuted ear of the debtor, as even to the damned, for according to the religion of the Jews, upon the Sabbath, the feasts of the new moon, and

the weekly hour of prayer, Hell dies away, and a soft, cool Indian summer of the past life hovers over the burning abyss.

Flitt and Walt lived on, through the week, ever more genially and lovingly together. They would rather have repeated the trial than come to the end of the week of probation. The warm, affectionate nature that surrounded Walt, like an electrical atmosphere, was something new and attractive to Flitt, so that at last he could not leave him, or go out of the house without him. Walt dwelt so much the more upon this passing time, as he felt that neither could *truly* benefit the other. Their nervous sytems had, as it were, entwined themselves together; they had become united like polypi; yet each selected and supplied himself separately with food, so that neither could receive nourishment nor support from the other.

The last day of the week of service, and of their short honey-moon, arrived. Walt avoided all last words, all sharp endings, even a parting sigh. A pianofortist belonging to Vult's musical company, had announced his return to Walt, and Dr. Hut was also expected that evening. Flitt entreated him, upon this last afternoon that they should be together, to accompany him to Raphaela's, who was to give him a short sitting, for a miniature portait, for her mother's birthday. "We three shall be superb together," he added. "When I am painting, I do not say much, and yet the face of a friend animates the countenance of

the sitter inconceivably." Although Walt did not find it very courteous to be dragged in as an exciting machine before the face of a sitter, yet he followed. He had been accustomed already, for a week, to be frequently astonished at the want of delicate and refined feeling, not only in the market-place of the city, but in the best houses, which had externally a brilliant aspect.

Raphaela smiled on both, from the top of the stairs, and led them hastily into her writing-room; here they found, already prepared, wine, ices, and cakes. A woman can more easily guess at the appetite than the heart of a man; yet, after all, she does not know what beverage to present at four o'clock in the afternoon. One servant after another looked in at the door, to ascertain and execute her wishes, and the whole domestic choir seemed to consider hers the golden rule of Saturn. The evening sun streaming fuller and fuller into the room, and the light of happiness upon each countenance, heightened the peculiar charms of the maiden, and of the situation. Flitt, was not wholly false towards Raphaela, but almost a fifth part *true*, a fifth part gallant, a fifth, kind, a fifth, selfish and avaricious, and a fifth, he knew not what. She said, much to Walt's satisfaction, "You must not flatter my face, it will be of no use, make it only so that *ma chère mère* may recognize it."

Walt secretly rejoiced that he now stood under his own hired roof, at the same time guest and tenant;

and that moreover, he felt not the least embarrassment, while the most aristocratic perfume, and the most incomprehensible furniture was in every corner. "Could I, as a peasant's son in Elterlein, have imagined such things?" he thought.

Flitt now took out his easel and brushes, and told his model, that the more freely and naturally she sat, the better it would be for the painter. She, however, might as well have been sitting at the north pole, while he took his station at the south, the likeness would have been quite as successful; being no wonderful artist, Flitt could only hit off the drapery. She, however, sat down, and put on the *sitting face*, which people always assume when their portraits are taken. The *masque noble* which is put on under such circumstances, is the coldest into which their features are ever moulded, so that the living face is much less frequently a likeness when painted, than the bust or statue.

Walt soon became full of excitement and warmth, but rather to portray himself, than to assist at the painting of another. He poured out admirably well, extracts from his last journey round the world; and insinuated among them the circumstance of having seen her friend Wina near the waterfall. Of all story-tellers, the narrators of travels are the richest and most acceptable. In the compass of a journey over one-millionth part of the world, they can bring in the whole world, and none can contradict them. Walt wished to exhibit his talent at the picturesque,

in summer and autumn painting. Flitt's portrait furnished the winter landscape. Raphaela was completely enchanted by it, but soon brought back the discourse to her friend Wina, in order to carry it on alone. She described with excessive warmth the charms of her person, and the beauty of her actions. She pointed to a small mahogany casket where her letters were deposited, and showed the so-called Wina's corner in the apartment, where she usually sat to look at the setting sun through the avenues of the park; and while thus talking, her countenance became wholly brilliant and amiable. To judge by the silent eyes of the notary, he was listening to all this, although within his silent heart he was shouting loudly, carrying on *artes semper gaudendi;* acting a comedy; pronouncing a blessing over Wina and himself; he even so far forgot himself as to sit, as it were accidentally, in Wina's corner.

Flitt could not tell how he had, all at once, reached the felicity of having, instead of the usual ennui, so much lively talk going on at the last sitting, and of getting Raphaela into such a state of enthusiasm. Walt accidentally drew back the window curtain, and the sun threw a warm tint upon Raphaela's countenance, so that she turned it aside. Flitt sprang up, showed her the picture, and asked if it were not half stolen from her beautiful eyes? "Half! Wholly!" said Walt honestly, but simply, for she might as well have sat for a likeness with the back of the head, and her steel comb towards the painter. The

Alsatian gave her, at this remark, a few kisses. They were too abrupt, and unreserved — emotions that are seen, as well as those that are described, must have, for the spectator, a sufficient motive. Walt looked hastily into the park, and then arose. "I should be a mere Satan," he thought, "if I were not willing *another* should kiss her;" and then slipped away, under the pretence of looking at the landscape, to his own room. As soon as the door was closed, Flitt turned from the beautiful lips, and began painting them again, most industriously, while Walt in his own room, said, "how must *they*, so richly blessed, be now exchanging their vows of love, and the evening sun shedding a glory upon them." The cornucopia of evening roses was overflowing with richer colors, and more profusely even, in his own mean apartment, although his small rooms, his living and his sleeping chamber, presented a strong contrast to the ornamented ones he had just left, and he measured silently the abyss that divided from them, his outward fortune. He became soft-hearted, and merely from the longing he felt, at least, to *witness* affection, he was about to go down again, when Vult hastily entered.

Upon his heart, into his heart, Walt flew. "Ah, it is so heavenly that you should have come just now!" Vult, turning away, but with a gentle voice, began (after his usual manner) to ask about the adventures of others, before telling his own. Walt related freely and gaily, the result of his notary

affairs, and the loss of the seventy trees. "It is a pity, however," said Vult, coolly, "that I am myself a spendthrift, and despise money, otherwise, I would show you from reason, conscience, history, how much and how justly I execrate my likeness to another, even to yourself. *Contempt* of money makes far more, and far better people miserable, than a too great value for riches, hence men are often made known to others *pro prodigo*, never *pro avaro*."

"Rather a full heart than a full purse," said Walt gaily, and began immediately to speak of the new condition of the will he had been fulfilling, and of the charming week with Flitt, ending with the praise of the Alsatian. "How often," he said, "in our quiet, winged, festive hours, did I wish for thee! you would have learnt to judge him less harshly — for indeed, you are hard upon him, dear brother!"

"Flitt, then, seems to you of an elevated, spiritual order, or something of that sort, and his levity merely the wings and sails of his poetical nature?" asked Vult.

"No —— I have certainly," answered Walt, "well understood the difference between his beautiful gaiety of temperament, that lives, only in the present moment, and the poetical nature, only lightly hovering over it; he enjoys, not much indeed, by reflection."

"Has he caused you to make no great mistakes in the probation week, which you selected for your-

self without foreign council, that may cost you a few more trees?"

"No," said Walt, "he has helped me to get rid of many errors in speaking French," and Walt went on to ask if Flitt had not shown him the delicacy of the language, for example, that one should seldom or never, when asking an explanation, say *comment?* but more politely, *Monsieur?* or *Madame?* Did he not clearly explain to me how stupid it is to say *porte-chaise*, when we may choose between *chaise à porteur*, and *porteurs de chaise?*"

"I do not suppose," said Vult, "that these lessons in the French language will cost you more than the remainder of the Kable forest!"

"Ah! I wish the poor fellow had fewer creditors, and more money," said Walt. "That is the rock upon which you will split," said the other. "Who *is* poor, makes poor; the ruined, ruins; were it only that he has every day to invent a new lie for the same, or another creditor. Every day, *another*, and a different have I often heard a debtor repeat to his hand-pledged creditor; and have wished myself to possess the unpremeditated poetry and music by which he plays such endless variations upon the same theme.—"

"I will let *you* finish," said Walt calmly, and, after a succession of sarcasms and reproaches from Vult, he said, "I can tell you, for I am sure of it, that the man is not so bad, and far enough from

being hard-hearted; through the poor themselves, as you say, he has become poor. I paid, but without his knowledge, and merely through sympathy with him, two tailoresses that he had employed from pure compassion, (for he required a tailor only;) but thus it always is, the unfortunate are reproached for their misfortunes."

At this, the anger of his brother broke forth. "A devilish way of proceeding," he cried. "It is like setting a house on fire in the middle of December, that the poor may divide some of the burning brands among them. None are more liberal in presents than those who hesitate not to defraud others. Nothing is more deceptive than a fair morass, where if one ventures, one sinks. Tyrants, and sentimental robbers can sing and complain like seraphims; and if there is anything hateful upon earth, it is this union of stealing and giving, of plundering and presenting."

"O God!" said Walt, "how can a mortal judge so severely? Is not a man then permitted to love and favor himself a little, when he is compelled to live the whole time with himself; to talk, to listen, to think only of himself? This perpetual companionship would at length make me indulgent to the lowest animal or devil, and almost reconcile me to their society. Who then, throughout all eternity, will take so much interest in him, as this poor devil must take in himself? I know very well what I am saying, and all the objections you would urge; but pray

tell me, if in cold blood, without the excuse of passion, you thus condemn these unfortunate men, what would be the case in a state of warm excitement, when every sentiment is exaggerated? Perhaps, like the watch of which you told me, where the pointers are true and faithful to the index in cold weather, but are expanded so much by the heat as to stop the machinery."

"Have you not been drinking?" asked Vult, "you talk so much to-day — although, indeed — very well."

At this hint, Walt invited his brother to go down and take wine with them; and to convince himself with his own ears, that the life he had passed with Flitt had not been so very contemptible. "Merely for the sake of the folly, I will do it," he said, "although I am sure the two simple citizens will get up a jubilee of vanity at the condescension of my nobility; but you, with a delicacy that cannot be appreciated, will know how to excuse me."

"Herr Von Harnish," said Walt, as he introduced him, "found me in my chamber, and I could not more delightfully express my satisfaction at his visit, than by imparting it, at the same moment, to him, and to you, Mademoiselle!" He threw in this excuse so lightly; and, partly from the effect of Flitt's polishing-wheel, that the wine had helped to oil, moved so easily about the apartment, that Vult, although secretly angry, could but laugh. Our own vanity is not wonderfully complacent the first time

a man, whom we have hitherto, through that very vanity looked upon as helpless, helps himself, or surpasses us.

Vult was very courteous; talked of painting and sitting; praised Flitt's miniature, as, in point of art, apparently a likeness, although in point of color, the face presented only the flush and pallor of fever; and thus allured his brother on to the expression of sincere praise, and, as he thought, of flattering tenderness in the words, "that Raphaela was not indeed far from Raphael."

They attacked the flute-player warmly about his music, then fell quickly upon his blindness, and inquired very anxiously about the present state of his eyes. Vult cut them short with the remark, *that* was merely one of his jokes, and is past. "Herr Notary, how can we both stand so idle, without helping on the painting? Cannot one of us read aloud, and I will blow the accompaniment? Is there nothing there? How often in my travels have I seen people sitting for their portraits, who have been immediately elevated, and all the countenance unfolded, as it were, by music; for nothing so expands the physiognomy into that fair life that the painter can seize upon, as the reading of something exciting, that can be accompanied with music."

Raphaela said she should receive most gratefully the double gift of declamation and music. Vult seized upon an *Almanac of the muses* that was lying near, turned over the leaves, and said, "he must

complain, that in all the late musical annuals, as in the works of Jean Paul, the serious contrasted too severely with the comic; but perhaps with the flute he might draw harmony from these discords;" and reaching the book to Walt, he desired him to read an elegy, and then to go on without pause, to a satirical epistle, and a drinking song.

They were suddenly interrupted by a very different discord, of four feet in height, that politely, with hat in hand, entered the apartment. It was the travelling clerk of the merchant in Marseilles, with whom Flitt had long been connected, who presented him a bill of exchange which had become due.

Flitt instantly lost the color he had lent to Raphaela's portrait, and was a moment silent, when it returned in a richer glow, as he asked the clerk, "why he presented the bill so late in the day upon which it became due?"

The clerk smiled, and answered, "that he had sought him in vain, much to his own inconvenience, for he must depart the moment the note was paid." Flitt drew him aside for only one word, but in the midst of that word the stranger returned, shrugging his shoulders, with the remark, "that the Saxon laws with regard to debtors were good in Haslau." Rather would Flitt have been sent to the place of condemned spirits, for *there*, at least, is good society, than into the hermitage of a prison; and he strode without a very composed countenance, up and down the room, murmuring short interjections, and low curses. At

last he whispered a few words in French in Raphaela's ear. She requested the clerk to have patience, till she received an answer to the little note she was writing to her father, praying for his security.

Flitt sat down again gaily, to paint, but this pride was only the foil, of which the clerk possessed the true jewel. Walt fluttered as anxiously about his cage, as Flitt did within it, and followed all the motions of the imprisoned bird. Vult, meantime, observed sharply the travelling clerk. "Have I not seen you before," he said, "in the environs of Spalletto, from whence, it is well known, the ancient Romans brought their sacrificial animals, on account of their color, of pure white?" "I was never there," he answered; "I travel merely to the north. My name indeed is Italian, for my grandparents were of that country." "He is called Mr. Paridisi," said Flitt.

At last came Newpeter's answer. Flitt looked eagerly with Raphaela into the open note. "I believe thou art intoxicated! Thy father, P. N." Deeply wounded, Raphaela cast her eyes to the earth. Paridisi stepped politely before her, and besought her forgiveness for interrupting her, and her friends in the precious hour consecrated to painting; "but Herr Flitt," he added, "is in fact somewhat to blame." "O, *sabre!* how am I?" he asked. "You will return this way from the north?" asked Raphaela, "and when?" "In six months, from Petersburg." She looked at him, and then at Walt, with most beseeching eyes. "Herr Paridisi, I will ven-

ture a word with you," she said. "The army paymaster, who has had services from Herr Flitt, must then have paid him; will you not then accept of bail, till your return, noble Signor? Mr. Harnish," she said, and drew Walt into her sleeping apartment.

"Only one word, Herr Notary!" cried Vult. "*Immediately*," Walt answered, and followed Raphaela.

"Ah! good Harnish!" she began, in a low voice, "I beseech you, even with tears. I know you have a noble heart, and that you love poor Flitt so truly; for I am assured of it from himself,—and he deserves it. He would go through the fire for a friend. With these tears I—" but the deafening sound of the drum, for new recruits to the army, compelled her, reluctantly, to be silent.

During the noise, Walt took her white, wax-like hand, and looked into her large, round, tearful eyes, that he might, if possible, guess her wishes. "With joy, I would do *all*—everything," he cried, charmed by the perfumed cabinet, now full of evening sunlight, with the group of Love and Psyche, and gilded time-pieces, over which genii hovered, "*all*, knew I only what."

"Your security for Flitt," she began, "else he must this very day—go to prison," she added. Here in Haslau there is not a man that will give him either credit or bail; not even my dear father. Oh!

were my Wina here! or had I only my pin-money again! *

"Herr Notary Harnish," cried Vult from the painting-room, "you are wanted here."

"I am, in fact, most happy," said Walt, "to be able to do what you desire," and took the hands she had raised. "These valuable toys, also, upon the table, did you make these for children?" "Ah! I would rather that I had the money they cost," she answered.

"With what sentiments," said Walt, "I shall give my security to Mr. Paridisi (for I shall become bail for Flitt), I need not express to you in this chamber; trust in me." She started back from an almost half embrace, offered by herself, pressed Walt's hand, and led him joyously back to the company, whom she informed of all. The travelling clerk was profuse and earnest in his thanks to the lady, but delicately insinuated the question, who would answer for the security being paid? She wrote hastily a petition to her father, whom the clerk had long known to be firm and solid, that the bail should be secured upon Walt's future inheritance. Paridisi departed, kissing her hand, and promising another visit.

Vult now asked the notary, in a friendly manner,

* This term, in German, is not applied, merely to the money allowed to a wife, but to any money appropriated to a young lady's personal expenses.

to go with him, for one moment, to his own chamber. Upon the stairs, he cried out, "Heaven! hell! are you mad? Open the door! quick! Hasten, I beseech you. Oh, Walt! what have you done in that sleeping chamber? The lock will not turn — there is a crumb in the keyhole — knock it out. Is man then eternally a dog, that he must be forever watched? What have you done in that chamber? Another folly? a repetition of thyself? But thus thou art! always, everywhere the same! Thank God! the key turns." The room was open.

"I am completely astonished — " Walt began. "You did not observe," Vult continued, "that all was a snare of Satan, by which they would make you responsible for the bail, ensnare you into the stocks, and, according to that foolish article in the will, make you pay interest as long as you sit there." * "I fear nothing," said Walt. "You hope, indeed, that the old merchant has already cut off your credit, and that they will not take your security?" "Heaven forbid!" said Walt. "Then you will be his bail?" "By heaven! yes!"

The flute-player sank down upon a chair, as if stunned, and stared straight before him; resting his hands upon his upraised, right-angled knees, murmuring to himself, in a low tone, "Now God have

* In the ninth clause of the will, it is said, that day's journeys, and the time passed in prison, *cannot* be deducted from the season of probation.

pity, if he will! This is the vintage that I gather; and, after all my hurrying exertions to be here, the devil manages as he pleases! This is the result of my forced marches, sometimes before, sometimes behind, like a provost of the army, suffering every inconvenience. I swear, I had rather a thousand times take the sailors from a wreck, in the midst of a storm, with a rope tied to their beards, than be tormented with a poet, who disarranges and spoils all reasonable plans. I had rather mount the Brocken, the very last of the corpse bearers, supporting the tail of the procession, than follow a poet up and down through all his whims. This honest brother of mine, who is not, indeed, wholly a fool, believes a poet inferior to these thievish villains, who surround and tread upon him, as the potter upon the clay."

"I wish to understand you," said Walt, in a very serious tone; for the most indulgent spirit may, at last, become severe against one who always judges men with severity or injustice.

"As I said before," continued Vult, "*that* can the poet *not* do. In vain does a favorite twin-brother ride after him, as Suwarrow rode after a Cossack; it is of no use, he only exhibits his folly, and that to the whole world."

"To believe in humanity," Walt replied, "to trust in another as in one's-self, through one's own heart to know and esteem a stranger, is all that concerns my honor and life. The devil take the rest! How? greater men, in greater dangers, have trusted

others, both in life and in death. An Alexander has drunk the apparently poisoned cup, while his physician was reading the letter that accused him of treachery; and should I not believe in the warm tears of a benevolent girl? No! I would rather take this staff, which is indeed a beggar's staff, and let it go with me as far as my feet can bear me—"

"No beggar can go farther," said Vult, "but you interrupted me. Once more, patience, brother! You would sacrifice, with perfect indifference, father, mother, twin-brother, *all*, to people of whom—I will say no more; reflect upon all; seventy notarial trees already felled! such an unexpected linking of so many chains with so many of your errors upon that journey to Rosenhof! and, in fact, to-day you are excited through the wine — but to conclude, you hovered, with the wings of the falcon and the kite, about the affianced heart of the sitter, and made use of the wretched pencil of the bridegroom as a decoy bird; you! mocking-bird and bird of prey in one! Ah, now you blush!* What signify Raphaela's tears? believe me, *women have deeper sorrows than those at which they weep.*"

"God! how much more melancholy then!" cried Walt. "Women and millers," continued Vult, "hold secret vents, with which to reduce their corn to meal, while others toil at the grinding."

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* Vult's error, that Walt is in love with Raphaela, begins here.

"On my own account," said Walt, "I gave a lady my word. I shall keep it. And I thank God, that he has given me an opportunity to show the confidence one should cherish in man, if he would not lose his own self-respect. Should it even happen — suffer me to go on, for I could not speak more truly — should it even happen, that I am deceived, and my faith in man should perish, and wounded love bleed, I should rejoice that *I only* had received, and not given the wound. I am decided to give bail to Flitt. My father's anger — but how can he, in his village, understand my relations here? My mother's scorn; imprisonment, want—all may come! I shall keep my word. You are angry. It is well! I am bail, and shall go down!"

Vult kept his temper, surprised as he was, and thrown out of the saddle by Walt's bolting and curvetting, who, like the generous steed, became the more obstinate, the more he was spurred and driven. "You go!" he said, "I beseech you now, with perfect calmness, reflect upon what you are doing. Go not, like a bewildered bird, directly into the snare! Turn back, I beseech thee, brother!"

"And did I go to prison, also, I must keep my word," he said.

"*There* you will become gray; I cannot help it," said the other; "and I would not resist it, if the clearest reason and consent supported your right to do so. But, that those villains should triumph! And in the end it will be known that we are related; and

I shall be so cursedly laughed at, as one of *us!* Friend! brother! listen! devil!" But he went. "Oh, thou true lefter!" * cried the flutist, glowing with anger: "yet I will follow, and see you scatter the winter seed, that will yield a splendid summer harvest of thistle-heads for chaffinches!"

As they entered the room below they found the betrothed lovers alone, much to Vult's displeasure, who had lengthened his business above, to induce delay, that the travelling clerk might have come and gone. Walt's face glowed with excitement, and his voice trembled, while he cast anxious glances at Vult, as though entreating him not to be rude. But, contrary to all his expectations, the flute-player had become a true flute; he looked on with easy indifference, and spoke in a refined and calm voice. "Ah! continue to paint," he said to Flitt, "and upon this occasion, each can sing his own song, upon his own penitential text; some of us possess whole psalm-books of them. I have myself, in this very collection, the three men in the fiery furnace, all on one key, which I could, upon this occasion, play in the most expressive manner, if it would serve to divert us.

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At this moment, Signor Paridisi opened the door. He entered cheerfully, and after throwing a polite glance towards Walt, thanked Raphaela very ex-

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* In Elterlein, a subject of the nobleman.

pressively for her letter to her father. He immediately took the security offered by Walt. Rarely had the latter been more happy, and at the same time more unhappy. Vult's parodies and cynical remarks, which had seemed to the others mere absurdities, were to him bitter satires; while it gave him a new pleasure to be the succor and protecting guardian to the others. The business of the exchange was coolly and completely effected before Vult's eyes, although he was secretly surprised, and angry at the ease with which one thing succeeded another. Powerful men, like him, are not easily reconciled to the strength of others, or its consequences; because, perhaps, every one has more to fear, than to hope from others.

As soon as the business was completed, the flute-player took a very courteous leave from the company, especially from Walt. The latter did not follow him, but asked Flitt if he would not spend the few hours that remained of his week of probation in his own apartment. Flitt joyfully assented. Raphaela pressed, gratefully, her own soft hand into Walt's. He went back into his quiet apartment. As he crossed the threshold, he felt as if he should burst into tears; but whether of joy, or sorrow, or from the excitement of the wine, he knew not. At length, he forgot even his anger.

No. 53. *Kreuzstein. Stone with a cross upon it.*

CHAPTER XXI.

SORROWS OF YOUNG WALT. WINTER QUARTERS.

THE notary for one long night could neither sleep, nor love his brother; but anger was with him only a dream, and the reasons for not quarrelling, arising every night before him, warmed him in such measure, that if Vult had ventured to visit his bed, he had been capable of saying, "I can speak with thee now, brother; but seat thyself, not upon the sharp frame of the bed, but more upon my pillow." He thought the faculty of inflicting martyrdom, even upon such men as Flitt and himself, both incomprehensible and unpardonable. He had often attempted, when reflecting upon the history of the world, to place himself in imagination, among those powerful men of granite and glacier nature, who cheerfully shine on, and prosper in the midst of the hatred of a whole court and nation; but it was in vain, he could never succeed in such characters. It would have been as easy for him to have given himself a heart of marble, by swallowing a statue. A human face instantly touched his soul, and did it appear on the chrysalis of a night butterfly, or upon a child's doll, he could not have coldly injured either.

He arose from his bed, and looked out upon the smoothly-shorn harvest day. He would, as he was accustomed to do, indulge, and not repress that secret emotion, love, but he found nothing to love. He reflected therefore upon his causes for anger, that he might place himself in his true position. A heart that is full of love can forgive all severity towards itself, but not towards another; to pardon the first is a duty, but to pardon injustice towards another, is to partake of its guilt.

He took, therefore, the weary path to the council-house, there, as hitherto, to receive cheerfully the penalty for his sins and mistakes, in his probation week with Flitt. That mocking-bird, his yesterday's bird of ill omen, for he possessed nothing upon earth but time, was already there, together with Pasvogel, the bookseller. Walt looked at the Alsatian with an eye as full of welcome, as if the latter had been bound for him. Never had he been capable of throwing a glance of purgatory upon the innocent instrument that had kindled it for him; he preferred rather to remain alone there, and show others how to avoid the fire.

Herr Kuhnold opened the secret regulation tariff upon the seventh clause. It was, in fact, therein ordered, that for every Germanized French word, that Flitt upon oath would testify the heir had used during his week of probation, the possession of the inheritance should be delayed one day. Flitt immediately answered, "that he knew no one who possessed so fine an organ for the French language, or so

beautiful a caligraphy for writing it, as Herr Walt; and that he recollected no important fault." Walt endeavored to take his hand, and said, "How delightful it is to me that you prove yourself such as I thought you. But my joy is more disinterested than it appears."

The chief executor was rejoiced for once to wish him joy. The bookseller also, who asked him, what would be his next choice in the probation ordained by the will?

It is unfortunate for this history, that the world does not know the sixth clause of the will by heart; beginning, "*a mere joke it may appear to the heir*," for upon this, as the chief pillar, the whole structure stands. Walt knew it well, and the bookseller best of all. But Walt, in that soul intoxication, derived from a sense of rectitude in not having erred in the good opinion he cherished towards Flitt, could not immediately read the directions of the will. Passvogle approached, and reminded him of the clause letter C., which says, he shall go through 12 sheets, as corrector of the press. "*Excellent*," cried Walt, immediately comprehending and agreeing to this. Upon his heart, fretted by a night of anger, the smallest expression of human benevolence fell like a healing balsam.

As soon as Walt quitted the council-room, he found his affections turned again towards his brother. Flitt was justified; he was himself excused, and in the

degree that he found himself right, he pardoned, in the mass, all others. After he had written hastily to his anxious father, the favorable result of his week's trial with Flitt, he began, according to his old custom, to place himself seriously in the situation of another, and asked himself, "can then Vult shape his actions upon any other principle than his own, and can he act differently towards me, than I, if I were himself, should act towards him? Every one desires justice from others, and after that, a little added favor. Ah well, he perhaps would give both to others — that also will I do." He found in Vult's resolute firmness, the opposite of his own yielding disposition. But friendships and marriages are formed, like the telescope, by the nice adaptation of convex and concave glasses.

But of what use was his now open heart? No one came into it. He waited in love's timidity, hoping Vult would allow, if no more, a quarter of an ell of the white flag of peace to flutter, that he might draw it, with love's eyes, towards himself. Not a finger's breadth did the other display, but sent him extracts for the double romance, without adding a word to them. Walt also sent him many chapters, that he had written while his heart was cloistered, for Passvogle delayed sending the proof-sheet to be corrected, and the city withheld the notary business, that might have disturbed, but also enriched him. One day, soon after, Vult sent him the most elaborate digression, and mentioned cursorily the

enjoyment he had derived from writing it, and the true artistic warmth with which every chapter had been created — but — nothing more. "Now," said Walt to himself, "I know very well how I stand. I am, indeed, very unfortunate. The heaven that opened for me, is indeed past. My brother is to me forever dead and buried." — He wrote a long chapter, and sent it with the following faithfully transcribed letter — "Brother! within ———

Thy Brother G."

Vult made no answer, and Walt, for a quarter of an hour, was angry.

Soon after, in a cold November afternoon, he walked to the Wirthshaus with the sign of the Wirthshaus, where, it is well known, like meeting a genial May after a life-long winter, he had first found his brother. As he entered, the Hernhutt host was beating his wife out of the house; and throwing his children after her, he cried, that if he were not a Christian, he should treat her very differently, but as he was one, he restrained himself, and no injurious word should pass his lips.

Walt flew to the Hernhutt burying-ground, where he had been so happy, at the moment, when to him the sun went down, and the brother arose. The rees, instead of scattering their leaves to clothe the buried skeletons, stretched out their own naked arms above them; rain and snow were mingled; the clouds rather than the sun descended towards the west, and the evening and night were hardly distinguishable from each other.

From thence, he bore himself on the same path, but with what different feelings, than on the splendid morning when he followed on foot to the city the horse ridden by his father. As he passed over the bridge, and was environed only by the water and the dark night, two heavy clouds parted from each other, and the clear moon appeared to lie like a silver ball in the bosom of a cloudy mountain, and a long path of light descended to him.

Walt went on, still anxious for his brother, towards the street where he dwelt, drawn by the echoing of his flute, whose waves of harmony flooded all the open, rough precipices of his actual world. The melancholy November evening, the brutal Moravian host, the empty ebb of life, sank beneath the splendid billows of sound. As it was now quite dark, (in the day-time he would not have ventured down the long street,) Walt approached, concealed by the shadow of the moon, close to Vult's lodgings, and as he pressed his hand upon the knocker, he thought how often the brother's hand must have been there.

As he stood in the shadow, with the light reflected opposite, he observed that Vult must be by the music-desk that stood near the window. The deep shadow of a cloud passed over the street, he stepped across to the other side, and looked up. Behind the lighted desk, he saw the so long desired countenance, and wept bitterly. He would now have gone gladly up to him, with the brother's old, open heart; but he said, "No — I know his music as well as though I

myself were the performer. No, his heart is not yet mine — he is always the reverse of his music, and often the most severe when he plays the most tenderly. I will not disturb him in his spirit's dream, but rather put my own upon paper, and send them to him in the morning."

He went to his home. The flute tones of his brother fell beautifully in unison with his own excited feelings; and he allayed the mental storm, by the creation of two short poems, like those pillars of stalactites, which, as is well known, are formed by the continual falling of liquid drops.

STRECKVERSE.

"The dew-drops sink softly in the hollow mountain, but are petrified into hard and sharp angles. More beautiful is the human tear. It penetrates and wounds the eye, but the wept diamond is liquid, and when the eye seeks it, behold, it is like the dew in the cup of the flower."

SECOND.

"Look into the deep grotto, where little silent tears have created the pillars of the earth, and the splendor of heaven now plays upon them. Thy tears and griefs, oh, man! will soon shine as stars, and bear thee up like the pillars of this temple."

At receiving them, Vult answered; — "The rest verbally, dearest! Thou knowest, better than I, how

much our so diligently-advancing work rejoices me!"

"The devil take him," said Walt, "our quarrel has cost me more repentance than himself — for I, alas, love so differently!" He now felt all the misery that unrequited love upon this earth can inflict. Wholly deprived of society or business, he continued to weave his romance as the only thin light cord that could connect his own apartment with that of his brother.

At last, upon an evening when the full, perfect moon shone clear and soothing, he thought whether it would not be suitable to take a formal leave of his brother. He wrote the following note: —

"Take it not ill, if about seven o'clock this evening I come to thee! Indeed I will only take leave; every thing upon this earth parts violently, without leave taking; but man should say adieu to man, if no storm, no earthquake, suddenly parted those nearest in soul! Be as I am, Vult! I will see thee only once, and then not again. Answer not, as I fear myself."

He received no answer, and became yet more fearful and melancholy. In the evening he went to his brother, but felt, as he entered, as though the parting had already taken place. There was no light in Vult's chamber. What a burthen did he bear over the steps, to redouble, not to lie it down above them! No one said "come in." The chamber was empty; the door stood open. Upon a lantern

a glimmering light was nearly extinguished. The bed-alcove, like the manger of a stable, concealed only refuse; where straw, scattered papers, shavings, broken letter-envelopes, fragments of flute-arias, were the sediment of past days; it was the relic, or charnel-house of a living man.

In the first madness of his fright, Walt imagined that, if not already *there*, Vult would soon be beneath the waves; and, half unconsciously, with large tears dropping from his eyes, he was gathering together the paper relics, when he heard the coarse voice of the wife of the theatre-tailor crying out, "who was above there?" "Harnish," he answered. She ascended the stairs, scolding, that it was not the voice of Harnish. As she found Walt in total darkness, having extinguished the expiring light, preferring darkness, as one prefers death to dying, he involved himself in an unfortunate strife of words with the lady; first, upon his intention to steal; and secondly, upon his falsehood in calling himself Harnish. He had in his haste said that Vult was his brother;* and yet asked when, and from whence Vult had returned.

Confused, he returned to his own apartment. As he ascended the stairs, he found the house illuminated, and full of people. The court-agent gave this evening a dancing tea-party. He found his

* Vult, as will be recollected, had been very careful to conceal their relationship.

chamber open, and a man with a hammer, at work, to improve and new furnish his dwelling-place. It was Vult!

"Most welcome!" said Vult, and continued to nail upon a theatre curtain. "But, good evening! most wished for! I was thinking, will no one come? just as you, at last, entered. Since it struck seven, have I been vexing myself to have everything accomplished and arranged in the best manner, that neither of us may grumble nor fret afterwards. Will you but support and help me with the common furniture? But how you look at me, Walt!"

"Vult! how? speak only!" cried Walt. "There may then, at last, be something delightful! Welcome! welcome! with my whole heart, welcome!" and he ran to embrace and kiss him. Vult, with the nail in one hand, and the hammer in the other, could only present his face, and answered, "The principal thing now is, that you should listen to a reasonable word upon the subject; as the thing in hand is for our mutual pleasure, and we shall be unwilling to change, when once everything is nailed fast. It seems to me right, that you should take the possession and whole government of one window, and I, of the other; a third is wanting."

"I know not, indeed, what are your intentions; but do what you please, and then tell me," said Walt. "We do not understand each other. Have you, then, received no letter from me?" asked Vult. "No," said the other. "I mean that of this morn-

ing," he continued, "in which I said I would take your silence as an assent to my prayer, that we, like a pair of birds, might dwell together in one nest; or quartered together in one apartment, even this. How?" "Nothing," said Walt. "But you do, indeed, desire this? Oh! why, then, did I confide so little in your goodness? God punish me for it! Oh! art thou, indeed, thus?"

"In that case, I must still have the letter in my pocket," said Vult, and drew it out. "My especial wish is," he continued, "that this wall of fire should blaze between us, and the scenery of the stage divide our bodies so happily, that our spirits may remain united. The partition-wall, upon your side, is painted with a beautiful series of palaces. Upon mine, is an Arcadian village; and I have only to throw up this palace-window, from my own writing-table, to see thee at thine. We can converse with each other through the wall and the city."

"That will be heavenly!" said Walt.

"We can work day and night in our double cage, upon our double romance; for winter is the best time to brood, both for authors and crossbills; and we, like the black hellebore, (for what are authors but hellebore for the world?) can bloom best in the frost."

"Oh, splendid!" said Walt.

"For I must, alas, acknowledge, that hitherto, in consequence of one extravagance or another, or from levity itself, I have prepared little, and accom-

plished less; but we will both write and compose, that we may smoke; we will live only for books and manuscripts, namely, for the copy-money we shall get. In fourteen days, my good friend, a very pretty piece of work may be finished, and sent from the stocks to an editor."

"Oh, delightful!" said Walt.

"If such a brooding together in one nest, I, as a dove, thou, as a dovess, does not in the end produce a phœnix, or some other winged work, that will be so precious in the eyes of posterity, that they will ask of their ancestors, 'Who were these brothers? how did they live? what was their height and breadth? how did they eat? how sneeze? what were their manners, their furniture, and their follies?'—if, I say, this does not happen—why, then, I have been joking."

"Ach Gott!" cried Walt, in ecstasy.

"I will devour my own tongue with hunger," Vult continued, "if we do not live together a long time before we quarrel, especially if certain things do *not* happen, of which more by and by."

"By heaven! you give me new life and hope," said Walt.

"Will it please you," said the other, and led him into the sleeping-room, "that our beds are obliquely divided by this Spanish wall (Spanish castles are for dreams), I should see you in bed, but for this old bed-screen."

"You know my feelings on that subject," he answered.

Vult now sketched the difficult steps by which he had effected his entrance, and went on to the chart for their future life. He had long, he said, partly from love to him and their romance, partly to divide the rent, and partly from other causes, wished to come to him. Lately, in a promenade with Raphaela, he had won back her good opinion; and with that, as with a long-armed lover, he had moved her father. He had been there an hour with Purzel's old scenery, and had found the key in the well-known mouse-hole. "Now," he concluded, "it remains but to break the seal of my own letter." Upon the envelope was written, "To Herr Walt, delivered by myself."

Walt did not remark, that his own seal was placed near Vult's, and that it was the old letter, in which he had forewarned him of his sullen spirit and his jealousy, that he might afterwards be excused. This letter the reader has read earlier than Walt.* He put it hastily aside, thinking Vult was preparing him for some future quarrel; but when he showed him the date, and that it referred to the past, Walt seized both his hands, and, looking in his eyes, exclaimed, in a tone of emotion, "*Vult! Vult!*" The flute-player had some drops in his own eyes, which with his imprisoned hands he could not dispense. "I am no *flint*," he said, "let me go to my own chamber;" and he fled behind the stage-scene.

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* See Vol. I., pp. 178–183.

Walt went backwards and forwards in his own part, and related his own past exertions to reknit the baptismal-bond of their souls. Then he passed the dividing-wall, and helped Vult to put his housekeeping in order. He was so helpful, so active, he would give his brother so much more than his share of window-light and furniture, that Vult secretly scolded himself for a fool, in the late business of the *exchange* for Flitt, for so uselessly and severely pressing his selfish opposition. Walt, on his side, had placed the flute-player in the focus of a shining light. That on *his* account he should overcome his aversion to Raphaela, was an excess of merit that he could scarcely understand. He determined, therefore, to learn *all* Vult's merits by heart, that he might always recur to them when inclined to grumble. The mutual housekeeping, or room-fraternity, was established within the strictest limits, so that in the morning each might begin to live in his own peculiar way. Vult remarked, that they must give ill-humor and anger ample room *within*, to be hunted and run dead against the inner walls of brain and heart; for it was easy, if the *wolf in the heart* was killed, to be outwardly like lambs.

Another remark might here be made. The strongest love will feel, and then forgive, the *greatest* faults against itself; while the repetition of many *little* offences against friendship wound and fret deeply; so that we often owe to them a disposition averse to all mankind, that upon trying occasions makes itself

the mirror where all is reflected. The *highest* love knows no middle point. It is only *yes*, or *no!* It can dwell in no purgatory. It makes a heaven or hell. And it has this misfortune, that the feelings and dispositions to which it gives birth, are in themselves purgatory, the portresses of heaven or hell.

As Vult, behind the screen, stepped into his bed, he said, "Do not answer me upon this subject, but I do believe, that, in future, I shall know how to love you better." "No! I you," cried Walt.

* * * * *

No. 54. *A woodpecker.*

CHAPTER XXII.

DOUBLE LIFE.

"HEAVEN consists probably in first days, hell perhaps, also, so much does this miserable nest exalt my spirits," said Vult, the next morning, at breakfast. Each returned afterwards to his dwelling, and to his work. Vult wrote a little in his journal, and then cut out two useful extracts for the double romance. Then he looked from the window and spoke to the friendly Raphaela, who, at the orders of her father, stood guardian over the statues, that, like chests of oranges, were borne to their winter quarters. When he found that Walt could hear him from his window, he snowed down upon her some little frozen ice-flowers, in allusion to love, hoping that Walt's and Raphaela's mutual warmth would convert them into beautiful variegated dew-drops.* With a joy that was without jealousy, she gave him hopes, in answer to his question, as to when the general and his daugh-

* On account of Walt's zeal in assisting Flitt, at the prayer of Raphaela, Vult had become possessed with the idea, that he had acted only from his love to this lady. This conviction rendered him blind to Walt's passion for Wina.

ter would return, of a very speedy meeting with them.

The brothers had scarcely begun again to write, when Vult murmured, but so that Walt could hear him, "I know not why I should not take a walk, and visit my solitary brother. The way from here to him is as firm and plain as a turnpike." Then he opened the little window in the painted stage curtain, and cried, "I should have great pleasure in visiting thee, if thou art alone." "Ah, thou villain!" He then travelled as with difficulty and half steps around the wall, and with outstretched arms said, "the snow-storm without would fain have frightened me from seeking thee in thy solitude, but perhaps I can change it into a double or laughing hermitage."

"Brother!" said Walt, rising from his writing-table, "could I do justice to the comic, or dared to sketch the character of a *friend* in outline, I would draw every stroke of the pencil from you! But I hold it not delicate to lay the heart of a beloved friend, as a spectacle, bare, before the poetical market. But — am I too warm when I write?" "No," answered Vult, "not for the truth — but I must return to my own house, there to utter my jokes for the amusement of the world, and of posterity. Is it accident, that even in this room you are again a *Lefter*, while I am in the right?" *

* As in the village of Elterlein, the subjects of the prince were on the right side of the brook, and the subjects of the nobleman were called *Lefters*.

Walt considered it his duty, soon after, to return his brother's visit, to relieve his imprisonment in so small a space. He reminded him how many accidental events had, as it were, united for their happiness. That to-day was the first fall of snow, that was always to him something secret and domestic, reminding him of his childhood, like a May-flower in the midst of winter; and that to-day he had first heard the thresher, that voice and music-waltzer of winter. "You mean the flail," said Vult, "only it disturbs the harmony of my flute." "As it comes only at intervals, and is indeed, so simple a verse, the time being beaten by three flails, it has something charming for my ear.

"In the winter, my Gunter,
Thus thresh they the field;
When cold 't is — not old 't is,
All freshly congealed."

"It may be, that the verses are excellent of their kind," said Vult, "and who can tell from whence they have come?"

In the evening, towards four o'clock, Walt heard Vult say to Flora, "Before you make our beds, beautiful child, go to Herr Notary, my neighbor, and tell him I invite him this evening to tea, to a *Thé marchant*, and bring a light to me only, as he will need none."

It was the first time in his life that Walt had taken tea for other than medicinal purposes. Vult gave

with it wine, that he never forgot to take upon credit. "If the ancients," he said, "watered their acorns with wine, how much more should we our laurels." Then followed a discussion, as to how far men should follow out their natural characters. Vult said, "I speak with infinite ease, before I attempt to put the conversation on paper. A thousand things come to one's mind, when we argue or dispute, therefore, in academies, disputing is dignified, and permitted to be called teaching; while in courts, the same thing is called flattery."

Walt observed, "that thus familiar letters, which were the echo of conversation, became so valuable" —"and," said Vult, "to philosophy, a second human face is far more helpful than a bare wall, or a sheet of paper." "Yes, you are right," responded Walt, "but it is not so favorable to poetical inspiration, as to philosophy; conversation is necessary to you, silence to me." "Winter is the harvest-time of letters; the snow-balls are frozen to printer's ink-balls," said Vult. "But, on the contrary, how a man journeys and flies in the summer! Now, were description easy! The Easter fair,* however, is the best proof." "The winter," said Walt, "is as if a man were environed and enclosed in mountains of clouds, without a heaven or earth — so completely alone — no sound of bird — no color in nature! I would say,

* The great Easter book-fair in Leipsic.

that in the absence of all outward objects, one must create from the inward soul — " " Drink only this cup, Walt! — Oh, very true — although to-day we have not written much, I, indeed, nothing."

Both now deplored that their delightful community of goods must be somewhat disturbed through the total want of goods. Of gold, what they had in hand was reduced to the gold upon the ring-finger. Vult could not help them with the instrument that he blew, nor Walt with the instruments that he was rarely called upon to make. They must appeal to charity, and each be the almoner of the other, or take some more decided step. Yes, to-day, upon this very spot, with a magician's wand, must a master-stroke of irreparable consequences be made. It was done! They sent the first chapter, and first digression of their Romance, *The Heart*, to an editor, the Magister* Dyk, in Leipsic. A work may thus remain with its conclusion growing in the snail-shell of the writing-desk, while it creeps with its feeling-horns upon the post-road. They had the highest hopes of a favorable reception from the Magister, for a bookseller, who was himself a learned man, would have a more instructed taste for manuscript works, than one who must depend on the judgment of another learned man.

In the letter sent with it, written according to Vult's worldly-wise advice, Walt must place himself in

* A person who has taken the first degree only at a University. The title is now obsolete.

a proud position, and demand all the privileges of an editor. "If Milton," said Vult, "received only twelve guineas * for his Paradise Lost, we will show them in Leipsic, how little we compare ourselves with him, and demand eight-and-forty." Walt was completely astonished, that an author, and particularly himself, could prescribe to the editor, the paper, type, form, and even the number of copies, namely 3000, which he would permit to be printed. Vult himself bore the manuscript to the Saxon post, to see, as he said, once more, a little of the world.

The day after, both worked most zealously. A young author believes that all he has sent to the editor is already printed, and writes on with a new spur to his industry. No visits, no festivals, no individuals, no letters disturbed them. Vult had no money, and Walt was born to sit still. Poets, like the people of Africa, cultivate their bread-fields under music, and measured sounds. How often Walt, in his excess of happiness, rose from his seat, pen in hand, (while Vult looked at him over the Spanish wall,) paced the apartment and looked out of the window, but saw nothing, and then returning to his seat, he could hardly bring the sweet tumult in his breast to flow calmly upon the paper. Then he would say, in the midst of his rapture; "continue to blow the flute, Vult, you do not disturb me, but give a general glow to all that I write."

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* This is a mistake of Vult's, he received but five pounds.

At dinner, sometimes in Walt's, sometimes in Vult's apartment, the time of which they lengthened to the utmost; this dinner consisted of one portion for two persons, as no host would guarantee a second. It gave a purer motive to their dining together, that a higher taste than that of appetite was consulted, and that more sentiments than morsels went over their tongues. They amused themselves with calculating the very moment when their manuscript would reach the Magister Dyk; how it would animate him, and indeed shake him out of all propriety; and then how far the printing had proceeded, and if it did not go on so fast that their writing could scarcely keep up with it. Vult remarked that if a romance-writer knew certainly that he should die, he would rarely venture upon splendid unfoldings, of which he did not himself see the solution; if he left his work unfinished, every one would bring out the probable development in a different manner. "Do you then certainly know, Walt, that you will live to finish this romance? Otherwise, there is much to do! I look round our apartment, and think how it would be, should we both, under these triumphal arches of glory, write ourselves into the Pantheon of Immortality! How our nest would be sought and visited. Every scrap that you had scratched upon the wall, as it was from Rousseau's Island, would be copied and printed. The city itself would probably receive a new name; in imitation of *Ovidiopolis*, they would call it Harnishopolis. But it would embitter all personal

immortality to me, that my name is not long enough to last long.* Oh, if one could know at his baptism, that he should make himself a great name, he would give himself one that would be gladly quoted by the learned, because it would fill a line for the type-setter, and a line for the purchaser. Apropos, why does not the seven-heired Pasvogel send you the first proof-sheet, in order to fulfil the conditions of the will?" "The author improves yet in his hand-writing, he told me yesterday," said Walt.

Afterwards, they both snuffed the air. It is astonishing how many traits of the higher ranks Walt caught for his romance, in passing through the streets. The manner in which a court cavalier sprang from his carriage, or a countess looked out of the window, could be romantically described; and *one* could stand or fall for a whole class! It was wonderful, that with these colored grains of sand, the peasant's son could build a romance, in which it was easy to study the character and habits of the highest ranks. For this purpose, he always went to the court-chapel, and kept his eyes open.

They went back to their separate rooms, and worked as long as the light lasted. They lengthened out the twilight, partly to spare candles, as well as to indulge the flute, and interminable conversation. When Vult drew exquisite tones from the flute, Walt sat in the darkness, looking into the blue, starred

* *Long* refers to space, as well as to time.

firmament, and thought of that morning at Rosenhof, behind the waterfall; of Wina's noble heart; and of her speedy return, which would convert his sterile life into a paradise. He would not disturb the flute, to tell his brother how the minutes, clothed in bridal dresses, and linked together with chains of roses, danced about him; but when the flute ceased, he looked searchingly at Vult, and asked, "Are you, then, satisfied, brother, with this narrow strip of life; and with the orchestra tones, and the imaginary enchanting forms, that we, perhaps, have to-day as *inwardly* enjoyed as others have in any splendid court?" "Our life is, indeed, a true chart of heaven," said Vult, "and just now its blank or reversed side is up; yet if one would lay a dollar upon the map, I should not look upon it with displeasure."

The next morning, Walt spoke of his visions during the nightingale twilight of the flute, and his preparation of an anecdote for the romance. "The hero had been blamed because he rejoiced at the promise of a sick and deaf old woman, who, on account of his kindness to her, had said she would remember him every night in her prayers. He replied, that it was not for the effect of her prayers, even if they could be answered, upon himself, but that the poor, old, frozen being could thus every evening enjoy one moment of elevation and warmth. — Is not that a true feature of myself, Vult?" "It *is* true of yourself," he answered; "in art, as in the sun, the hay only becomes warm,

not the living grass." Walt did not understand him. It often happened, that he caught the meaning later than the words of Vult's observations.

The next evening, it was that of a festival, Vult went back to his old custom of perambulating the streets during the lighting of the lamps, to invite an adventure with an actress, drink Burgundy (which, when sugar was added, Walt thought the worthiest of wines), unite his flute with others in the street; and, at last, in the coffee-house, fret himself half-dead, that he had become entangled in conversation with those he looked upon with the most fixed contempt. Walt remained joyfully at home, finding in the smallest little flower that thrust itself through the snow, as much honey as he needed. As the days became shorter, he rejoiced in the length of the evenings; forgetting that he should rejoice just as much when, later, the days began to lengthen. Upon one who had been accustomed to so little, weighed no importunate desires. He possessed the clear crystallization water of phantasy, without which, the lightest forms of joy fall into ashes. Yet his heaven was not always removed far above the air of this earth. It was sometimes as real as the blue sky of the theatre; as secure as the canopy of the bed. In all Sunday sounds, in the court-gardens, in the winter concerts, as wandering through the streets he listened, he took a more spiritual part than he, who bore a jewelled star or key, and failed in both signs within. On Sunday, he bought at a fruit-house one

of the best Borsdorfer apples, and, in the twilight of evening, he said, "Certainly, at this moment, in the different courts of Europe, Borsdorfers are placed on the tables, but only as a part of the dessert. I must make it serve for my supper. But, if, oh, thou good God! I desired more or better, I should not deserve thy bounty, that, with a quiet, deep joy, like a perpetual fountain, has overflowed my soul."

In the transparent net of his imagination, every joy-shooting butterfly was caught; every star there, sparkled clearly; Italian flowers, whose German conservatory were the ladies' shawls worn in the street; a Canary-bird, who, in the midst of a German winter, brought the sunny Canary islands to his door; and Flora, the bed-maker, as she flew with warbling notes over the stairs, was to him the Prima Donna of the age. He took the song of a young Jew, from the next house, for that of the true nightingale; an immaterial error, for the Philomele that sings *to us*, nestles nowhere but in our own breasts! Quickly, as by the touch of an enchanter, the steep and rocky walls of necessity were wreathed and overgrown with ivy and flowers. The moonbeams seemed to hang every common object in the chamber with a festival tapestry; and the heaven itself to rest, with a still more celestial aspect, upon the earth. "Thus," he said to himself, many times, "thus it was once before, on that memorable evening when I walked in the quiet moonbeams of Wina's chamber, in Rosenhof;" and he improvised the following

STRECKVERS.

"'Lovest thou me?' asked the youth, every morning, of his beloved. Blushing, she cast down her eyes, and was silent. She grew paler, and he asked again; but she only blushed, and was silent. At length, as she was on her death-bed, he came again, and asked, but only to relieve his pain, 'Dost thou not love me?' she answered, 'yes!' and died!"

He continued to sing more inwardly; time and the world had vanished, when Vult came cheerfully back, and brought the news that Wina had returned; and he concealed, gaily, the importance of this news in his own eyes, by a second, at which he laughed heartily. This was, that in passing he had called upon his shoemaker, to ask, whether in fourteen days he had found no fifteenth to rehabilitate, to restore his boots (their soles, alas! pressed out) to perfection. He had met the man only, upon his return, who kept continually turning him to the shadowed side of the road. After a long sermon, of which the boots had been the penitential text, he saw that the man carried the boots about on his own legs, to step them out a little more, before he repaired them. "Was not this joke worth as much as the best pair of boots?" "Is it, then, so wonderful?" said Walt, dreamingly. "Why," asked Vult, "do you look so strangely? Have you been melancholy in my absence?" "I was blessed, and

now am far more so," he answered, without further explanation.

The ecstasy of delight, like the intensity of pain, makes one stern and serious; and a man is calm, with a pale countenance, but *within*, full of celestial dreams.

No. 56. *Winter plover.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

RECOLLECTIONS.

WALT expected nothing less, the next morning, than a servant, out of breath, from the General Zablocki's, to summon him, hastily, to the writing-table. Nothing came. The man of middle rank believes, that the man above him stands one step higher on the social ladder, merely to overlook him. This one, however, has his eye less upon the man beneath, than upon the back of the one preceding him; and thus it is, up and down. The middle man receives from the higher no other forgetfulness, than he again throws upon the one beneath him.

Vult could scarcely wait for the twilight, to flutter, like a twilight-butterfly, out into the evening. Walt, also, counted upon the evening, to act at home, but in a spiritual manner, the part of *Psyche*, the day and the night butterfly; and, heavens! he succeeded so well, that when Vult came, late, and not in very good humor, home, he found Walt gay—youthfully, almost childishly gay.

"I swear," said Vult, "you have had company this evening; I know not whom; perhaps the most agreeable (he referred secretly to Raphaela); or

perhaps the Magister Dyk has written?" "I passed the whole evening with memory; even as far back as childhood; I had no other company," said Walt. "Teach me this art," cried Vult.

"The little schoolmaster Wutz, of Jean Paul, goes back to his childhood as I do. Thus, a poet will *guess* at the inmost soul. I could, indeed, listen for whole long days to descriptions of the little spring-blossoms of early life. In old age, when a man is a second time a child, does he first permit himself to be so for the *first* time, and to look back into the early glow of life. To you, I would say, Vult, that I think beings more exalted in the scale of existence, that is, angels, are less blessed than man, because they can remember no childhood; although God, perhaps, has granted to every creature a period like that of childhood, never to be forgotten; for was not Jesus himself a child from his birth? Does not the life of childhood consist of joy and hope, brother? and its April rain, of tears, passes quickly over."

"Early rain is a sign that old women will dance, and so on. The sorrows of the young, and the pleasures of the old, and so on," said Vult. "But do your recollections of to-day include any thing touching me? I stand by you now, with new lineaments."

"A new feature from childhood is a golden present," Walt answered; "but you will to-day find them too childish, perhaps. I will take only two

days, nearly the shortest and the longest. The first happens about the time of Advent. In the winter a village is beautiful; we can see more of it, for we live more together. Take, for example, Monday. I had rejoiced all Sunday at the prospect of the school of Monday. Every child must come, by starlight, about seven o'clock, with his little light; I and thou had beautiful ones of painted wax. Perhaps I carried under my arm, with more pride, a quarto volume, some octavos, and a little *Sedez* work."

"I remember," said Vult, "when you brought our mother wheat from the Wirthshaus, you expounded Greek to Markus and his oxen."

"Then the delightful hour of singing began in the sweet, warm school-room, and the A, B, C dwarfs had permission to speak loud to the candidate, and to get up, and walk round a little, without reproof. Now the map was hung up, and we were so delighted that Haslau and Elterlein and the around-lying villages were upon it: or if the master spoke of the stars, and their inhabitants, I inly resolved to repeat the same to our parents and servants, in the evening; or if he called us to read aloud —"

"You remember," interrupted Vult, "that, let him say what he would, I always read the word *Sacrament* with an accent, as though I cursed; the same with *Donnerwetter*. I, also, was the only one who in repeating the prayers, in common with the others, composed a species of tune."

"I would willingly have given the poor man some

pleasure, if I had been able," said Walt. "I often prayed, softly, an *our father*, that God would give him a finch, when he watched so secretly behind his snares; and you will remember that I always brought him our principal dish, with meat, and you, only the porridge-pot. How I always rejoiced at seeing him again in the school."

"Does any one find me severe against the schoolmaster, I will merely tell them that he once took a pipe, as a forfeit, from me, and in the very hour smoked it out, publicly, before my nose," said Vult. "Is this exemplary, moral behavior for schoolmasters? Then, they forbid us fishing and bird-snaring, and like princes take all the game themselves."

"Oh, that precious school-time," Walt resumed. "I desired to know all that was taught, and all that was forbidden. The least of the sciences was full of novelty for me. Then came the Pastor, with his great eyebrows, in his priest's ornaments, and confounded the schoolmaster, as an Emperor or Pope would confound a Land regent. How terrible was the sound of his bass voice! How every one wished to be highest, and every word of the master had threefold weight through his. I believe we are happier in childhood than in age, because it is easier to find, or to choose a great man. One who is truly a great man to us, gives us a foretaste of Heaven."

"In so far," said Vult, "I would be a child again, that I could be able to admire. A flea easily finds his elephant. Does one become old, he finds in the future, not even a dog to admire."

"Now came eleven o'clock, when we both ran to the tower, to hear the sound, and see the rolling of the bell. I remember well that you ran up to hang by the rope as the bell revolved, although many said you would be carried through the sounding-hole. I could myself have flown through, could I have seen from thence the village full of noisy threshers, and the dark mountain road that led to the city, and beyond, the distant snow-field, the hills, and meadows, and the blue heaven over all — yet at that time, a heaven was not necessary to the earth — behind me, I had the earnest bell, with its ice-cold tongue, and I thought with terror, how in its solitary, frosty midnight, it would speak to my deep heart, in my warm bed."

"By heaven, thou art right, Walt; and never do I hear that sound without a shudder, such as wakes the miller at midnight, as soon as the rushing mill-wheel stands still. Our life has its wood, and its water world. Meantime, this does not suit the present moment."

"Do not take back the serious emotion, brother! Should I answer your comparison with another, I would say, this repose is like that upon the summit of the Gotthart mountain; all there is silent — no bird, no breeze stirs the deep repose; the one finds no branch, the other no leaf; but a powerful world lies around, and an infinite heaven, with all the other worlds, moves above! Shall we now go further into our childhood, or rest till morning?"

"Now, by all means, now," he answered.

"In the afternoon school," continued Walt, "the

sky was so filled with snow-flakes, that we could scarcely see in the dark school-room to read the little bible. We were dismissed early, and every one sprang, and measured his idle limbs in the new-fallen snow. You threw your book in at the door, and remained out till the sound of the vesper bell. I rarely followed you. God knows why, I was always more childish, domestic, and helpless than you. I did my foolery or mischief alone, you with strangers, as their leader."

"I was born for a man of business, Walt."

"But in the vesper hour *I* preferred reading. I had upon the shelf many descriptions, partly of the north pole, partly of ancient northern times, and the earliest wars of the Scandinavians; the more horribly cold I found everything in the geographies and histories, so much more snug and domestic was everything about me; and even now, the old northern histories seem like the childhood of the world, the Grecian and Roman more like the future. Our people came rubbing their frozen hands from the garden, where they had been covering the trees and beehives with straw. The fowls were driven into the room, because in the warm smoke they would lay more eggs. The lights were spared, as we waited anxiously for our father. You and I stood at the head or foot of the cradle of our blessed sister, and in the midst of our violent rocking, we sang the cradle-song of the green woods, till the little soul opened her dew-shimmering eyes. At last the tormented man stepped over the

threshold, laden with snow, and before he had laid down his saddle-bags, a thick candle was on the table. What splendid news, money, and other things he brought us, together with his own joy!"

"Who doubts his joy less than I?" said Vult, "when he beat me for expressing my own in a noisy way; for a dog is never more troublesome, than when he springs joyfully at his master's return."

"Joke not, but think what he brought us — me a sheet of writing-paper for my own money; at that time I could not believe a thing so broad and pure could cost no more than a farthing — an A, B, C book for the sister, with gold letters upon the cover. — But the best was the new almanac — I felt that I held the future in my hand, like a tree loaded with fruit. If the next day, when the candidate came to dinner, we heard for the tenth time, with delight, the many stories our father had brought home. You, afterwards, would scratch upon a shingle violin, with waxed threads of twine, and I turned a glimmering spark into a wheel of fire; I, and thou, and the tall servant, whose face comes before me now as beautiful! (perhaps to all children, those they have been accustomed to are beautiful,) played and sang

'Ring, ring, rey — here are children three
Sitting in an elderbush, crying all musch, musch, musch.
You are out.

'There sits the lady with the gold ring, and her
Little children three — What will they eat?
Little fish — What will they drink? Red wine. —
You are out.'

With true delight I lately read the little, simple, childish thing, in Gräter's Bragur. I shall begin *my* history in a wholly different manner."

"Do not think of it," said Vult. "Life always begins like the Grecian drama, with a simple comedy. But before you grow up, let us have the promised summer day."

"It shall be the festival of the Holy Trinity, and the very week that you went from us. Upon this festival, that falls in the most beautiful time of the year, you will not have forgotten that our parents always went to the holy supper. That on Sunday, as always on a fast-day evening, our dear parents appeared kinder, and conversed more with us children than usual. God grant they may at this moment enjoy the happiness that fills my heart at its remembrance. The mother prayed out of the little dark communion-book, I stood behind, and prayed unconsciously with her, merely because I turned over the leaf, when she had got to the bottom. Our peasant's apartment was as clean and as much ornamented for this Sunday, as upon the holy Christmas evening, but far more beautifully, and with a richer perfume, for the odor of the garden blossoms penetrated the whole house, through every window and roof-tile; and the heavens in the evening were full of stars and incense. The Generalin* walked so late, with her child in her hand, upon the castle wall, that although I could then

* In German the wife bears the title of her husband.

speak Latin, she appeared to me, in her white dress, like the virgin mother with her blessed child."

"Had General Zablocki then a son?"

Walt answered, much embarrassed, "at this distance of time, her daughter comes back to me as such; and I could now, if you would not laugh, weep for joy at the change —"

"Weep then, in the devil's name! Who then can laugh, but Satan himself, when a man is honesty itself?"

"I loved my father more on Sunday, than any other day, because on Sunday he always shaved. The festival of the Holy Trinity was always a blue morning, full of larks, and the perfume of the birch trees. Beneath, I found our mother, who usually went to church in the afternoon only, already dressed, and our father in his sacrament coat, and thus they both appeared to me highly respectable. Thou and I followed them to the evening service, and I recollect how the devotion of my parents filled my whole heart during the sermon."

"I was never happier," said Vult, "than on a communion-day, for I knew my father held it a sin to beat me before sundown — but does it not remain glowing in your soul, is it not painted there with burning colors, that this very Trinity Sunday, seated in the choir, I drew with a pocket-glass, the sunbeams, that were like a bird of paradise, through the whole church, and flashed them upon the closed eyes of the pastor, while I looked and listened calmly at

him — and now I remember all — that the candidate whipped me, and my father, from mere devotion, suffered me to be imprisoned, instead of which, I should have much preferred his beating me half dead."

"But yet, in the church you were on the right side of the altar-cloth, with the oblation, and I on the left, with the cup — I shall never forget how humble and touching our pale father appeared to me upon the scarlet steps of the altar, while the pastor, speaking very loud, held the golden cup to him — Ah, how I wished he would drink a great deal of the wine; and then the deeply bowed mother! Ah, I wished the wine might be good for her. Childhood knows only the innocent *white* roses of love; later they become red, and blush with shame. But before our mother could kneel, stepped up the majestic, tall Generalin, with her dark, lustrous, silken dress, to the altar steps, sinking her knees, and her long eye-lashes, as in the presence of God; and the whole church echoed with her tones, so silent were they in the devout presence of this, for our village, ideal duchess."

"Does the daughter look like her, Walt?"

"The mother is, at least, like her," he answered. "As they left the church, the organ played very loud, and every one bore home upon his countenance the hopes of a long, happy day. The easy, gilt coach of the Generalin rattled through us all, and the clean, richly-dressed servants sprang up — "

"She did not come too often," said Vult.

"Our father went, in his Sunday coat, to dine with the pastor, with our mother behind him; and I, who saw the pastor's door open, and the turkey upon the table, looked upon both with respect. When I saw my father sitting down low at the pastor's table, I thought with satisfaction, that if I was ever *any thing*, I should look back upon him as a very distinguished man."

"That reminds me," said Vult, "how often I also have sworn to think of my honorable descent; and, if I arise to any thing very high in public estimation, to do nothing to mortify you or our parents. One cannot too early accustom himself to modesty, as he cannot tell how infinitely great he may be in the end."

"At length, we, with all the respectable guests, went home. Our father laid aside his scarlet waistcoat, and, with me and our mother, went to walk till evening, when we should sup in the garden-house. I cannot believe there was ever such a splendid evening; all the world, dressed and ornamented, were in the free air; Madam Zablocki and other respectable people were walking, with red silk parasols; but a heart that beat in a brother's bosom, could not bear that you should be a prisoner —"

"*Sacrement!*" said Vult.

"And it was natural, that I and the servant should place a ladder against the chamber-window, that you might come down and enjoy the pleasures of the village. No! no promenade with men is ever so

delightful as that a child takes with his parents. We went through the high, green cornfields, where I led the little sister behind me, through the furrows. We drew muscle-shells from the river, on account of their shining surface. The floating timber, in piles, from distant cities, shot past us, and I had willingly shipped with them for distant places. The sheep were already shorn, and, because they were naked, they were nearer to my heart than if their wool had divided us. The trees inclined towards each other, as the clouds moved dropping over them, as the men had before done at the holy supper. We went into the garden-house — that within and without is white; but in the morning glow of life, this little house, with its lovely name, rises over all proudly-roofed and ornamented dwellings — all the windows and doors were open; sun and moon looked in; the red and white apple-buds pressed in upon their stiff branches, and sometimes a snow-white apple-blossom. O, Vult, I would willingly give the apple for its blossom! The bees gave signs of a near swarming. I imprisoned, in a box, a golden beetle, for which I had long saved some grains of sugar; till this day, the gold and emerald of this German bird of paradise shines before me. I carried home slips of trees, from the garden, to plant a grove under my window, the height of my knee. The birds sang, as though they had agreed to meet in this little garden, which consisted of five apple-trees, two cherry, and a few plum-trees, together with good

currant and hazle-bushes. There was the melody of a pair of finches, of which, my father said, one sang a high glee, the other, the song of the bride-groom; but I preferred then, and even now prefer the golden thrush,* which my parents said sang in the wheat, and that if I passed through with a sickle, I should cut him in two.

"What, then, is that mystery in the human heart, that makes me, as I pass through the meadows, and hear the song of the thrush, as he hangs beneath the leaves, prefer it to the divine nightingale (who, indeed carries little purely through), and spring to seek it? Then the whole garden rises before me, all its branches colored by the evening rose-color, and it hangs, like a temple of the sun, with towers and pinnacles in the sky; and the stars are May-flowers; and the broad earth becomes a weaving-stool for golden dreams.

"We wandered late to the house. The clear glow-worm hung like golden dew-drops in the shrubs, and the whole village was enjoying its festival; even the little cowherds, at last, in their Sunday dress; in the alehouse there was singing, and music upon the castle-terrace.

"And did not my father," continued Vult, "when he found me partaking of these joys, seize me by the hair of my head, and beat me? Oh, that the devil would fetch all education, so that he himself could

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* *Emberiza citrinella.* Lin.

give none! What now can take from me the effect of those beatings, and that imprisonment? You can easily remember with satisfaction, and draw with pleasure, the repeating-watch of recollection from your pocket; but, ach Gott! what have I to soften my recollections, but the transient aurora of a shooting star? Oh! how happy, how happy is it in one's power to make a child; but try it upon a villain, gray, at forty years! One day of childhood admits of more variety, than a whole year of manhood! Look, how it has converted me, if I may use the expression, from a tender, white-faced child, to one brown, smoked, and heated, like an old pipe's-head. Do not try to warm me again, Walt! What do I see in your Elysium, and in your Elysian fields, but a couple of chairs, our bed, and our screen? You, good millionaire, rich only with the coinage of memory, and a wooden seat of the blessed —— Oh! I would — but here comes ——. Perhaps he brings us yet, Walt, a celestial messenger, to open the gates of heaven!"

At this moment, the yellow postmaster entered, with the Romance of the Heart under his arm, that the Magister Dyk had sent back, with the words, that he would willingly be the editor of some kind of pleasantries, but not of such as those. "Now is not that a sunbeam struck from our heaven?" asked Vult. "Ah!" said Walt, "I believe I have hitherto been *too* happy, and, therefore, comes always a little trouble. It was well the work was not wholly lost by the post."

Vult sat down upon the spot, and, in his wrath, wrote an unfranked letter to the magister, in which, the politeness of the epistolary style was wholly omitted.

No. 57. *Poisonous Chitterlings.*

The translator has somewhat abridged this chapter of childish recollections, which she thought might be, to the reader, like the repetition of earlier parts of the book.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PROOF-SHEETS. WINA.

THE next morning came another manuscript, accompanied by a strange printed sheet. The compositor of the Passvogel book-concern handed him the first proof-sheet, that the heir of the Kable estate might thereby fulfil the article of the testament. The title of the work was, "The Literary Men of Haslau, alphabetically arranged," by Schiess — now in everybody's hands. It was written with Latin letters, in good German, but wholly illegibly, and included every Haslauer who had written for his country, or the world, more than one page, that is, two pages, or one leaf; together with a short appendix of the learned of the country, who had died when children. When we reckon the multitude of authors that Fikenscher has excluded, merely on that account, from his *learned Bayreuth;* that he has admitted none who have not written *more* than one sheet, or that, if they are poetry, do not extend to *two* without the preface; and, that Meusel, in his *learned Germany*, thrusts all out who have written only one pamphlet, and admits those only who have written two; every one

must indeed wish to be born in Haslau, merely to be included among its learned men.

Walt immediately began his corrections. He had long been acquainted with the proof characters, but he found instead of hillocks, cliffs to surmount. Schiess wrote at the same time a learned and an unlearned hand. The proof-sheet was woven out of names, titles, dates, and things that have no coherence, except in God. It is therefore the common opinion, that Passvogel undertook the press-work of the book, merely for the oppression of Walt. Vult would indeed have helped him, but Walt considered all foreign help as faithless and false to the conditions of the will, and corrected alone.

In the mean time, both lent, before all other things, wings to their romance; for hope never lingers so long upon its death-bed, as when it concerns a book. They sent it to Herr Merkel, in Berlin, the letter-writer and author, that he might recommend, and impose the book upon Herr Nikolai, also a learned man.

In the midst of their newly excited hopes, a drizzling rain again fell upon them; the limping notary, the well-known functionary of the seven heirs, came with Schiess' corrections of the corrected sheet. Walt had left one-and-twenty faults. It was shown from Schiess' manuscript, that he had left a *c* instead of an *e*, an *e* for a *c*; a comma for a semicolon; a 6 for a 9, etc. Walt looked at it, and thought, and said, sighing, "It is well it is no worse!"

Poor proof-correctors! who has ever seriously considered the difficulties of your life? So little, that millions from all parts of the world go out of it, without having learned what a proof-corrector has to suffer. I mean not merely that he must hunger, and thirst, and learn nothing but the art of sitting; but if he would read a book, (that he has before him twice, both as manuscript and proof,) in order to correct, he follows, like a reviewer, every letter, and the sense is perfectly plain, while he grows sadder and more thirsty; for he could as well strive with the mist-cloud that rises upon the Alps, to quench his thirst.—But would he *enjoy* the sense, he rushes blind and smooth over the letters, and leaves all standing. Does a book charm him, like the *second* edition of *Hesperus*, he sees no longer any printed nonsense, but takes it all for written, and says, "now first will the divine author be rightly understood." *

At length, the sweet-voiced chamber-maid, from General Zablocki, brought not only Raphaela a letter from his daughter, but one flight of stairs higher, the request to Walt, from the father, that he should write the whole day with him. "Oh God! certainly," he answered, and followed the maiden down three steps.

Vult smiled expressively, and said, "He was going

* The second edition of the author's *Hesperus* was admired, after the first had been ridiculed.

to copy the *mémoires erotiques* with, and without a pen, and hunt after maidens; he, poor hound, on the contrary, like the chrysalis of the naturalist, in a box of an apartment, must unfold the wings of a butterfly, while Walt could frolic in the free air. A condor, a basilisk, such as I am, may have love-whims as well as a phœnix like thee." Walt blushed deeply, he saw his own and Wina's heart, held at the same time against the clear, free light of the sun. "Take thy flight either three steps higher, or three steps lower! The maiden pleases me also," said Vult, "she should rather dwell in a palace, than be a chamber-maid." Red with shame and anger, Walt, who began to guess his mistake, answered, "you are wrong — you know how this girl displeased me at first, although with the sweetest musical voice."

As Walt entered the great Zablocki palace, before which stood many empty carriages, and found himself among the cold herd of domestics, Vult's joke, that his love should be either gunpowder under the roof, or like oil, lie still in the cellar, took a deep and unpleasant hold upon him; and he was now first astonished that he loved Wina, and could so strangely have preserved the memory of her morning's glance. His happiness bled like the naked petals of a flower, upon a stem stripped of every enfolding leaf. The recollection of the cause of his summons to the old writing apartment, came late to his mind; still later, the general entered.

"Truly," thus Walt, approaching him, began the conversation, "do I wish you happiness of your happy return, as formerly, in Rosenhof, (if you remember so slight a thing,) I did of your journey. I trust your Leipsic journey was only a continued pleasure-course." "Much indebted," said Zablocki. "You will oblige me, if you will consecrate your day to me, and bring the copying of the well-known letters to an end." "Why not?" said Walt. "Pardon me the bold question, but I hope the season of the year was not unfavorable to the happiness of your journey?"

"For the late time of the year, the weather was good enough," he answered.

Walt knew nothing more difficult, than to ask questions, that is, to angle in an ocean; nothing easier than to reply to questions, as the question usually embraces the answer; he held it the duty also, of every inferior speaker, to impose only the easier burthen of conversation upon his superior.

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He set himself diligently to the copying of his beloved manuscripts; but his soul dwelt, with all its nerves, in the shell of his ear, to catch every sound of the concealed being who was the life of his soul. He wrote no page without turning round, and observing the sacred chamber, that for a whole day was to be to him, if not a temple of the sun, at least that of the moon, where nothing failed but the moon itself. The blue, drying-sand, full of grains of gold;

the blue-white inkglass and paper; the blue sealing-wax, and the perfume of flowers, wafted from the adjoining chamber, consecrated his quiet, ethereal festival with hope. In love, the *harvest* festival of joy, is divided by only half a second from the seed-time and *spring* festival of hope.

As he continued to write, he painted to himself how his heart would beat, that already beat so violently, if the dear form, so long in his memory and his dreams, should spring, like a living goddess, into life, and stand before him. Nothing came, but the hated chamber-maid, with an embroidery-frame; but soon after followed the rose, and the rose-festival, at the same moment, and the blooming Wina entered. It is difficult to say what he murmured, for he had not confidence to speak to her. Wina bowed as deeply before him as had he been the golden figured head upon the general's staff of office, said to him the most polite and cordial expressions of welcome, and then placed herself at the embroidery-frame. "Could she not have had a hundred excuses, such as ladies find," Walt thought, "for her presence in the writing 'apartment? Had she not her blue dress to fetch from the wardrobe, or the white, or her veil; or to seal a letter by the electrical lamp, or to seek her father, in vain? But no, she entered calmly, and without excuse, placed herself before the embroidery-frame, and the writer was dizzy with joy, as in a celestial presence. Like an invisible perfume breathing from a rose, Wina's presence was a

gentle music about him. He looked, at length, boldly, with longing glances, at her eyelids, cast down upon the embroidery; at the seriously-closed lips, as he saw them reflected in the glass at his left; and, secure, as he thought, of his own invisibility, where she sat, he rejoiced, that, accidentally, as it were, whenever he looked at her in the glass, a warm blush overspread her reverted countenance. Once, he caught the glance itself in the glass; embarrassed, she drew softly a veil over it; then again, as he met her open eye, she smiled like a child; Walt turned directly to the original, and caught the smile.

"Has it been well with you since Rosenhof, Mr. Harnish?" she said, gently. "As with the blessed; as *now*," he answered. He wished, indeed to have said something different, something more *recherché*, but the present displaced the past, and witnessed in its name. He, however, gave back the question. "I lived," said Wina, "with my mother — that was enough; you are yourself, doubtless, acquainted with Leipsic and its amusements?" Of these, as a starving son of the Muses, and of a poor country justice, Walt had known little, and of the roses of the mercantile *Rosevalley*, he knew only the thorns; for he entered it not oftener than a master-mason does a princely hall, to which he has entrance only as long as he is building it. The higher ranks do not more easily comprehend the lower, than they do those shepherds' and peasants' huts, of which

they have models in the French Gessner; the lower, much less, the others.

"Spring and autumn are there, heavenly," he said, "the latter, full of nightingales, and the spring, full of tender perfumes. Only the place is destitute of mountains, which, in my opinion, should always enclose, but not interrupt a landscape. Upon a high mountain, indeed, there is no landscape, except such, again, as distant mountains make beautiful and grand. The Leipsic view seems to narrow in the limits of the eye, for its boundary, or rather its boundlessness leaves nothing for the phantasy; which, as far as I have learned, is the case with the ocean, where the horizon is lost in the ether of the heavens."

"Wonderfully," answered Wina, "in this case, does the habit of the outward eye decide the power of the inward. I had a friend from Lower Saxony, who, for the first time, felt herself as much limited in prospect, by our mountains, as we, by their plains."

Walt was so much struck by her philosophical manner of speaking (which, in a woman, removes her further from the heart of a man than it enlightens his head), that he scarcely knew what to say in reply.

"Did you visit the bathing-places about Leipsic?" she asked, somewhat later. Walt understood, not the pleasure *Brunnens* in the neighborhood of Leipsic, but the bathing-places in the river, for the accommodation of the students. Such a question from

female lips obliged him to use much circumspection in the answer. "The Leipsic magistrates," he said, "at the time he was there, had, on account of the many accidents in the river, appointed private bathing-places." Wina was again misled by his misinterpretation of her question. Thus, in Germany, as everywhere else, one who mistakes in speaking, may count upon being misunderstood in the hearing of others; so few ears are there, although they stand double on every head, for our present language; and it is far more difficult to find open ears, than short ones.

Suddenly, the general sprang, with a white, pale face, from his powdering-room into the apartment, holding a picture in his hand, and dropping the powder, as though it were tears, from his eyelids. "Tell me who it is most like, the mother or the daughter?" he exclaimed. "It is, in fact, bravely retouched." The picture represented Wina, as she bent down her face upon the cheek of a little daughter, extremely resembling herself, who was playing with a butterfly. The expression of the mother was absorbed in interest for the child's occupation, rather than in a desire for the child to look from the butterfly to the mother. In the excitement of the artistic execution, the general asked Walt, "Is not, then, the mother extremely well taken, my Wina, namely, whose resemblance we again find in the child? Answer as a third person." Walt, embarrassed at his blushes, called up merely at the thought of a child

of Wina's, answered, "The resemblance is, indeed, just." "And upon both sides," said Zablocki, without informing the notary of that, which, according to the expectation of all people of rank, should be well known to him, and was as follows. The general wished to send to his separated, banished wife a memento of his tenderness, a mirror, that reflected herself warmly, and could remain a permanent picture; but, alas! from former coldness, he had never allowed her to sit. Fortunately, Wina was now so like her, the few ten years excepted, that sought to divide the mother from the daughter, that the present Wina could be painted as the former mother, and the former little Wina placed in her arms. The child was painted with an auricula in the left hand, upon which, with the right, she sought to place a white butterfly. This twice-repeated portrait of Wina, as a picture, and as the original, would the general send, like an oil-painted heaven, opened upon canvass, to his wife; exciting her utmost astonishment, that, at forty miles distance, she could sit to a painter.

When the father was gone, Walt, yet deeper in astonishment and incredulity, remarked to Wina, that she seemed so like that beautiful child, as, in his eyes, only to have outgrown the portrait. "O! we remain like ourselves only in the most striking traits," said Wina. "I was then, also, with my mother; I believe, the very day of the painting, you, or your brother lay ill and blind with the smallpox;

for I went with her, on that day, to your house. Precious time! I would willingly take upon myself the one resemblance, could I thereby restore the other to my mother." *

The notary started, blushing, back from the illumined abyss before him, and feared his folly might lead him again, against his will, to the extremity, as he said, "I, also, would willingly go back to that blindness. Night is the mother of the immortals," he added, and would have touched playfully upon the thought of the auricular bride. Wina understood of this, only the tone and the glance; it was enough, and passed rapidly away.

Dinner was announced. Walt thought that he should be invited, as at the Rosenhof Wirthshaus, to dine at the general's table. He rose, therefore, to be ready to offer his arm to Wina. She continued her work, and he drew near the embroidery-frame, and looked down upon the beautiful head, in which his world and his future life dwelt, concealed, as it were, in that exquisite beauty, where the fruit-wreaths of the mind were overshadowed by the flower-wreaths of the form, at the same time concealing and enhancing the beauty. She arose, and Walt presented his arm, to lead her forth. "I will," said Wina, gently, "return after dinner, and bring a petition for your heart." She looked, at the same

* She would become again a child, to restore to her mother the happiness of having her with her.

time, at him with a little embarrassment in her large, benevolent eyes, and, as an answer to his asking arm, with her left hand pressed slightly his own.

More he needed not; in love, a hand is far more than an arm; as a glance is more than an eye. He remained, possessed of all the riches of the world, at his solitary dinner, which the servant placed upon the writing-table. His hand, was now to him, as though consecrated by that being, who had hitherto only touched his soul. Who can say why the pressure of a beloved hand sends a deeper, a more enchanting warmth into the soul, than even a kiss, if it be not the simplicity, the innocence, and the faithfulness of the token?

He dined as at the table of the gods; the world was to him the temple of the gods, for he thought of Wina's approaching request. To *ask* a favor of one who loves, is to give more than to receive. But why in love alone is this an exception? Why is there no enlightened world, where all human requests would be considered favors; and the asker be thanked, rather than the benefactor?

He perplexed himself about Wina's request, which he thought he should have known, for he felt that she was to him a transparent jewel, without a cloud or flaw. It is the nature of love to believe that the beloved is more penetrable to him than to herself; so, that through her the blue heaven is visible, and all its stars. Hatred, on the contrary, perceives only night about him, needs it, and produces it.

As he kissed the beams that came from the stars her needle had left in the embroidery, his heaven opened, as through a cloud, namely, the folding-doors, and Wina again appeared. He would have said, "I beseech you for your request," but he held it indelicate to call that a request, and not a command, that Wina had so called. Thus, he had the highest courage on her account, but not in her presence; and of the long prayers to his saint, which at home he composed and repeated, he brought to the idol itself, when upon his knees, only yes, and amen!

"Are you sometimes at the tea-parties of this place?" began Wina, and made, as is the habit of people of rank, the customs of their own class apparently the custom of all. "Recently, at my room, with the excellent flute-player, whom you certainly admire." "I heard of that to-day, by my maiden," she said, meaning the news of their dwelling together. But Walt understood only that she had heard of their miserable tea-drinking together.

"I mean, particularly, are you often with the talented daughters of the Herr Court Agent? I speak especially of my friend Raphaela."

He related, but without touching upon the necessity of bail for the bill of exchange, the evening, when she sat for her picture, for her mother's birthday. "How beautiful!" said Wina, "she is even so. Once, when she was with me in Leipsic, she fell into a long illness, but would not let her mother

be informed, till she were either better, or could return to her. It is for this love to her mother, that she is dear to me. I know not how a maiden, who loves neither mother nor sister, can really love any thing else, not even a father."

Walt would willingly have turned this remark, in the most delicate manner, upon herself; but he made only the rather common-place remark, that daughters who loved their mothers, were certainly the best and most feminine.

"It is not worth a subterfuge, as you will hear, Mr. Secretary; receive, therefore, at once, my simple request, kindly." It was this; that, as Raphaela's birth-hour occurred in the night, or early morning of new-year's day, she wished, by the assistance of her sister Engelberta, to awake her to the festival of a new life, by soft music and singing; but, as she thought her own voice inefficient, she desired the accompaniment of the flute; and to whom could she so favorably turn, as to Mr. Von Harnish. Walt assured her, joyfully, that Vult would play most willingly. She asked about the composition of the music. Walt assured her again. "But for the verse I must also go to your worthy friend," she said, with an indescribably lovely smile, "for I know him, through the newspaper, as a tender poet of the heart."

Gratefully surprised, Walt asked, what Vult had printed? when immediately she repeated to him the following *Streckvers* of his own.

"THE MAY-BLOSSOM.

"White bell with the yellow pendulum, wherefore dost thou sink thy head? Is it modesty, that, pale, like the snow, thou canst penetrate above the earth, yet earlier than those colored flowers, the tulip and the rose? Or does thy pale heart sink before that powerful sky, whose stormy wind heaps a new earth upon the old? Or, wouldst thou willingly shed, like a tear of joy, thy dew-drop upon the young, lovely earth? Tender, white, budding flower, elevate thy heart! I will fill it with glances of love, with tears of joy. Oh, fairest, first love of Spring, elevate thy heart!"

While Walt listened to the words of the poet, repeated by Wina, his eyes overflowed with joy and love; and, as unconsciously, while she read, her own filled with sympathetic tears, he whispered, that he was himself the author.

"You? my friend," asked Wina, and took his hand in hers; "and of all the *Streckverse?*" "All," he answered. Wina blushed like the morning glow that precedes the sun, and it was reflected upon Walt, as upon the earth — each stifled beneath the joy-gushing tears, the mutual sounds that would have trembled into one tone of joy. They were like two flowers, that the same breeze bent towards each other, but, that never could meet.

They heard the step of her father. "You will

make the text for the birth-day?" she said. "Oh yes, yes!" he answered, and durst not say more, for Zablocki entered. The father and host reproached her for her delay, as he led her forth, observing, that she knew the Newpeters were *citizens*, and that he would rather be an hour too late with his equals, than fail in the most trivial politeness towards them. She flew forth, but he called her back himself, to fasten a chain with a key the size of a flower-seed, to which was attached a golden locket, about her beautiful neck, and to take her with him. While he was placing it, she looked gratefully in her father's eyes, and threw, as she turned away, a flying glance at the notary, which contained the universe for him.

Never had Walt experienced anything so repugnant as receiving the reward for his copying hours, that the general would now force upon him. At first, Zablocki treated the denial as a joke, till the suspicion that Walt acted from a feeling of honor, so offended his own, that he swore violently, that if he did not listen to him, he should never draw a notary instrument in his house. Walt complied, for he would not bar the gate of heaven against himself, with his own hands.

He was now alone, and for the last time a copyist in that chamber. He experienced what men need for the most refined happiness, namely, a contradiction of feeling, a contrast of wishes. He wished to be absent, at home, to hover over Wina's head in starry dreams, and also to remain, that he might

dwell for the last moment in the coronation-chamber of his life. The sun shone always warmer, and illumined it, like an enchanted arbor in an Elysian grove. When he closed the door behind him, it seemed as though the blooming branch had fallen, upon which, hitherto, a nightingale had sung to his heart.

How was it with him at home, where nothing was wanting but Vult, and scarcely that. Hitherto, the clouds had appeared to him stationary, and the moon to fly beyond them; now he saw the flight of the clouds, under the firm, beautiful stars. "If one loves only — truly, and deeply," he thought, "grant only *that!* I mean not myself alone, but others, and the whole of life becomes joy. This joy, then, must many mothers possess, many fathers, and unnumbered friends!" He continually rejoiced at the happiness Wina would feel on the new-year's night, at the joy of that friend, who was now living beneath him. That Wina loved and esteemed him, he could not but know; but he knew not in what degree. The regard she now felt, had this effect, that it sketched before him the path of millions of successive steps, that led from the world to the summit of the sun, where he should be crowned like a God.

He had already, without knowing it, merely by thinking of the request, worked out much of the birth-day poem, when at length Vult entered. In his anxiety lest Vult's coldness towards Raphaela and the nobility, should lead him to refuse the musical

festival, he resolved to approach the proposal artistically, and, as in an English garden, by a serpentine line that leads to a monument. "Alas!" he said, with the most joyous expression, "I have to-day written for the last time, at the general's." "Thou shouldst say, God be praised!" answered Vult. Walt stumbled already in his meandering, and was near sinking. "I had hitherto hoped," continued Vult, "you would have introduced my musical madness to the father, that the daughter might sing, while I accompanied her with the flute." "Both can be done without him, or me," said Walt, "I have a proposal to make to you ——"

The flute-player enquired impatiently. — Walt resolved, before he was more explicit, to give him a favorable trait of Raphaela. It was that beautiful instance of her silence, when she was ill, rather than distress her mother. There was no feature of character in the world, that could have been sketched before the flute-player, to which he would have had such an aversion; but he drew the satirical sting back into its sheath, that he might come sooner to the proposal. Walt tormented him so long for his opinion of Rhaphaela's beautiful action, that at last he broke out, "I swear to you, I value the affectation; the devil and his grandmother could not have acted more tenderly; now speak!"

Walt told him. "You are a good man," said Vult, concealing, with some difficulty, his delight. "I undertake it willingly. I merely joke sometimes

but as a tenant, I would willingly show the daughter of the house this attention — and will do it — yet to speak the truth, I am much more impelled to it by Wina's pure, voluminous, pearl-like voice. Heavens! Why should not a singing-party be formed, especially when that noble soprano will join it; whose *diminuendo* and *crescendo*, brother! I speak as an artist, is unequalled. The splendid union of head and heart, in that noble voice, so well known to me; Walt! it is impossible for you to understand! Ah, man! will you believe, that at that time, when I heard her sing in Elterlein, I swore she should never, with my will, sing *à secco* — *à secco*, Walt — that is, alone."

It appeared a little to Walt, that Vult had not come exactly from dry land. The evening of both was gilded by the flame of love. Each believed that he saw clearly, across that river of Paradise, the fountain of the other's joy, rising misty from afar. Walt constrained his brother, jokingly, to write his resolution down that evening, that in the morning he might not be of another opinion. Vult wrote, "I will, like Siegwart, make the moon my bed-warmer, or hold a running fire in course, if I do not immediately compose the best Mozartish music, and blow it upon the enchanting flute, in the same moment that this my brother composes and writes his verse; and I deny every exception, especially, that I was not conscious to-night of what I intended to do to-morrow morning."

"A true villain is my Walt," he thought in bed. "Would another have penetrated his principal object as I did? Scarcely!" *

No. 58. *An old tuning-hammer.*

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* Vult imagined he wished to do honor to Raphaela's birth-day.

CHAPTER XXV.

SKATING-PARTY.

THE next day, that Walt reflected upon the birth-day song for Wina, was made up of 24 morning hours. The following, consisted of as many meridian hours as it took him to write it out. It was as though himself should be glorified, to take Wina's consecrated heart upon his tongue; as though he must himself dissolve in love, so that her love to her friend might radiate in his soul, like a second rainbow. It is easy to love in another's heart, and it becomes more tender, when, in this heart, love beats for a third; as the second soft echo is victorious over the lower key of the first. It was easy sowing of the seed in a spring day, when only singing birds flew under his heaven, but the second day was the hot harvest, when Walt must bring his ethereal dream into a waking form; not only into the metrical form, but to the musical adaptation; for Vult often rejected the best thoughts, as incapable of being sung or played. Thus the ethereal spirit, the soul of the poem, must be drawn from its free heaven, into an earthly body, whose wings were yet more narrowly confined.

It was easy to Vult, on the contrary, to compose both the music and the accompaniment; for in the immeasurable ether of the art of music, all may soar or expand; the heaviest earth, the most transparent light, without mingling or confusion.

The difficulty was now to make Wina acquainted with the music and the text. Walt proposed many ways and means, practicable, but very foolish. Vult proposed but this; that they should watch the haunts of the maiden, do nothing, but stand calmly at their post, ready to shoot, and blaze away when they saw the game.

In the mean time nothing was accomplished. Wina learned from her dressing-maid, as much as Walt knew. At length, upon one clear, December twilight, the long sea (this was a small lake) in the park was swept clear of the fallen snow; and yet later, when the moon sharply sketched in shadow every dry branch and twig upon the white ground, the moving cause of this preparation, the three ladies, had vanished into the near rotunda, a beautiful cow-house, like the Roman Pantheon in this, that it was open at the top. Immediately after, they led each other out again, upon the sea of ice; all three, Wina, as well as Raphaela, and Engelberta, prepared with skates, for skating.

"God-like!" cried Walt, as he observed their motions. "The forms fly, like planets, around, and through each other. What graceful and waving lines! even Engelberta is picturesque, thus, with both

arms raised." "Run with thy music-sheet," said Vult, "and be a man among them." "Impossible," answered Walt, "consider the twilight, and the delicacy!" "There is yet room upon the sea for a pair of boots," said Vult, and fluttered three steps further down, after ordering a shop-boy to bring him, without delay, a pair of skates, which he immediately put on.

Walt placed the sacred sheet, filled with poetry and music, upon its birth-place, namely, his heart, which seemed to him a more appropriate place than his coat-pocket; while beneath, upon the lake, the three figures, lightly and hastily returning his greeting, glided swiftly by his long reverence.

But what development of the power of life did Vult unfold upon the ice, and how hovered the soul over that frozen water. First he began to revolve, sometimes as a comet, a wandering star, sometimes as a meteor, around Wina; then to protect her, like the queen of the chess-board, as pawn, knight, or tower, from every other queen; then to dart, like love's arrow, as often as she was love's bow, and not to suffer her to take a bolder flight, but outspeed her swiftest course, till he was himself outsped; and then easily close the emulating flight with a double victory. These were the arts, in which his beautifully world-educated form displayed its value in easy postures, and graceful changes.

Walt remained, as though stranded, on the shore; beside himself with pleasure, and threw the wreath

of applause upon their efforts, with such weight, and with so justly-chosen words of art, that one would have sworn he could himself skate and dance; but, alas! in the midst of his admiration, he must himself complain, that he could as little turn upon the ice, as a ship of war. Perhaps the pressure of a lowly descent never weighs more heavily on the sensitive, than in social festivals, where a penurious education has not furnished one with the arts of pleasure, such as dancing, riding, singing, playing, and speaking French.

Five times had Walt thought of his sheet of music, and forgotten it again, as Wina, whose eye contained his whole future life, flew past, and threw him a flower-glance, that he continued to dream upon ever after. At last, he said, as the fair skater passed, "Both your wishes are answered." "I scarcely understand you," she said, again approaching, and darting away." He went a little from the shore, to meet her upon the ice. "How is it with the flute-music?" she asked, as she flew by him again. "I bear the music and the text with me," he answered, "and *not* merely in my heart." "How splendid!" she answered, again turning away, and glancing a look of joy.

Vult now flew towards them, with a jealous, questioning eye, saying, "Has she taken the sheet?" "I have indicated it to her three times," he answered, "but, very naturally, she will not stand before me in an unfeminine manner to receive it."

Vult now drew out his flute, publicly, and said aloud, so that all the skaters could hear him, "Mr. Harnish, you have my notes in your pocket; I will now play." The other, in compliance with his glance, rather than his words, handed him the notes. Wina drew near. "Could you," said Vult, giving it to her, "read them by the light of the moon, while I play?" The unsuspicious maiden looked kindly at him, and earnestly upon the sheet, when immediately the flute began. Upon the hair of the thread of accident, not like a sword, indeed, but like a flowery wreath, was now suspended the whole new-year's morning. Thus throb and tremble, upon the same little hair, the vicissitudes of men; sometimes a sword is suspended, sometimes a diadem, which will sooner or later fall upon the devoted head.

Wina looked long, and perused the music-notes, while he suspended the flute, till at length she understood Vult's plan and object, and assented to them. Now she flew, often as the flute needed, to thank him with glances; and near the shore, where Walt stood, to look her thanks to him, also; and then joyfully again over the cold surface of the lake; her wishes for her friend had been so charmingly fulfilled, and for the serenade nothing was wanting, but the first night of the year. The sounds of the flute wandered around, and, like the staff of the mountaineer, raised Walt from the ice of earth to the empyrean ice of heaven. All were blessed, particularly Vult; although Walt felt the music most deeply.

"Ah! poor wight!" said Vult, approaching him with a gratified expression, "couldst thou not advance me a couple of double Louis, for the next two hours?" "I," asked Walt: but the other flew off, and again was heard the joy-breathing flute, and, like, the choral leader of the music of the spheres, the heavenly orbs seemed to float before and after him upon the ice. If the art of music so powerfully penetrates the heart with its poetry, in the common festivals of the world, the soul is completely moved by it in the open air; and in a man like Walt, it inspires, instead of earthly passions, only heavenly emotions, such as filled the shore with quiet thanksgivings; and, while his songs of joy echoed around the lake, the world of his heart, as often as the sounds of the flute penetrated it, was created and sanctified anew. He collected all the joys of others, as warm beams, into the burning point of his concentrated soul. The white, shining stars seemed suspended, like sporting nightingales, from heaven; and the moon wove its consecrated beams together into Wina's form. "This same moon," he said to himself, "will stand as it does now in heaven, on the new-year's night, and I shall not only hear the flute, and my own thoughts, but, oh! listen to *her* voice! The stars of the morning will gleam down; and I shall then remember, under that future music, how great was the joy of this evening upon the ice!"

He went again upon the lake, or rather upon the

sea of ice, to be nearer the beloved; she circled around him twice, as though to protect with broad leaves his flower of joy, when Zablocki's servants approached, with information that the carriage was there. The proud lackey recalled painfully to his consciousness the rank of Wina, and his own temerity.

After the flight of the three ladies, Vult took Walt's arm within his own. "Every pleasure," he said, "is a self-murderer, and therefore good. Were there ever a couple of cooler heads, than thou and I together? For if there be a couple of miserable dogs, who have suffered three thirsty angels to hover the whole evening, famished, upon the water, because they could not together furnish enough from the pocket, or the room up there, to place the smallest refreshment before the angels, except the little common ice upon which they skated, they are thou and I. Ah! had we been only able, if the weather had been bad, and no carriage, to draw out a phaeton, and harness even a flea to it; as I once saw an artist in Paris, where passengers and postillion were so delicately wrought, that all were drawn by a flea. *Then*, the evening had been splendid."

"Oh, truly, indeed!" said Walt; "but, certainly, this evening, that lovely being thought as little of bodily refreshment, as I did. Woman has *one* pain, *one* joy; man has pains and joys. Look there; my words agree with the words of the tablet, that hangs on that oak."

"It is a linden," said Vult.

"I know plants only from books," Walt answered, "but there it stands written: 'The delicate female soul seeks, like the bee, only blossoms and flowers; the coarse soul, like the wasp, seeks only fruit.'"

"*Ja!* and beef, also, as the butcher knows."

"Ah!" continued Walt, "all were to-day so contented, and especially with thee. I often tell thee thou art a free, accomplished, bold man of the world; so wert thou to-day." And Walt commended, especially, his behavior towards Raphaela. Vult thanked him, with a satirical remark upon the lady. From time to time, he gave vent to a moderate joke against Raphaela, to frighten his brother from a displeasing communication of his love for her.

In the mean time, both sank quietly and deeply into their own happiness. Of the shining present, nothing remained but the heaven above, and the heart beneath. The flute-player measured, in imagination, his way to Wina's heart, and found himself already half-way there. Her thanks, her glance, her approaching (to read the music), Raphaela's avoidance, were sufficient to leave him the sweetest hope, and yet a more intense longing for the new-year's night, when, through a stroke of enchantment, he would decide his fate. His desires were yet stronger than his hopes; but he always thanked God, when his feelings were inexpressibly excited; so much was emotion necessary to his existence. But the deprivations and pains of love, are, even in themselves, its joy and fruition; asking no consola-

tion, but imparting it to the soul; like the clouds about the sun, they increase its light, and disperse the clouds of the earth.

These poetical nightingales, that sang in his warm, perfumed Eden, had a stunning effect upon Walt; and the godlike stars, together with the fortunate brother, made too strong an impression upon him. It seemed to demand, that he should no longer conceal from this, his only friend, the holiest condition of the heart, where the image of Wina stood, like the one solitary flower of heaven, no longer shrouded and concealed in its leaves. Without further pressure of the hand, or glance of the eye, he dismissed all prelude, and was about to make the bold confession of the temerity of his aspirations, and to ask the sympathy of his brother. "Should we not," he said, "expand the heart, like this great heaven over us, where all that is little disappears, and all that is great is magnified?" "Little is magnified in my eyes," Vult answered; "but let us go into the shade, else I must read, as I pass, *all* that susceptibility has nailed upon the trees; for as, upon a nearer acquaintance, Raphaela will appear to me in a different light than formerly, still I cannot but hate that turning out, and exposing of inward emotion, as if man could be reversed like a polypus, and the inward become the outward. When a lady begins a sentence with 'a beautiful female soul,' I willingly run from her. Hearts, that have so much to open, and present to every one, are like a prince's

snuff-box, and *both* contain the likeness of the giver, not of the receiver. But I appeal to thyself, whether thou, with thine, and, indeed, our delicacy, could be capable of making the sacred domain of the heart, its inmost and warmest Africa, all known; of mapping it out, and sketching of it a land-chart. Such a course, brother, is knavery in love; merely dishonorable tricks, birth-day festivals of the old Adam! All these are like proud flesh in the heart; or rather, I would say, with the physician, mere extravasations; or, with the moralist, mere extravaganza; in short, although in the same circumstances, *I* should scarcely have trusted thee, thou canst confide, without injury, thy extravagance to me. Passionate love, on the contrary,—but think of this for future occasions—"

* * * * * *

Walt was silent,—laid himself in bed to dream, and closed his eyes, that he might again see all that made him happy.

No. 59. *Schurschwanzel.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

Upon the sweet fruit, and the roses that lingered upon the sunny side of their life, blew again the rough air of disappointment. Namely, Herr Merkel sent back their romance, with expressions of sincere contempt. Walt's part was bearable; but they found that of Vult, not only tasteless and insipid, but chanted too much after the manner of that cuckoo, Jean Paul, who himself, without the aid of a cuckoo-clock, was wearisome enough. *

Upon this result, the romance was sent to Herr Trattner, in Vienna; "for this," said Vult, "they needed only half franking." "I shall thank God as soon as I can hope," said Walt. The new sheets were added to the old. The bookseller, Passvogel, persevered in sending only one proof-sheet every week, and consequently this proof-correcting duty of the inheritance was uncommonly protracted. Walt, indeed, left no new faults, but yet numberless of the

* Here follows an ironical critique of Vult's upon the Reviewer, which, as it has merely a local interest, is omitted.

old, except in the letter W, with that, his welfare and his woe had begun!

Without love, the double life of the brothers had fallen into the wearisomeness and stagnation of death. This love is the architect of necessity, and builds castles in the air, as lofty as it is possible to make them habitable. Youth endures nothing more easily than poverty, (as age nothing more readily than riches,) if only a love, either of a heart, or of a science, illuminate artistically their dark present; and make them as happy in this artificial day, as if it were the true light of the sun, as birds will sing as cheerily before the lights of night shine out, as they do before the light of morning.

Vult was now resolved, that on new-year's night, flute in hand, he would effect his landing upon the heart of Wina. His hopes were founded upon the thought, that, from a union of employment would easily arise a union of hearts. "Enough," he said, "if in leading out a two-voiced composition, we cannot become one-voiced, I err indeed." Walt, on the contrary, formed no other plan of conquest, than to steal glances at Wina; to weep for joy; to draw yet nearer to her; and, if God presented him in the darkness the opportunity, the joy, to kiss her hand, and to say some hasty words to her — it was enough!

Thus came and passed the Christmas, without the rising, as usual, of the phœnix of the night from the ashes of childhood; for the approaching new-year's

night extinguished its splendor; and this at last came on, with the evening aurora, that belonged to the departing year. Yet, in this very evening, by the shimmering of Hesperus, or some other star, Vult cursed his fate again, that with so fair an opportunity presented to him, he had no money wherewith to play the man of the world in the presence of the ladies. "I would I had joined the beggarly order of bad musicians, who wander around on new-year's night; I had at least begged enough to make them rich." About four o'clock in the morning, as Engelberta in the great yellow hall, had furnished him with the desired funds,* he went joyfully in the evening to the wine-house, where the day before, as an old friend of the house, (it cost him only the clasps of his pantaloons,) he had had the cork drawn from a bottle of champaigne, and the wine placed on the ice; in order, as he said to Walt, "to hang the ruins of their dog's life with a little tapestry."

It took Walt half an hour to understand that the spirit of the wine would not evaporate from the open bottle. They drank.—All the resourses they possessed followed from each, yet like electrical clouds, charged with positive and negative power, they lightened at each other; Walt with playful and witty conceits; Vult with serious fancies. Were a flower-

* As Engelberta knew the secret of the serenade, this must have been compensation for Vult's music, as he was too proud to accept money in charity.

wreath formed of their conversation, the colors would be as variegated as the following specimen: —

"In seizing his moments of happiness, man has as little time as the pearl-diver; perhaps two minutes only, to seize his prize." "Many of the institutions of government kindle destructive fires, merely that the water-engines that extinguish them may be thawed out." "We climb the green mountains of life, only to die upon an iceberg above." Every one is at least in one thing, against his will, *original;* in his manner of sneezing." "Most people secretly believe, that God has existed, merely that *they* might be created; and that through the pervading ether, their part of the world is a peninsula, stretching into a sea of vapor, or an isthmus, connecting them with heaven." "Each, to the other, is at the same time sun and sun-flower, he turns and is turned." — And so on — only what followed was less connected, and far more animated; till at last, the death-bell of the year was heard to strike, and the invisible moon wrote itself anew, with a clear silver line in the heaven. Their glasses were now as empty as the year, and they both wandered into the street, where it was as light as in the day.

Everywhere, friends, who came forth from festivals of joy, cried new-year's greetings to each other, in which were lying enfolded, all the morning and evening greetings of the coming year. Upon the steps of the tower, they very distinctly saw the announcer of the new year, with his trumpet. Walt

imagined himself at that height, and it seemed to his imagination, that he saw the coming year, slowly ascending from the horizon, like a monstrous cloud, full of struggling forms, and the tones of the trumpet named those forms, by the names of the future hours. The stars seemed to stand as sentinels, to announce that eternal morning in heaven, that should no longer know either morning or evening; but men looked up, and gave to all that was above them, their own hasty mutations, their passing hours, and their death-bells. Under these feelings, the *beloved* appeared to Walt, like a consecrated form, crowned with a diadem of stars, and the glory of heaven revealed to him more clearly her large liquid eye, and her tender rose-lips. *Not*, as had been formerly the case, did the old year, that died at the birth of the new, reveal to him the transgressions of his life; *love* had changed all into splendor, even tears and the grave; and before him, life, like the declining sun of the longest day of the north sea, touched only, with its rim, the passing earth, and rose again, like morning, in the arch of heaven.

Both friends went arm in arm, at last, hand in hand, through the streets. Walt's short vivacity had softened into deep feeling. He looked often around into Vult's face, "We must remain through life, as now, united," he said. Vult pressed his hand quickly on the other's mouth. "Hush," he said, "the devil hears!" "And God, also," answered Walt, and continued, in a low voice, blushing deeply, and

turning away. "In such a night, should we not once, to each other, pronounce the word *Beloved!*" "How?" said Vult, blushing, "that were too foolish"——

After a long enjoyment of their happy anticipations, they at last saw Wina, like a white blossom, and Engelberta with her, slip into the summer-house.

With warm hopes of executing his plan, of declaring his love to Wina, and as happy as an astronomer, to whom the whole heaven has revealed itself, ere the rising moon shrouds the stars in total darkness, Vult sought the ear of his brother, and represented to him, that if he listened at some distance, that is, far beneath in the park, the music would be much finer. "If you peep over my shoulder," he said, "it will be as if you yourself blew with me into the holes of the flute; by which nothing could be gained, and the heroine of the music-festival would be in a situation as though two persons were performing in the room, near her bed—this needs to be considered, my Walt!" "If you desire it, I will not go in with you," said the other, and turned into the cold garden, where the blinding snow was as well starred as the deep ether.

But above (in the summer-house) it was arranged against Vult's expectations, although not against his wishes. Engelberta assured him that her sister knew the flute and voice so well, that she would awake at the sound of the first note, and thus spoil all; there-

fore the music must begin at a great distance, and increase as it drew nearer. "Good — it will be best in the park," said Wina, and hastened down. Upon the steps behind, close to her ear, Vult hastily explained to her all the musical points of concert, that in the solitary paths of the park, he might have nothing to think of but his own conquest. To his great consternation, the notary, with his cheerful expression, appeared upon the principal path, proposing to himself and the others, to accompany, or to follow them. Wina gave him a joyful "good morning," and afterwards, a new-year's greeting, and the question, "does not all go on delightfully?" "*Sta*, *Sta*, *Viator*," cried Vult, and winked him violently back, and to remain quiet. Walt remained, as he desired, "because," as he said to himself, "I know not what reason they may have."

"A true man, and atender poet," Vult began, as they passed. "His poems are heavenly," she answered. "And yet you have not separated us as authors?" he asked hastily, for at this moment, to secure an eternity of bliss, he thought nothing failed him, but time. "Such an error requires not the smallest pardon, but rather gratitude; I think rather of another, but truer resemblance —" (Wina looked sharply at him) — "we have a mutual confidence to make; as it were twin secrets in life, that I could impart to no human being — except to yourself — for I trust" — "I wish to know nothing that your friend does not willingly unfold," she interposed.

He turned suddenly towards a linden tree (for the introductory conversation had taken much too long a digression), and read the inscription placed there by Raphaela: "Here, in the moonbeams, is the hum of bees among thy leaves, as they suck honey from thy blossoms. Thou already slumberest, my friend! while I rest here, and think of thee. Dost thou dream who loves thee?"

"Let us hasten," she said; "but how expressively is your eye again fixed." "I take gladly," he said, "all that belongs to love, especially the poisoned arrow, *all* but the bandage. Revered Wina! you alone I always see! Do I win? Ah! I know not; you alone can tell. Beautifully," he continued, "has the poet woven that line in your song: 'Dreamest thou who loves thee?'" and, turning half-round, he sang the line softly, that he had apparently placed in the song for this purpose, while glances of love flashed from his dark eyes. As Wina was silent, and hastened more quickly on, he took the hand which she allowed him to hold, and said, "Wina, your kind heart has understood mine. To you, for you are not too proud to listen to me, I will appear, not as I do to the multitude, but as I *am*. I have nothing but my heart and my life; but both are consecrated to the best of human beings." "*There*, my friend!" she said gently, and drew him hastily to the spot where they were to begin their music. She stood still, and took his other hand in hers, and raised her eyes, full of infinite tenderness,

to his; while upon her celestial countenance all her thoughts stood transparent as the dew-drop upon the flower. "Good youth," she said, "I am as open, as sincere as yourself, and, by this sacred heaven above us, I would openly and joyfully acknowledge it, if I loved you in the sense that you probably mean. Were it so, I would, indeed, acknowledge it boldly, from true esteem for you. But *now* you have pained me much. You have disturbed my morning, and I shall scarcely give my friend the joy I intended."

Ere she had done speaking, Vult had drawn out his flute. He put it together, and gave her only *one glance*, a silent hint to begin. She began to sing with an embarrassed voice, but soon it became strong, and afterwards rose to its usual power.

In the mean time, Walt had penetrated the principal passages through which he saw them, as they passed from the shadow into the beams of the moon. At last, he heard his own words in the beautiful song, greeting the slumberer, and in the distant twilight perceived his own heart transfused into the breast of another, as they sang the words, "Awake gladly, beloved!" to the poor sleeper above, upon whom *he*, at least, had hitherto expended no thought. To excuse himself, he looked, with sincere good wishes, up at her window, and wished her all that life and love could present to her of happiness, in the midst of the deep regret she must feel at the absence of Flitt.

At this moment, he heard the voice of Engel-

berta, who called to him, that he might, if he preferred it, come into the house. The attention, at this time, only disturbed him; but he approached nearer, and entered the rotunda, already mentioned, where nothing was visible but the deep blue of the sky, with the penetrating moonbeams, and he heard only the distant, lovely melody from the beautiful lips of Wina.

They approached. The melodious leader of the birth-day festival drew nearer and nearer, with stronger tones; Vult behind her, that the hot tears of displeasure and pride, which, with the flute at his lips he could not dry, might be revealed to none but the night. When she was near, Engelberta directed Wina's attention to her sister's sleeping-chamber, and to the rotunda. She followed the last hint, thinking she must conceal herself, and continue the serenade till the awakened friend should find her there.

Here was Walt, with his eyes upon the moon, his spirit in the distant ether, but ravished and beside himself at the near sound of her voice, and the distant melody of the flute. No one understands the music of our souls but God. Like the deaf and dumb pupils of Heinecke,* we make words, and understand not ourselves what we say. Wina must continue to sing, and address him only through the greeting of a lovely English smile.†

* The teacher of the dumb to speak with articulated sounds.

† Jean Paul often expresses his admiration of the frank English smile.

That which he also dared not say, he smiled; a smile radiating in love and joy. But when she sang that beautifully melodious line, "Dreamest thou who loves thee?" and then softly repeated the heavenly sounds close to his breast, he sank upon his knees, unconscious whether to pray or love; and as he looked up to her, clothed as she was with the moonbeams, she seemed a Madonna descending from above, environed with the splendor of heaven. Gently, she laid her right hand upon the waving curls of his head; he raised both his own, and pressed it upon his brow. Emotion will dissolve the gentlest spirit in the flame of joy, as the most delicate flower in the voluptuous summer's-night throws out the electric spark; tears and sighs of joy, the music and the stars, heaven and earth, were mingled together in one sea of ether, and, without consciousness, he held Wina's left hand pressed upon his beating heart, and the song seemed to come to him from afar off, as to one awaking from a swoon.

The flute came nearer, and the last word was sung. Wina drew him gently from the earth; but the sounds were still repeated in his ears, when Raphaela burst in, with joyful impatience, to throw herself upon the breast of the authoress of this delightful morning. Gottwalt was alarmed; but Wina, perfectly calm, received her friend with entire self-possession, and said to Walt, who could not speak, "We shall see each other again on Monday evening." "Yes, by heaven!" he answered, without

knowing how, or where. Vult entered at this moment, and received the loud expression of Raphaela's gratitude; he bowed silently, and with Walt departed from the garden.

As soon as they were in their chamber, the latter threw himself upon his neck. Vult took it for the expression of his joy and gratitude, at the success of Raphaela's birth-day festival, and pressed him once to his heart. "Oh! let me speak, brother," Walt began. "Oh! let me sleep," Vult answered; "deep, dark sleep; that sinks from darkness to darkness. Oh, brother! is not that profound sleep a blessed, wide lake, for us amphibious animals, who come weary from the sultry land, to float or sink into the cool, dark, profound depths of its waters? But you deny all this, and more also." "Ah! God give thee dreams, and the most heavenly that ever visit sleep!" said Walt.

No. 60. *Blende. A mineràl that contains no ore.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

WALT had now in his flower-crowned head nothing else than the Monday in which he should again see Wina; although he knew not where. After some days, Raphaela informed him, through Flora, that, on account of the court-morning, the masquerade of Monday, would be postponed. He startled the maid, by asking, "*How?* it was a masquerade, then?" but afterwards, when Vult clapped him upon the shoulder, and remarked, that probably Engelberta had planned the message, and suffered it, delicately, to come through the sister, a light arose, yes, a star, upon Wina's "*Monday.*" The chambers of his brain became four halls for masks, and he swore he would pinch himself, even if he should starve, till he had collected enough money to enter, for the first time in his life, and take part in a masked ball. "Could I once have a mask," he thought, "I could meet her in a blissful dance, or lead her aside, and neither ask, nor see any thing else." How gently had it touched and warmed his heart, could he have pressed his twin-brother to his breast, and revealed his secret to him! but now it was impossible. Sor-

row, and the refusal of his love, had cut Wina's image too deeply into that hard, but precious stone, his heart; *this*, he could not bear! he would himself efface, and obliterate it from the jewel, so that nothing could there be read; not for love, but for honor, could he die! Not to quiet the longing of desire, but for revenge, could he destroy himself!

In these circumstances, it was difficult for any one, except Walt, to endure him; every thing; the present, and the absent, all displeased him. He cursed the lodgings, and the city; the first delicately, the latter without reserve. It was a schaloop to a ship of fools; a lodge, full of extinguished, smoking, study lamps; a charnel-house of the beheaded! a Golgotha, the place of skulls! It was a residence for animals, with a market for cattle, and a bear-garden. Walt endured the pouring out of his wrath upon the city, and upon himself, as though his brother would say to him, "it is upon thy account, that I sit in this vile nest." "Ah, that thou wert happier, Vult," he said once, but nothing more. "What then, hast thou heard of me?" asked the other, angrily.—"Only the former," said Walt, and gave the other the suspicion that he was acquainted with the failure of his declaration of love.

From the splendid divided chamber, with the arcadian prospect, as well as from the painted stage curtain, all the former glory had now faded away.

If his writing, or his flute-playing was interrupted; if, in bad weather, a passing child substituted the

trumpet for his dwarf drum, or if the neighboring butcher, from time to time, pierced the throat of a swine, that shrieked when he was playing, Walt, in his eyes, was guilty of the interruption; or when, at night, the watchman sang so abominably, that many times he threw him curses and reproaches across the park, in the moonlight, Walt was to blame.

The mild warmth of the invariably loving Walt, seemed only to make him more morose; "I also," he said, "could be a lamb of Heaven, a Madonna, a young John, if I had only that, for which he maintains this grace."

But Walt thought only of the masked ball, and the means to attain an entrance to it. "Oh, had my brother only a beloved, how easy and blessed should we be; we would unite our hearts, and whoever he loved, should be also beloved by me. Ah, it is easy to forgive him all, when I imagine myself in his dark circumstances." *

At this moment, as though by accident, tickets for a *dress* lottery were thrown into their chamber. Both desired to go to the masquerade, and as Walt required a dress from this depository of masks, and Vult no less, they each took a ticket, with the hope of at least drawing a disguise.

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* But Walt did not know that he had ventured to declare his love, and had been rejected by Wina. He excused him because he thought he *did not love*.

They scraped together their money, with many curses from Vult at their destitution. While they were waiting for the result, he said, "I cannot tell you how much I wish we were like the Dahomets, in Upper Guinea, where no one, except the king, wears stockings; or that it was now, as under the reign of Charles the Seventh of France, when in the whole land no one possessed a change of linen, except his wife."

"Wherefore?" asked Walt. "Ah, then we could be excused by those of our own rank," he answered, and as he considered his brother the cause of their poverty, he poured out his wrath upon him.

"Poverty," Walt answered, "is the mother of hope. Let the beautiful daughter accompany us, and you will not perceive the hateful mother. But I will gladly be thy Cymon of Cyrenia, and help thee to bear thy cross." "Ah, yes," he answered, "bear it to the mountain, where they will crucify me." "Love knows no poverty, either for itself, or another," Walt answered.

At length, the dress lottery, upon which, merely from the length of time, they had accustomed themselves to place the greatest and brightest hopes, commenced drawing. Walt gained for his No. 515, nearly a complete oilskin suit, as a protection from gout, so that it would be useful, let the gout travel into whichever limb it would. Vult's No. 11000 had drawn a tolerable wagoner's blue frock. At the same moment, the post-runner brought in again their Romance, the *Hoppel-poppel*, returned by the book-

seller, Peter Hammer, in Cologne, with many honest commendations, that Herr Hammer had suffered to escape, after having received the manuscript from Mr. Von Trattner, with the cold excuse that he rarely printed anything that had not already been printed. Upon the envelope, had the worthy Cologne postmaster merely remarked, that in all Cologne there was no Peter Hammer's book-store, and that the name was a pure invention.

Vult had now the best excuse for asking, if in these eternal shocks of life, all the floods of hell had not been opened to pour out flames and ice for him alone? or to assert, that even had he the opportunity, a rain-bow might as easily be formed upon a cloud of locusts, as poetry produced under such circumstances as his; and even now, had he not passed from a smart shower, to fall under the flood of a waterfall?

At this moment the Alsatian appeared, and, after thanking both the brothers for their birth-day labors, he mentioned his commission from Raphaela, who had sent Walt a complete mountaineer's dress of her father's, for the masked ball, which he had sometimes, God be praised, worn in his mining excursions. After Flitt's congratulations, and Walt's gratitude, they mutually exchanged the expression of their emotions, and with so much good-will towards each other, that if Walt was not the most complete coxcomb upon the firm earth, Raphaela must have been, throughout, the beloved of the Alsatian—thus at once, fell the thick mist from Vult's

eyes. "God confound him," he said to himself, "he loves Wina! and she? — she indeed — loves him!" All his wild emotions seized upon him now with double power; yet resolutely concealed, except in his journal. "So false, so secret, so bold! and so madly ambitious, could I not have believed the simpleton," he wrote, while thus his self-communion went on. "By heaven, I know what I will do, Oh, right well! were I only wholly certain! — At the masked ball, I also will mask. — The plan will be easy; or the evil one will take part in it. — In the first place, I will allow proofs of my friendship for him, to be clearly revealed — even to herself. Heavens! *if* her rejection of my love upon that stupid new-year's night, have led to his happiness! I did much for him, indeed!" —— "Oh, dear Vult! be, only this once, even on thy own account, less violent, and quieter. Conceal thy face, and thy means of reproach, only until to-morrow night!"

Vult's recent error easily excused the remark, that the same facility with which one imagines himself to be beloved, makes one also believe that another is beloved.

But to keep his promise of peace, and to stand cold and firm upon the hot lava upon which he must continue to move, he began to talk of indifferent things, and told Flitt that he and Walt were now the best friends. He earnestly advised the notary to appear at the ball, enclosed in the gouty oil-cloth.

Walt, however, imagined in this irony, only an extraordinary disguise, that was wholly unexpected.

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"But, joking aside," he continued, "let us speak rather of love, that will not fail to appear at a masked ball. I shall forever believe that it endures long — longer than people will admit — for I know not why a lover that is assured of his own love — even if he has promised nothing, should not suffer his heart to burn as long as that mine of hard coal by Zwicau, which has now been on fire a century." "*Vive l'amour!*" cried Flitt.

Vult told them that Jacobiné, the actress, had arrived. "She will also play her part at the ball, and you will play, neither her first, nor her last lover, Walt. They are the devil's children — women; — do they appear bad — they are so — do they not appear so — they are yet the same. — Nevertheless, I would confront the prudes with the Jacobinés, who spread their celestial blue nets through the ether, for simpletons like you, Walt!" Walt asked, "how then should a poor beauty act, if neither seeming nor being were of use to her? It could be but a certain imprisonment in a net, thrown over a cherry-tree full of sweet fruit, not only to imprison, but to keep the starling in perpetual captivity." But Vult's tongue, unlike that of the lion, spared never a woman.

Walt bore willingly, in silence, the complaints of

the impoverished brother. Vult had turned the daylight of life into night; and in this dark shadow he must suffer cold, and, like other plants, breathe out poisoned air. On the contrary, love itself turns towards the celestial sphere, and, like the terrestial, always meets the rising stars. Like a sailor upon a wind-calmed sea, it beholds no earth — but only heaven. Heaven opens above. Heaven opens beneath, and the water that bears it up, is merely a paler heaven.

As Vult and Flitt went forth together, Walt thought within himself, "I have made him more peaceful. He appears, indeed, to be reconciled with the Alsatian."

No. 61. *Lapis Suillus.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MASKED-BALL.

"We shall see each other this evening," said Vult to his brother, when, under the veil of this friendly greeting, he left him on the morning of the masquerade. The day shone too brightly for Walt in his solitude; a day, which consisted only of the beautiful night to which it led; and at dinner he longed for his brother. He knew not under what *form* he should meet him in the evening, and his empty apartment seemed to have lost forever his *own*.

Walt went into a magazine of masks, and sought long for one which represented the face of Apollo or Jupiter; he did not understand, he said, why they should be hatefully ugly. Vult had advised him to enter the full hall about eleven o'clock; thus, in making his toilette very slowly, he drew from every piece of his disguise, as from a flower-cup, his dream of honey. Dressing at the usual time of undressing; the universal animation and noise in the street, as well as in the houses; and especially the thought, that he was himself to take a part in this great carnival, colored the future with the most romantic dreams. How different is the roll of the

carriage when it takes us to happiness, than when, under the night-cap, and beneath the bed-curtain, it reaches the wakeful ear.

When he left his chamber, he felt like a hero thirsting for glory, who draws his sword for the first time, and he besought God that he might return as joyfully as he departed. He bore himself like a sedan-chair through the street, and could scarcely believe, that, even in his double disguise, with all the machinery of his soul in perfect order, he could pass through the crowded street as unobserved as a watch in a fob.

Through a mistake, he went first into the punch-room, which he took for the dancing-hall, and where the music came beautifully softened from a distance. Nothing surprised him so much, as that he should not draw off his miner's dress in this splendid cavern of the Hartz mountains, thus filled with moving figures. As he looked out boldly from the windows of his mask, he saw, not without admiration, many uncovered faces, with the loosened mask in one hand, while the other held a glass; he looked upon this universal refreshment from the brunnen of health, or cup of the order, as a regulation of the ball, and immediately demanded his glass; and as the mask of an admiral was his flugelman, he followed his example, and demanded yet another. He looked in vain for Wina, and there was no appearance of Vult. A votaress of the order of the *slaves of virtue* wandered round him, and looked piercingly

into the eyes of his mask. At last, she seized his hand, and sketched with her finger an H within it. As he knew nothing of this remote, or rather approximating art of writing, instead of answering, he gently pressed the hand in his own.

At length, Walt joined the procession that was passing into the adjoining room, a noisy, heated hall, full of wandering, agitated forms, where the vapor of enchantment circled above, and gave them the appearance of those shining forms that rush together from opposite points, to meet each other in the northern aurora. The poetry of Walt's mind saw in this crowd the resurrection, at the last day, of the ancient inhabitants of the earth; of the old knighthood; of saints, of vestals, Moors, Jews, nuns, Tyrolese, soldiers; all mingled indiscriminately together. For a long time, he followed a Jew, who was hung round with dunning demands, cut out of the Daily Advertiser; another, who had all the warning-tablets from the royal gardens divided about his limbs; then one with a monstrous peruke, full of papillottes, which the bearer untwisted and divided. He also took one, but found nothing but a stale compliment upon his enchanting eyes.

As yet, he had seen neither Wina nor his brother; and he began to fear that in this great sea he should find neither pearl nor island, when, at the moment, a young lady placed herself immediately before him, with a flower-wreath upon her head. From the mouth of the mask depended a label with this in-

scription: "I am the personification of hope, or *Spes;* represented with a crown of flowers, and a lily in the right hand; the left supported by an anchor, or a strong willow wand."* Walt, who had been from the first tormented with the most stupid thoughts, would secretly have guessed it Wina, had the form been more slender, and not taller than hers.

Hope turned quickly back, and a masked shepherdess drew near, with a simply dressed nun, wearing only a half-mask, and a wreath of sweet-scented auriculas. The shepherdess took his hand, and marked a small *H* therein; he pressed the hand, and shook his head, for he thought she wished to designate herself by the *H.* Suddenly, he looked directly at the half-mask, or rather at the partially masked countenance of the nun, and knew instantly, by the delicate, but full line of the rose-lips, and the decidedly marked chin, that Wina stood before him, and looked at him with gentle eyes, from beneath the dark mask.† "Oh, how blessed!" he said, softly, "and you are Mademoiselle Raphaela?" Both assented. Oh! what more can one desire in such soul-intoxicating hours, when, invisibly, like souls without bodies, as in the Elysian fields, they again know each other.

A running footman danced by, and took out Ra-

* See Samm's Mythology.

† Wina wore a half-mask, of black silk, or velvet.

phaela, to join the dance. "Good fortune! Sir miner!" he said, as he flew, and Walt instantly knew Flitt, the Alsatian. He now stood a second alone, near the calm maiden, while the crowd was, for a moment, to both, an effectual mask.

Now, charming as a half-opened bud beneath its protecting sheath, the rose and lily of her cheek was disclosed below the protecting mask. Like spirits from distant western worlds, they looked at each other; and as stars are made visible by the eclipse of the sun, thus souls, however remote, behind these masks, could see, and understand each other.

Walt, as he stood thus entranced, intimated that he wished to celebrate and consecrate this sweetest moment of his life, and, as *Hope* passed before them, with the *slave of virtue*, Wina asked him if he never danced. Immediately they joined the stream of dancers. Although Walt danced as, according to Bottiger, did the Romans, whose mimic dances consisted only of motions of the hands and arms, yet, involved with the flying swarm, he entered into the waltz with that warmth that carried them to the last stage of fatigue. Like a youth who touches for the first time the hand of a great, renowned author, or as gently as with a butterfly's wing, or the perfume of the auricula, Walt touched the back of Wina, while he removed himself, as much as the waltz permitted, so as to look into her life-breathing face.

If there be a harvest-dance that is in itself a har-

vest, if there be a circle that encircles intense delight, Walt enjoyed both; but as he could not move his feet, and keep his tongue silent, the dancing-hall became to him only a larger hall of eloquence. In the midst of the dance, he endeavored to prove to Wina that through the act of dancing the body might become music; that man might form wings, and soar, even in this life; that two souls might themselves be alone, in absolute solitude, even in the midst of a multitude; and, like certain heavenly bodies surrounded by an atmosphere of their own, revolve only around the axis of each other; that those only who love should dance, so that in the symmetrical grace of this art the harmony of their souls might have room to play. As they paused a moment, and he looked around the rushing storm of waltzers, and through the crowded room, "How elevated," he said, "is the appearance of the mantles and plumed hats of the men; they look like the walls of rock around the parterre of a garden filled with ladies, like flowers. A ball *en masque* is perhaps the most elevated theme that *humorous* poetry can venture to sport with. In the view of the poet, all ranks and all periods are equal, and the outward only the garment, where the inward is happiness and splendor; thus here, where the oldest fashions and customs have revived, and wander around, mingling with the latest and the youngest, humanity, and life itself, has become poetry. The wildest savage, the most refined in rank, the uneducated, the broadest ca-

ricature, all, that never before were brought together; even departed centuries and religions, enemies and friends, are rounded in one easy, joyful circle; and this circle moves splendidly to the measure of music; for music is the climate of the soul, as this masquerade is the theatre of the body. *One* only stands here serious, undisguised, unmasked, and regulates the cheerful confusion." He referred to the manager of the ball, who, with small, uncovered head and face, stood, folded in his mantle, and gave his orders apparently with displeasure.

Wina said hastily, and in a low voice, "Your views are in themselves poetry; but to a being of a more exalted nature, the history of humanity may appear, indeed, only the long disguise of a masquerade." "We are," he answered, "like fireworks, that an all-powerful being throws off in innumerable forms of beauty;" and he led her again into the circle of the waltz. The longer this continued, the more precious seemed to him the spring and perfumed air that met them in their flight. When, at length, they paused, Walt said to himself, "Oh! might I to-day offer myself up for this most precious soul, then were I most blessed!" Whenever, after this, he ventured to speak to Wina, Hope, or *Spes* was ever at his side. The nun, like the dove, with the olive leaf in her mouth, remarked, not indeed, that he spoke impatiently, and appeared to turn away, as much from misconceiving, as from ignorance of the subject of their conversation.

Although Walt had believed, every time he had seen Wina, that her whole and entire loveliness had been revealed to him, yet to-day it seemed more perfect, as the moon, when it hangs in full, unrivalled light above us, has yet appeared to rise a perfect orb before us. At the end of the waltz, that her indulgence of his awkwardness might be crowned with its triumph, he besought her hand for the English dance; merely that he might have the right to touch it, and in the pauses of the dance, stand opposite the lovely lips and eyes. She answered softly, "Ja!"

In a yet lower tone, he heard his name repeated. Hope stood behind him, and said, "go immediately through the large door of the hall, and look round at the left." It was Vult. Walt was rejoiced to find, under this unknown, the form of the known, whom he had sought in vain upon his Elysian Island. He obeyed, and followed the voice, till they reached a remote cabinet, where Vult beckoned him to enter. Walt would have embraced his brother, but Vult, having closed both doors, thrust him back, saying, "remember the sex of our masks." He threw his mask away, and revealed a strange, wasted, hard, and dry expression, while the haste and heat of fever was betrayed in his voice. "If thou hast ever borne any love to thy brother," he cried, with a harsh voice, while he threw off his crown of flowers, and began to loosen the female dress, "if the accomplishment of the dearest wish of his heart, the worth of which you shall know in twenty-four hours, is of

any value to thee" — seeing Walt hesitate, he went on — "if, in the midst of thy joy, thou canst not listen with indifference to his most beseeching prayer, then take off thy disguise, and exchange it with mine! be thou Hope, and let me, for a short half hour, be the miner — this is the whole." "Dear brother," said the alarmed Walt, as soon as the breath of the other was exhausted, "I answer, as you would yourself consent to such a request, with joy."

"Be only quick!" said Vult, without thanking him. Walt began to undress; the gay tones of his brother now frightening him nearly as much as the despairing had done before, although he little knew the object of the exchange. Vult then said, although he appeared to be joking, "to-morrow, all will be evealed."

In the midst of the mutual exchange of their dresses, the objection occurred to Walt, that, perhaps, disguised as a woman, he could not dance the promised English dance, with Wina. "Oh," he said to his brother, "I anticipated so much happiness, and, between ourselves, it is the first English dance that I have ever attempted, but I must depend a little for my success, upon my disguise, and my present happiness!" Then flashed into Vult's hard, excited face, a lively, sarcastic expression. "Heaven! hell!" he said, "as easily could I sneeze in musical time, or stretch back my arms, and travestie the flute behind my back, as you could do that which you propose. Your waltzing, hitherto — do not take

the information ill — was a very good comic imitation, partly of the straight forward motion of the wagoner, partly of the perpendicular one of the miner; but an English dance! Friend! and which? a devilish hard one, if it be not an Irish? And will you venture it with *your* partner? (who is perhaps, although in a melancholy form, a countess,) now blushing with shame, now pale as a corpse, sinking down under the sorrow of being your *cross-bearer*, as soon as you awkwardly stop, or go down like a comet. But this will now, be so splendidly accomplished; for I will undertake it. The mob shall see that the wagoner can unmask himself, and be in earnest, even in a dance; for I will dance the *Anglaise* in your mask. Even in Poland, I was celebrated as a dancer, not to speak of this place, where nothing Polish dances, except the bear."

Walt remained some moments silent — then he said, very seriously, "the *lady* to whom I referred, and to whom I have hitherto given this mortification, is the Fraulein Wina Zablocki — but, as she has promised this dance to *me*, how will you excuse yourself and me, to her, for the exchange?"

"Oh, this is to be our triumph," he answered, "but you shall not guess, till to-morrow, how it shall be accomplished." Then he imparted to him, that he had to-day won so much at Faro, that Walt must receive from him a gold piece, to refund his expenses; were it only, also, that he might have something to do among the spectators, in the eating-room. Then

he recommended him not to enter into conversation, as Hope, with any female mask, who, out of her own good hopes, would easily possess his.

Walt's evening-star rose again, with full splendor, as he placed the short dress upon his brother, and looked very earnestly in his face, and into his dark eyes, as he said, "be happy! brother! Joy gives wings to men, yes, the wings of angels. I am, to-night, too much entranced with every event, to be able to express my wishes as delicately as you would yourself. You can love yet more than I——"

"Love," interrupted Vult, "to speak in your flute-language, is eternally a pain, either a sweet, or a bitter pain; always a night, in which no star arises, until another has gone down — friendship, on the contrary, is a day, where nothing goes down, but, at last, the sun itself — and then — and then, it is dark night, and the devil appears. —— But, to speak seriously, Love is, at the same time, a bird of Paradise, and a mocking-bird — a phœnix of weak ashes, without the sun; but it is nearly the same thing, whatever one says, or objects, upon love, for all is true, and, at the same time, false. Now, I will place this crown upon thy head, and clothe thee with what thou hast already — *hope!* Go through my door, into the dancing-hall, as I shall through yours — observe — be silent, and drink much!"

Walt entered the room, feeling as though every one could see the exchange of masks, and could discover the kernel beneath the second hull, easier than be-

neath the first. Some ladies indeed remarked, that Hope had now blonde hair under its crown, instead of the former dark; "of course," they said, "it was a peruke." Walt's step, also, was smaller, and more feminine, which was more appropriate to *Hope's*.

Walt soon forgot himself, the hall, and everything around him, when he saw Vult, without hesitation, approach Wina, whom every one knew, and lead her to the head of the English dance; and then, to the astonishment of his partner, he designed an artist-like sketch of the dance, and then, like a painter, began to execute it with his feet, in a more beautiful and decorative manner. Wina's astonishment increased, for she believed Walt was before her, whose voice and manner, behind the mask, contrary to Walt's expectation, he accurately imitated.

Towards the end of the dance, Vult, in crossing hands, in leading up or down, suffered many Polish words, as it were a breath of the language, to escape him. Like butterflies, wandering over the sea, from a remote island, or like the rare and distant song of the lark, in a late autumnal day, were these sounds to Wina. Tears of joy started, and sparkled behind her half-mask. She longed to pass from her one-syllabled English, and gladly would have expressed to the accomplished waltzer, her astonishment and joy, otherwise than by glances. She saw that his expressed neither the one, nor the other. She did, however, express her pleasure, but the warm acknowledgment of his long-concealed talent, was

immediately shrouded by him with modesty. "He had," (and he said this in the choicest Polish,) "as little knowledge of the world, and more simplicity, than many notaries, and with justice, was called Gott-walt, or, 'What God will!' Yet his heart was warm, his soul pure, and his life humbly poetical; but, as he had informed her, in their first waltz, he took his part joyfully in the masquerade of life; whether in country, or shepherd dances, war dances, or the dance of death."

As the second part of the music rose, in its deep waves of harmony, into that voluptuous overfulness of sound, which, like all adagios, powerfully moves the inmost soul; and the secret wishes of the heart rise from the sea of waves, and the waltzers and the lights whirl confusedly together, and the wide sound and tumult cause the disguised maskers to shrink deeper into their disguises; Vult, in his flight, said softly, but in Polish, "Protected by the deep foliage of flower-leaves, happiness rushes and revolves around us — wherefore am I the only one for whom it perpetually dies? Why is there, for me, neither heaven nor earth? Nun! *thou* art both! In thee is all my heaven; earth consists only of thee! Ah! I will venture all! Thou canst make of a Gottwalt, a God-deserted! Oh, grant me but one sigh! Say but one word! From thy tongue, only, will I receive my execution; if it moves, it will be to me a sword — nun!" "Gottwalt," said Wina, with embarrassment, and some agitation, as they continued to follow

the mazes of the dance, "how can a human tongue be such? Ah, why will you thus torment yourself and me?" "Nun," he continued, "let me hear that word, although it be my executioner." She answered, with a soft voice, "The torture of silence is more severe to me, than it would be to speak to another."

Vult had now received the last blow, the certainty of Wina's love for him, whose character and appearance he had assumed; but he smiled to think, that Walt, as yet, in truth, and in appearance, possessed only *hope*. His angry and tortured mind could not bend itself to any shadow of thanks; severely, obstinately silent, he finished the dance, and vanished instantly from the joyous circle.

Hope had remained long near them, blessing himself with a double joy, that of Wina's, and his own, in seeing her possessed of the best dancer in the room, and the feeling, that whatever was said to her by her partner, it could only be what he had previously imagined, and thus he drew her heavenly glances upon himself. Just as the wearisome English dance ended, and he was preparing to present to her his explanation, he was unfortunately drawn by the crowd into the refreshment-room, and at the moment when Vult, in the mazes of the dance, was whispering his love, Hope stood crowned with flowers, the empty, flattering inscription, hanging from his mask, and looking idly at the wearisome waltzers.

Shortly before the dance ended, the *Slave of Virtue*

approached, and drew him into the next room. Hope, hoped for a hundred strange experiences. "So, you know me no longer?" said the mask. "Do you, then, know me?" asked Hope. "Shut your eyes a moment, I will unbind your mask, and mine also." Walt did so; she kissed him quickly on the lips, saying, "I have seen you already, before." — It was Jacobiné. — At this moment, General Zablocki entered by another door. — "Ah, Jacobiné, already again at your hopes!" and withdrew immediately. "What did he mean?" she said, but Walt ran, shocked, and half undressed, again into the hall, where, with some trouble, he assumed again the mask, and the crowned head.

Wina and Vult were no more to be found; and after long seeking and hoping, Walt was compelled to go home, without putting off his character of hope. Thus ended the masked ball, full of voluntary concealment, ending, at last, in involuntary disclosures, of still greater perplexity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTER. — NIGHT-WANDERING.

As soon as Vult's eyes were completely opened to the leniency with which Wina regarded the excessive temerity of Walt's love, and his own complete defeat, he hastened home, with the wild waves of every passion raging tumultuously in his breast, to write the following letter to Walt.

"No absurdity is now wanting! That which I have long suspected, which you have so artfully concealed from me; that which is, by yourself, named love, is, like the heart of the polypus, self-concentrated, and, like many others, will yield you no advantage. You will not take it ill, therefore, that I go to the devil, and leave you alone with your angel; for friendship is as unnecessary to love, and as unlike it, as the otto of roses to the vinegar of roses. Hold, then, your spiritual plough, till you ascend those green fields, and enjoy securely that which can scarcely be found upon the island of Friendship. Heavens! for what purpose, then, were we together; and mounted, like knights of old, upon the same mourning, or torture-horse, or rather, torture-ass? Merely that I might, upon the way, direct and restrain

the horse, for the advantage of your inheritance, and suffer you neither to dismount, nor to fall? The seven heirs will know whether I have injured them! How then do wandering men differ, in their influence upon this earth, from the wandering heavenly bodies, by whose daily and yearly aberrations and mutations they can make nothing, but merely the good Zach,* the *Zachischen* tables. Thus you would have formerly gone down, if you had not flattered yourself that I would have formed you, and stamped you with my own image. I leave you, as I found you — and go, as I came. — You have not erased the mark of the mint from myself; so that I easily conclude the opinion is true, that, in the spiritual kingdom, there are the same characteristics as in the physical; that the traces of the wagoner's frock are seen as well in the redoubt, as in the highway.

"In the morning, I shall be wandering again in the wide world. The approaching spring already calls me into a distant, open life. Money, to pay my debts, I leave with you, and with it, my farewell! Should any one blame, and complain of me, brother! defend me not! Truly, if they hate me, I am little anxious to ask, whether they hate three degrees more or less; and how many men are there, that deserve that we should allow ourselves to be loved by them? Except myself — not two — scarcely one!

"We were both, to each other, wholly open, and

* Baron Zach, a celebrated astronomer.

yet wholly unintelligible; we were as transparent as a glass door; but, brother, in vain I wrote with legible characters, my own upon the outside of thine; as they appeared reversed within, thou couldst read within, nothing but the reversed; and so it happens, the whole world appears very legible, but the writing, when attempted to be read, is reversed. Wherefore, then, should we plague, and be plagued, with each other? Thou, as a loving poet, or a poetical lover, will bear thy future fortune as easily as the winter landscape bears the hailstorm. But why should *I* be so foolish, as to drink daily a flask of burgundy the less — perhaps two? *You* could not pay me for not drinking; and I could not pay, if I drank. Or, can you believe, that a man who knows how to blow the flute; who has seen and enjoyed more of the world than all his fellows; who has taken his supper, his wine, and his ice, an hour after midnight, in Paris and Warsaw, can as easily leave his Paris and Warsaw, as thou thy Haslau and Elterlein? and sacrifice himself in Newpeter's mansard; a room that is not large enough to hold the altar of sacrifice. But I believed I was a Cook, and that I had discovered the Friendly and Society Islands, and among them the beautiful Island of O-waihi; but when, at last, like the discoverer, and circumnavigator of the world, I would again set up my masts, I was, like him, killed and eaten!

"My flute, also, is superfluous to you; for once, (indeed you may have forgotten it,) when you heard

an obeo, you took it for a flute; and, as you say the highest tones please you most, you can always be musically happy; for, in fact, all the sounds that meet one in the streets, shrieks, discords, and angry tones, are upon a high, indeed the highest key.

"My thoughts throw themselves wildly about, like blocks of granite; I write in darkness, and only by the help of the stars; I have no time — the post is ordered — nothing is yet packed, and I would not that you should know of my invisibility, till after it has taken place. By letters, that I hope to send, you shall receive the few digressions yet wanting for our '*romance*,' if it can indeed be pasted together, and, like a long-tailed paper kite, ascend over Leipsic, the week after the fair.

"Fare thee well — *thou* canst not be altered — *I* not improved — so we will place mutually an air perspective between each other, and both say, 'Why wert thou a fool, and not a lamb?' And yet, Walt, you alone are to blame."

* * * * *

After Vult had placed within his letter, the envelope, that contained the money, he hastened to pack his journal notes, and musical *notæ*, ready for the post, that he might depart before his brother appeared. He heard him ascending the stairs. He had time only to throw himself on his bed, and to snore like a wagoner, before he entered. Walt approached his bed, and, in the character of *Hope*, looked in his brown, glowing face, agitated, as it appeared to

be, with stormy dreams. Softly he crept around, breathing out dancing melodies, to which the murmured words of love were the text.

At last Vult arose, as if vexed at this calm, and quiet heaven, put on the appearance of a somnambulist, and went, with closed eyes, about the chamber, that thus he might be undisturbed in playing his part; and, as soon as his brother slept, go forth unregretted. "Ha, there!" he cried, "you people, and what other villains there are among you, help me pack! Take hold, you helper's helper! Am I not, at three o'clock, this very day, going to the island of thieves? *There*, beneath, stands my horse, already saddled." Then he drew himself away. Walt watched, following, with his eyes, his apparently blind steps. "Especially, friend," he went on, "men and cucumbers are good for nothing, as soon as they are ripe."

Then he went within the partition of his chamber, and, turning his back to Walt, packed his journal and papers in the coffer. — "Upon the flute? no indeed, but upon the comb, I will play in future, and comb at the same time. Tell me nothing of love, Sir Field-marshal, it is too foolish — a pretty antique, that they must run after the whole day. A temple of the sun, in the form of a breeches pocket — and that foolish thing, believes it *lives!* I have it from herself! So simple, and so unsatisfied is man, that God places him before a magnifying-glass. — Engrave me in copperplate, like an English game-cock — I will be

even the month's copperplate for some wolf's month — dearest Secretary of Artillery." As he was now ready, and merely had to close the coffer, he appeared to reflect, and a new idea to strike him. "Get you gone, Corpse-marshal! I will shut my own coffin, and myself keep the key; hang it round my neck for a medal, and let nobody in, but one or two good friends. Let me have whole and half mourning — but no man shall wear it, but myself. Music, except as a requiem, must be forbidden, at least, during the time of mourning; but I insist upon a very severe regulation of grief; all the chamber-furniture shall be of poinard blue steel; every mouse in my house shall wear crape; my butterflies can be furnished with mourning probosces, and their heads enveloped in mourning-hoods. — But what the devil is that? There I stand, living! and appear to be my own self — wait — we will soon see which of us two is the true *Du*, and can maintain it." —— Here he gave himself and Walt a severe blow, and appeared to be awakened by it. After he had appeared to puzzle himself, and to find out where, and what he was, he was persuaded to throw himself on the bed. Meantime both lay a long time, watching, each the other, till at last, both fell into a true sleep.

But Walt, soon after, forgetting, in the intoxication of a blessed dream, the former strange scene, waked Vult, to relate to him, from his own bed, the following dream.

"I scarcely know," he said, "how, or from

whence, the dream came, but as from chaos the invisible world was born at once, and one form arose from another; trees grew from flowers, and from these, pillars of clouds, which formed themselves into flowers and open faces. Then I saw a wide, empty sea, upon which merely the little spotted nucleus of the world tossed and floated. In my dream, a voice, I knew not whose, gave names to everything. Then there passed through the sea a stream bearing the form of Venus. It paused, and the sea closed about the beautiful form, and the stars fell upon it, from above, like snow, and the sky was empty, except in the place of the noonday sun, which appeared to glow like the eastern, rising day. The sea followed it, and arose, towering in monstrous, leaden-colored, serpentine waves, one following the other from the horizon, till the mid-day heaven was wholly involved; beneath, arose unnumbered multitudes of mourning men, as if born from the realms of death, — a thick night, as of the grave, rushed after them; but a storm pursued, and crushed all into one uniform sea. Then high above, in the calm blue of heaven, a golden bee, softly singing to a little star, lighted on white flowers; and round about on the horizon, stood towers, made cheerful by shining pinnacles, till again the monstrous waves, like giant animals, stalked on to devour them.

"Then I heard a sigh, as if all were vanishing. I

saw nothing but the smooth, quiet sea, from which, without the motion of a wave, or like light through glass, arose the *daughter of evil.* 'Since eternity began,' she said, 'whenever the sea is smooth as oil, the most violent storm may be feared; wert thou once over, I should relate to thee the most ancient fable.' Her appearance was wonderful; her garments of the green and blue of the sea; little fins grew from her back; her face was like the gray color of the sea, yet youthful, but full of contending passions. 'There is,' she continued, 'an eternally ancient tradition, old, gray, blind, deaf, and that tradition often makes itself felt. Deep in the latest corner of the world it yet exists, and God sometimes visits it, to see if it yet moves and feels. Art thou once over? Then look at the animals upon the shore.' About the smooth sea were lying giant animals that appeared to sleep, but to talk in their sleep, and to relate to each other their own, ancient, burning hunger and thirst for blood.

"Ere I could answer, the enemy continued: 'Dost thou perceive that ancient re-echo? no human being has ever heard the first sound; for that which you hear is a reflection of an echo; if once the echo ceases, time will be past, and eternity will come back, and bring the sound. As soon as all is still, *I* shall hear the three sounds, yes, the original sound, that the oldest fable itself relates; and it is *that* which the echo repeats.'

"Before I could answer, the delicate fins had

grown to long, pointed wings, with which she gave me a sudden and angry blow, and vanished; and the sweet tones alone remained. Then I appeared to sink into the winged waves of an aerial sea, far above the clouds. With the swiftness of an arrow, I cut through space, supported by the dark water, and looking through the glassy surface, which I could not penetrate. Then, I perceived, distant or near, I could not tell which, stretched out before me, and shining through vapor, the TRUE LAND. The sun appeared, like an ephemera, to play in its own beams, and the beams to listen; but only the soft tones of the *true land* reached my ear. Golden clouds moved warmly over the country, and the liquid light dropped from the overgushing cups of roses and lilies. A beam of light from a dew-drop passed from thence through my desert sea, pierced glowing to my heart, and lay therein; the sweet sounds refreshed it, so that it did not waste. I cried aloud, 'It rains from thence warm tears of joy; love only is a warm tear; but the tear of hate is cold.' Deep in this land arose successive worlds, like balls of vapor from a distant, concealed, central sun; a vast wheel turned in the midst, from which a thousand threads of silver wove them together, and drew them always nearer and closer to heaven. A swarm of golden bees hung about a lily; a bee played with a rose; they caressed each other, although with thorns and honey. A dark night-flower grew eagerly towards heaven, and bowed itself

always lower and lower, as it drew towards the light; a spider hastened, and wove its threads diligently in the cup of the flower, to take the night prisoner, — yes, from thence to spin the corpse-veil of the world; but all the threads were steeped in dew, and shimmered in the eternal snow of light that rested on the heights.

"'All sleeps in the *true land*,' I said; 'love, only, dreams.' Then came a morning star, and kissed a white rose-bud; it opened its cup, and spread its petals to the star; a zephyr hung caressing upon the highest branch of an oak; one of the softest tones came, and kissed the May-flower; it opened its little bell and was borne swiftly upwards. Turtle doves rocked themselves upon the night-violets, and, intoxicated with the perfume, threw playfully, caresses and flower-leaves at each other.

"In an instant there shot from heaven a sharp lightning-star (it was called the aurora), and instantly tore my sea apart, and, instead of the indistinct plain, a broad sheet of lightning lay before me. It united again, and the twilight of the true land again awoke; but all was altered; instead of the flowers, the stars, the music, and the doves, all had become slumbering children. Every child embraced a child, and the beams of aurora sounded continually around them. The lofty statue of the god of thunder stood in the midst of the country. One child, after another, flew to the arms, and placed a butterfly upon

the head of the living eagle, that circled around the god. Then each child fluttered joyously to the nearest cloud, and looked down for the others, that the arm lovingly raised up. Ah! thus is God, in whose eyes we are all children! thus he takes us to his love! Now the children played among each other, *loving*. 'Be my flower,' said one to another; the other complied, and suffered itself to be worn on the breast of the asker. 'Be my little star,' said another, and it was so. 'Be my God,' 'And thou mine,' they said to each other; they did not change, but looked at each other with warmer love, and vanished, as though dying therein. 'Remain with me,' the children said to each other, 'even if thou must depart.' Then the departing became in the distance, like a soft flush of evening; then a faint evening star; and, as it drew deeper from the land, like a shimmer of the moon, and, at length, from distance to distance, it was lost in the fading sound of a flute, or the softest note of the nightingale.

"In the east, and the west, opposite each other, was the glow of morning; continually rising higher, the deepening colors rushed together, and mingled sounds, like choirs of music, instead of colors. The all-powerful sound caused the flowers to become trees. The children had grown apparently to men, and stood there at length, like gods and goddesses, looking earnestly towards the east and the west. The morning choir now sounded like thunder, and every

sound kindled a more powerful one opposite, till two suns appeared to be just rising in the music of morning. As they approached each other, the sounds gradually died away, till silence reigned over all. Behold! from the east, *love* arose. Psyche rushed from the west, and, as they met in the midst of heaven, they became two soft tones, dying and mingling, and awaking again, united with each other. '*Thou and I*,' two holy, but fearful sounds, for ever drawn from the deep breast, and from eternity itself; as though they were the first words that God pronounced, and the first that were answered. The mortal cannot hear them, without dying. Then I slept deeper, even the sleep of sleep itself; sleep intoxicated; and I was as if enveloped and stupified with the flower-perfume of a passing paradise.

"Then I found, suddenly, that I was standing with the wicked enemy again, near the first shore; but she trembled, as if with cold, and pointed anxiously to the smooth sea, with the words, 'Behold! eternity is past! the storm comes, for the water is rising!' I looked: the immeasurable space was broken into innumerable mountain waves, and the storm reached the skies; but, deep in the horizon, behind the crested billows, wavered and rose a gentle morning light. I awoke. What sayest thou, brother, to this artistically arranged dream?"

"*That* you shall immediately hear, as you lie in your bed," Vult answered; took his flute, and went,

playing, from the chamber, down the stairs, out of the house, and so to the post-house. Walt heard him from the street, listened delightedly at the parting tones, for he knew not, that with them his brother flew from him!

No. 63. *Lac Lunæ, collected on Mount Pilate.*

THE END.

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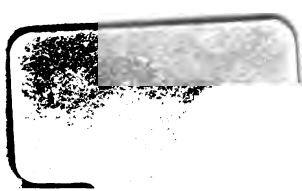
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